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GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

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IN CONJUNCTION WITH AN AMERICAN WRITER.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE PLAINS.

AND here also, as at Chicago, the demon of speculation was nearly getting the better of our small and not by any means wealthy party. It was a terrible temptation to hear of all those beautiful grazing lands close by in the Platte Valley, the freehold of which was to be purchased for a song. The fact is, things were rather bad at Omaha while we were there; and although every body tried to hang on to his real estate in hopes of better times, still the assessments pressed hard, and one could have very eligible "lots" at very small prices. No doubt there were ominous rumours about. We heard something, as we went further west, about county commissioners, elected by the homesteaders and pre-emptors, who are free from taxation, going rather wild in the way

of building roads, schools, and bridges at the cost of the mere speculators. It was said that these very non-resident speculators, whose ranks we had been tempted to join, were the curse of the country, and that all laws passed to tax them, and to relieve the real residents, were just. Very well; but what was that other statement about the arrears of taxes owing by these unhappy wretches? Was it fair of the government of any State or any country in the world to sell such debts by auction, and give the buyer the right of extorting forty per cent. per annum until the taxes were paid? We regarded our friends. We hinted that this statement was a capital credulometer. The faith that can accept it is capable of any thing.

These profound researches into the condition of public affairs in Omaha, during the further day or two we lingered there, were partly owing to vague dreams of the pleasure of proprietorship, but no doubt they

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were partly due to the notion that had got into the heads of one or two of our party that the idyllic life of a shepherd in the Platte Valley must be a very fine thing. The lieutenant combated this notion fiercely, and begged Lady Sylvia to wait until she had seen the harshness of life even amid the comparative luxury of a well-appointed ranch. Lady Sylvia retorted gently that we had no further knowledge of life at a ranch than herself; that she had attentively listened to all that had been said about the subject by our friends in Omaha; that harshness of living was a relative thing; and that she had no doubt Bell and her husband would soon get used to it, and would not complain.

"Oh no, she will not complain," said he, lightly. "She is very reasonable—she is very sensible. She will never be reconciled to the place while her children are away, and she will have a great deal of crying by herself; but she will not complain."

"Nor would any woman," said Lady Sylvia, boldly. "She is acting rightly; she is doing her duty. I think that women are far more capable of giving up luxuries they have been accustomed to than men are."

This set the lieutenant thinking. On the morning on which we left Omaha, he came aside, and said,

"I, too, have written a letter to Mr. Bal-four. Shall I post it?"

"What is in it?"

"The proposal I told you of the other night, but very—very—what do you call it? roundabout. I have said perhaps he is only coming out to take his wife home sooner than you go: that is well. I have said perhaps he is waiting until the firm starts again; if that is any use, when they must have been losing for years. Again, that is well. But I have said perhaps he is coming to look how to start a business—an occupation; if that is so, will he stay with us a year?—see if he understands—then he will take the management, and have a yearly per centage. I have said it is only a passing thought; but we will ask Lady Sylvia to stay with us at Idaho until we hear from him. He can telegraph from New York. He will tell her to remain until he comes, or to meet him somewhere; I will get some one to accompany her. What do you say?"

"Post the letter."

"It will be very pleasant for us," said he,

in a second or so, as he rubbed his hands in an excited fashion, "to have them out for our neighbours for a year at the least—it will be pleasant for Bell—how can she get any one in Denver or Idaho to know all about her children and Surrey? My dear friend, if you have any sense, you will stay with us too. I will show you bears."

He spoke as if he were already owner of the Rocky Mountains.

"And we will go down to Kansas—a great party, with covered waggons, and picnics, and much amusement—for a buffalo hunt. And then we will go up to the Parks in the middle of the mountains—what it is, is this, I tell you: If our stay here is compulsive, we will make it as amusing as possible, you will see, if only you will stay the year too."

A sigh was the answer.

And now, as we again set out on our journey westward, the beautiful prairie country seemed more beautiful than ever; and we caught glimpses of the fertile valley of the Platte, in which our imaginary freehold estates lay awaiting us. On and on we went, with the never-ending undulations of grass and flowers glowing all around us in the sunlight; the world below a plain of gold, the world above a vault of the palest blue. The space and light and colour were altogether most cheerful; and as the train went at a very gentle trot along the single line, we sat outside, for the most part, in the cool breeze. Occasionally we passed a small hamlet, and that had invariably an oddly extemporized look. The wooden houses were stuck down anyhow on the grassy plain; without any trace of the old-fashioned orchards and walled gardens and hedges that bind, as it were, an English village together. Here there was but the satisfaction of the most immediate needs. One wooden building labelled "Drug Store," another wooden building labelled "Grocery Store," and a blacksmith's shop, were ordinarily the chief features of the community. All day we passed in this quiet gliding onward; and when the sun began to sink towards the horizon we found ourselves in the midst of a grassy plain, apparently quite uninhabited, and of boundless extent. As the western sky deepened in its gold and green, and as the sun actually touched the horizon, the level light hit across this vast plain in long shafts of dull fire, just catching the tops of the taller rushes near us,

and touching some distant sandy slopes into a pale crimson. Lower and lower the sun sank until it seemed to eat a bit out of the horizon, so blinding was the light; while far above, in a sea of luminous green, lay one long narrow cloud, an island of blood-red.

In a second, when the sun sank, the world seemed to grow quite dark. All around us the prairie land had become of a cold, heavy, opaque green, and the only objects which our bewildered eyes could distinguish were some pale white flowers—like the tufts of canna on a Scotch moor. But presently, and to our intense surprise, the world seemed to leap up again into light and colour. This after-glow was most extraordinary. The immeasurable plains of grass became suffused with a rich olive green; the western sky was all a radiance of lemon yellow and silvery gray; while along the eastern horizon—the most inexplicable thing of all—there stretched a great band of smoke-like purple and pink. We soon became familiar with this phenomenon out in the West—this appearance of a vast range of roseate Alps along the eastern horizon, where there was neither mountain nor cloud. It was merely the shadow of the earth, projected by the sunken sun into the earth's atmosphere. But it was an unforgettable thing, this mystic belt of colour, far away in the east, over the dark earth, and under the pale and neutral hues of the sky.

The interior of a Pulman sleeping-car, after the stalwart coloured gentleman has lowered the shelves and made the beds and drawn the curtains, presents a strange sight. The great folds of the dusky curtains, in the dim light of a lamp, move in a mysterious manner, showing the contortions of the human beings within who are trying to dispossess themselves of their garments; while occasionally a foot is shot into the outer air so that the owner can rid himself of his boot. But within these gloomy recesses there is sufficient comfort; and he who is wakeful can lie and look out on the gathering stars as they begin to come out over the dark prairie land. All through the night this huge snake, with its eyes of yellow fire, creeps across the endless plain. If you wake up before the dawn and look out, behold! the old familiar conditions of the world are gone, and the Plough is standing on its head. But still more wonderful is the later awakening; when the yellow sunlight of the morn-

ing is shining over the prairies, and when within this long caravan there is a confused shuffling and dressing, every body wanting to get outside to get a breath of the fresh air. And what is this we find around us now? The vast plain of grass is beautiful in the early light, no doubt; but our attention is quickened by the sight of a drove of antelope, which trot lightly and carelessly away toward some low and sandy bluffs in the distance. That solitary object out there seems at first to be a huge vulture; but by-and-by it turns out to be a prairie-wolf—a coyote—sitting on its hind legs and chewing at a bone. The chicken-hawk lifts its heavy wings as we go by, and flies across the plain. And here are the merry and familiar little prairie-dogs—half rabbit and half squirrel—that look at us each from his little hillock of sand, and then pop into their hole only to reappear again when we have passed. Now the long swathes of green and yellow-brown are broken by a few ridges of grey rock; and these, in some places, have patches of orange red lichen that tell against the pale blue sky. It is a clear, beautiful morning. Even those who have not slept well through the slow rumbling of the night soon get freshened up on these high, cool plains.

At Sidney we suddenly came upon an oasis of brisk and busy life in this immeasurable desert of grass; and of course it was with an eager curiosity that we looked at these first indications of the probable life of our friend the ranch-woman. For here were immense herds of cattle brought in from the plains, and large pens and inclosures, and the picturesque herders, with their big boots and broad-rimmed hats, spurring about on their small and wiry horses.

"Shall you dress in buckskin?" asked Lady Sylvia of our lieutenant; "and will you flourish about one of those long whips?"

"Oh, no" said he; "I understand my business will be a very tame one—all at a desk."

"Until we can get some trustworthy person to take the whole management," said Bell, gently, looking down.

"What handsome fellows they are!" the lieutenant cried. "It is a healthy life. Look at the keen brown faces, the flat back, the square shoulders; and not a bit of fat on them. I should like to command a regiment of those fellows. Fancy what cavalry they would make—light, wiry, splendid riders

—you could do something with a regiment of those fellows, I think! Lady Sylvia, did I ever tell you what two of my company—the dare-devils!—did at——?”

Lady Sylvia had never heard that legend of 1870; but she listened to it now with a proud and eager interest; for she had never forsaken, even at the solicitation of her husband, her championship of the Germans.

“I will write a ballad about it some day,” said the lieutenant, with a laugh. “‘Es ritt’ zwei Uhlanen wohl über den Rhein——’”

“Yes!” said Lady Sylvia, with a flash of colour leaping to her face, “it *was* well over the Rhine—it was indeed well over the Rhine that they and their companions got before they thought of going home again!”

“Ah, yes,” said he, humbly, “but it is only the old seesaw. To-day it is Paris, to-morrow it is Berlin, that is taken. The only thing is that this time I think we have secured a longer interval than usual; the great fortresses we have taken will keep us secure for many a day to come; our garrisons are armies; they can not be surprised by treachery; and so long as we have the fortresses, we need not fear any invasion——”

“But you took them by force: why should not the French take them back by force?” his wife said.

“I think we should not be likely to have that chance again,” said he; “the French will take care not to fall into that condition again. But we are now safe, and for a long time, because we have their great fortresses, and then our own line of the Rhine fortresses as well. It is the double gate to our house; and we have locked all the locks, and bolted all the bars. And yet we are not going to sleep.”

We were again out on the wide and tenantless plains, and Bell was looking with great curiosity at the sort of land in which she was to find her home; for over there on the left the long undulations disappeared away into Colorado. And though these yellow and grey-green plains were cheerful enough in the sunshine, still they were very lonely. No trace of any living thing was visible—not even an antelope, or the familiar little prairie-dog. Far as the eye could reach on this high-lying plateau, there was nothing but the tufts of withered-looking buffalo-grass, with here and there a bleached skull, or the ribs of a skeleton breaking the monotony of the expanse. The lieutenant, who was watch-

ing the rueful expression of his wife’s face, burst out laughing.

“You will have elbow-room out here, eh?” said he. “You will not crowd your neighbours off the pavement.”

“I suppose we shall have no neighbours at all,” said she.

“But at Idaho you will have plenty,” said he; “it is a great place of fashion, I am told. It is even more fashionable than Denver. Ah, Lady Sylvia, we will show you something now. You have lived too much out of the world, in that quiet place in Surrey. Now we will show you fashion, life, gayety.”

“Is it bowie-knives or pistols that the gentlemen mostly use in Denver?” asked Lady Sylvia, who did not like to hear her native Surrey despised.

“Bowie-knives! pistols!” exclaimed the lieutenant, with some indignation. “When they fight a duel now, it is with tubes of rose-water. When they use dice, it is to say which of them will go away as missionaries to Africa—oh, it is quite true—I have heard many things of the reformation of Denver. The singing-saloons, they are all chapels now. All the people meet, once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon, to hear an exposition of one of Shakespeare’s plays; and the rich people, they have all sent their money away to be spent on blue china. All the boys are studying to become bishops——”

He suddenly ceased his nonsense, and grasped his wife’s arm. Some object outside had caught his attention. She instantly turned to the window, as we all did; and there, at the distant horizon, we perceived a pale transparent line of blue. You may be sure we were not long inside the carriage after that. The delight of finding something to break the monotony of the plains was boundless. We clung to the iron barrier outside, and craned our necks this way and that, so that we could see from farthest north to farthest south the shadowy, serrated range of the Rocky Mountains. The blue of them appeared to be about as translucent as the silvery light in which they stood; we could but vaguely make out the snow peaks in that long serrated line; they were as a bar of cloud along the horizon. And yet we could not help resting our eyes on them with a great relief and interest, as we pressed on to Cheyenne, at which point we were to break our journey and turn to the south. It was about midday when we reached that city,

which was a famous place during the construction of the Union Pacific Railway, and which has even now some claim to distinction. It is with a pardonable pride that its inhabitants repeat the name it then acquired, and all right to which it has by no means abandoned. The style and title in question is "Hell on Wheels."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"HELL ON WHEELS."

WE step out from the excellent little railway hotel, in which we have taken up our quarters, on to the broad platform, and into the warm light of the afternoon.

"Bell," says our gentle Queen T——, looking rather wistfully along the pale rampart of the Rocky Mountains, "these are the walls of your future home. Will you go up to the top of an evening and wave a handkerchief to us? And we will try to answer you from Mickleham Downs."

"On Christmas night we will send you many a message," said Bell, looking down.

"And my husband and myself," said Lady Sylvia, quite simply, "you will let us join in that too."

"But do you expect to be out here till Christmas?" said Bell, with well-affected surprise.

"I don't think my husband would come to America," said Lady Sylvia, in the most matter-of-fact way, "after what has happened, unless he meant to stop."

"Oh, if you could only be near us!" cried Bell; but she dared not say more.

"That would be very pleasant," Lady Sylvia answered, with a smile; "but of course I don't know what my husband's plans are. We shall know our way more clearly when he comes to Idaho. It will seem so strange to sit down and shape one's life anew; but I suppose a good many people have got to do that."

By this time the lieutenant had secured a carriage which was standing at the end of the platform, along with a pony for himself.

"Now, Mrs. Von Rosen," said he, "are you ready? Guess you've come up from the ranch to have a frolic? Got your dollars ready for the gambling saloons?"

"And if I have," said she, boldly, "they are licensed by the government. Why should I not amuse myself in these places?"

"Madame," replied her husband, sternly, "the Puritan nation into which you have married permits of no such vices. Cheyenne must follow Homburg, Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden—"

"No doubt," said the sharp-tongued of our women-folk, who invariably comes to the assistance of her friend—"no doubt that will follow when your pious emperor has annexed the State."

"I beg your pardon, madame," says the lieutenant, politely, "but Wyoming is not a State; it is only a Territory."

"I don't suppose it would matter," she retorts, carelessly, "if the Hohenzollerns could get their hands on it anyhow. But never mind. Come along, Bell, and let us see what sort of neighbours you are likely to have."

They were no doubt rather rough-looking fellows, those gentlemen who lounged about the doors of the drinking saloons; but there were more picturesque figures visible in the open thoroughfares riding along on stalwart little ponies, the horsemen bronzed of face, clad mostly in buckskin, and with a good deal of ornament about their saddle and stirrups. As for Cheyenne itself, there was certainly nothing about its outward appearance to entitle any one to call it "Hell on Wheels." Its flat rectangular streets were rather dismal in appearance; there seemed to be little doing even in the drinking saloons. But brisker times, we were assured, were at hand. The rumours about the gold to be had in the Black Hills would draw to this point the adventurers of many lands, as free with their money as with their language. Here they would fit themselves out with the waggons and weapons necessary for the journey up to the Black Hills; here they would return—the Sioux permitting—to revel in the delights of keno, and poker, and Bourbon whiskey. Cheyenne would return to its pristine glory, when life—so long as you could cling on to it—was a brisk and exciting business. Certainly the Cheyenne we saw was far from being an exciting place. It was in vain that we implored our Bell to step down and bowie-knife somebody, or do something to let us understand what Cheyenne was in happier times. There was not a single corpse lying at any of the saloon doors,

nor any duel being fought in any street. The glory had departed.

But when we got away from these few chief thoroughfares, and got to the outskirts of Cheyenne, we were once more forcibly reminded of our native land; for a better representation of Epsom Downs on the morning after the Derby day could not be found any where, always with the difference that here the land is flat and arid. The odd fashion in which these wooden shanties and sheds, with some private houses here and there, are dotted down anyhow on the plain—their temporary look—the big advertisements, the desolate and homeless appearance of the whole place—all served to recall that dismal scene that is spread around the Grand Stand when the revellers have all returned to town. By-and-by, however, the last of these habitations disappeared, and we found ourselves out on a flat and sandy plain, that was taking a warm tinge from the gathering colour in the west. The Rocky Mountains were growing a bit darker in hue now; and that gave them a certain grandeur of aspect, distant as they were. But what was this strange thing ahead of us, far out on the plain? A cloud of dust rises into the golden air; we can hear the faint foot-falls of distant horses. The cloud comes nearer; the noise deepens. Now it is the thunder of a troop of men on horseback galloping down upon us as if to sweep us from the road.

"Forward, scout!" cried Bell, who had been getting up her Indian lore, to her husband on the pony; "hold up your right hand and motion them back; if they are friendly, they will retire. Tell them the Great Father of the white men is well disposed toward his red children—"

"—And wouldn't cheat them out of a dollar even if he could get a third term of office by it."

But by this time the enemy had borne down upon us with such swiftness that he had gone right by before we could quite make out who he was. Indeed, amid such dust the smartest cavalry uniforms in the United States army must soon resemble a digger's suit.

We pushed on across the plain, and soon reached the point which these impetuous riders had just left—Fort Russell. The lieutenant was rather anxious to see what style of fortification the United States government adopted to guard against any possible raid

on the part of the Indians exasperated by the encroachments of the miners among the Black Hills; and so we all got down and entered Fort Russell, and had a pleasant walk round in the cool evening air. We greatly admired the pretty little houses built for the quarters of the married officers, and we appreciated the efforts made to get a few cotton-wood trees to grow on this arid soil; but as for fortifications, there was not so much as a bit of red tape surrounding the inclosure. Our good friend who had conducted us hither only laughed when the lieutenant expressed his surprise.

"The Indians would as soon think of invading Washington as coming down here," said he.

"But they have come before," observed the lieutenant, "and that not very long ago. How many massacres did they make when the railway was being built—"

"Then there were fewer people—Cheyenne was only a few shanties—"

"Cheyenne!" cried the lieutenant, "Cheyenne a defence?—a handful of Indians they would drive every shopkeeper out of the place in an hour—"

"I don't know about that," responded our companion for the time being. "The most of the men about here, Sir, I can assure you, have had their tussles with the Indians, and could make as good a stand as any soldiers could. But the Sioux won't come down here; they will keep to the hills, where we can't get at them."

"My good friend, this is what I cannot understand, and you will tell me," said the lieutenant, who was arguing only to obtain information. "You are driving the Indians to desperation. You make treaties; you allow the miners to break them; you send out your soldiers to massacre the Indians because they have killed the white men, who had no right to come on their land. Very well: In time no doubt you will get them all killed. But suppose that the chiefs begin to see what is the end of it. And if they say that they must perish, but that they will perish in a great act of revenge, and if they sweep down here to cut your railway line to pieces—which has brought all these people out—and to ravage Cheyenne, then what is the use of such forts as this Fort Russell and its handful of soldiers? What did I see in a book the other day? that the fighting men of these Indians alone were not

less than 8,000 or 10,000, because the young men of the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail people could easily be got to join the Sioux ; and if they are to die, why should they not do some splendid thing ?”

“ Well, Sir,” said our friend, patting the neck of one of his horses, as the ladies were getting into the carriage, “ that would be fine—that would be striking in a book or a play. But you don’t know the Indians. The Indians are cowards, Sir, take my word for it ; and they don’t fight except for plunder. They are revengeful—oh yes—and malicious as snakes ; but they won’t kill a man unless they could get his rifle, or his oxen or something. The young men are different sometimes ; they want scalps to make them big in the eyes of the gals ; but you wouldn’t find a whole tribe of Indians flinging their lives away just to make a fuss in the New York papers.”

At this point we started off again across the plains ; and the discussion was adjourned, as the Irish magistrate said, *sine die* until the evening. Only Bell was anxious to be assured that if Sitting Bull and his merry men should meditate one grand and final act of revenge, they would not make their way down to the plains of Colorado and take up their abode there ; and she was greatly comforted when she heard that the chief trouble of the government was that it could not get the Indians to forsake their native hills in the north and go down to the Indian Territory in the south.

“ I think, Mrs. Von Rosen,” said Lady Sylvia, “ that you will have some romantic stories to tell your children when you return to England. You would feel very proud if you compelled the Indians to address you as ‘ brave squaw ! brave squaw ! ’ ”

“ I can assure you I am not at all anxious to become a heroine,” our Bell said, seriously ; no doubt remembering that romantic incidents have sometimes a knack of leaving children motherless.

And now “ the Rockies ” had grown quite dramatic in their intensity of plum-colour, and there were flashing shots of crimson fire high over the dusky peaks. But as we were driving eastward, we saw even more beautiful colours on the other horizon ; for there were huge soft masses of colour that had their high ridges of snow touched with a pale saffron as the light went down. And then, when the sun had really sunk, we found that

strange phenomenon again appear along the eastern horizon—a band of dull dead blue lying close to the land, where no clouds were, and fading into a warm crimson above. Had this belt of coloured shadow been a belt of mountains, we should have estimated them to be about 5,000 feet above the level of these plains, which are themselves 5,000 or 6,000 feet above the level of the sea ; and a strange thing was that this dusky blue and the crimson above remained well into the twilight, when all the world around us was growing dark. It was in this wan twilight that we drove out to a lake which will, no doubt, form an ornamental feature in a big park when the Black Hills miners, gorged with wealth, come back to make Cheyenne a great city. The chief attraction of the lake, as we saw it, was the presence of a considerable number of wild-duck on the surface ; but we did not stay long to look at them, for the reason that there were several boats out after them ; and the tiny jets of pink fire that were from time to time visible in the silvery twilight showed that the occupants of the boats were firing pretty much at random. As we did not wish to have a charge of No. 5 shot for supper, we drove off, and eventually were landed at the railway inn at Cheyenne.

We were quite conscious of having done an injustice to “ Hell on Wheels ” in taking only this cursory glance at so famous a place ; but then we knew that all our letters—and perhaps telegrams—were now at Idaho, and we wished to get on as soon as possible. But as the present writer was unanimously requested by the party to pay a tribute of gratitude to the clean and comfortable little inn at the station, he must now do so ; only he must also confess that he was bribed, for the good-natured landlord was pleased, as we sat at supper, to send in to us, with his compliments, a bottle of real French Champagne, Good actions should never go unrewarded ; and so the gentle reader is most earnestly entreated, the first time he goes to Cheyenne—in fact, he is entreated to go to Cheyenne anyhow—to stay at this inn and give large orders. Moreover, the present writer, not wishing to have his conduct in this particular regarded as being too mercenary, would wish to explain that the bottle of Champagne in question was, as we subsequently discovered, charged for in the bill, and honestly paid for too ; but he can not allow the

landlord to be deprived of all credit for his hospitable intentions merely on account of an error on the part of the clerk. We drank to his health then, and we will do so now. Here is to your health, Mr.—; and to yours, you kind friend, who showed us the non-fortified Fort Russell; and to yours, you young Canadian gentleman, who told us those sad stories about Denver; and we hereby invoke a malison on the Grand Central Hotel of that city, on account of its cockpaches, and its vinous decoctions, and its incivility; but all this is highly improper, and premature, and a breach of confidence.

We did indeed spend a pleasant evening that night at Cheyenne; for we had ordered for our banquet all the strangest dishes on the bill of fare, just to give our friends a notion of the sort of food they would have to encounter during their stay in the West. And then these steaks of antelope and mountain sheep and black-tailed deer derived a certain romance from the presence, on the walls of the room, of splendid heads and antlers, until it appeared to us that we must be mighty hunters just sitting down to supper, with the trophies won by our own sword and spear hung up around us. And then our Prussian strategist—who had acquired such a vast and intimate acquaintance with the Indians from his conversation with the Omaha idiot—proceeded to explain to us his plan of an Indian campaign; which showed that he was quite fitted to take the command of all the red men in Dakota. We were treated to a dose of history, too; to show that, in desperation, the Indians have often risen to commit a general massacre, apparently with no ulterior motive whatever. And of course, when Sitting Bull had swept down on Cheyenne and drunk its taverns dry, and when he had swept down on Denver and filled his pockets—if any—with sham French jewelry, surely he would come up to Idaho to pay a certain young lady a friendly call?

"Bell," said her husband, "you shall have a laurel wreath ready, and you will have all the neighbours trained and ready, and when the great chief approaches, you will all burst out with 'Heil dir im Siegerkranz!'"

"In the mean time," said Bell, sedately, "if we are to catch the train for Denver at five in the morning, we had better get to bed."

CHAPTER XLIX.

IN SOCIETY.

FIVE in the morning—pitch-darkness all around the station—a clear starlit sky—the flashing belt and sword of Orion almost right overhead. We had our breakfast of bread and apples in the great empty saloon; then we went out on to the platform, wondering when the Cyclops eye of the train would come flaring through the dark. For now we were within a few hours' journey of the point to which those messages were to be directed which would finally set at rest one or two grave problems; and there was a good deal of nervousness visible among our women-folk when we touched on these probabilities. But Lady Sylvia showed no nervousness at all. She was eager, buoyant, confident. She was clearly not afraid of any telegram or letter that might be awaiting her at Denver. Nay, when her friends, shivering in the cold and darkness of the early morning, were complaining of the railway arrangements that compelled us to get up at such an hour, she made light of the matter, and showed how, as we went south, we should have the beautiful spectacle of the sunrise breaking on the Rocky Mountains.

At length the train came along, and we got into the warm carriage, in which the conductor was engaged in cramming a blazing stove with still further blocks of wood. Very soon we were away from the scattered shanties of Cheyenne, out on the lone prairie-land that was to be our Bell's future home. And as we sat and silently looked out of the windows, watching a pale glow arise in the east, and trying to make out something on the dark plains below, suddenly we caught sight of some flashing lights of red and yellow. These were the breakfast fires of some travellers camping out—probably miners or traders making for the Black Hills with a train of waggons and oxen. The light in the east increased; and then we saw all along the western horizon the great wall of the Rocky Mountains become visible in a stream of colour—the peaks the faintest rose, the shadowy bulk below a light, transparent, beautiful blue. The morning came on apace; the silvery grays of the east yielding to a glowing saffron. There seemed to be no mists lying on these high plains, for, as the sun rose, we could see an immense distance

over the yellow prairie-land. And the first objects we perceived in this lonely desert of grass were a number of antelope quietly grazing within rifle range of the railway line, taking no heed whatever, though occasionally one of the more timid would trot off on its spider-like legs to a safer distance. Bell began to laugh. She saw the misery of her husband's face.

"Ah, well," said he, with a sigh, "I suppose if the train were to stop, and you went down with a gun, they would be away like lightning. *But a time will come*; and your husband, Lady Sylvia, will be with me to help me, I hope."

There was certainly no misery on Lady Sylvia's face, now that the brilliant light of the new day filled the carriage. Was this the pale sad soul who had come away from England with us, out of sorts with the world, and almost weary of her life? There was a colour in her cheeks that nearly rivaled Bell's apple-blossom tints. There was an unusual gladness in her eyes this morning that we could not at first account for; but she let the secret out: she had been making elaborate calculations. The telegram she received at Omaha from Queenstown had been waiting for her two days before she got it. Then, taking into account the number of days we staid at Omaha and the leisurely fashion in which we had come across the plains, there was at least a chance—so she proved to herself—that her husband might at that very moment be landing at one of the New York wharves. It all depended on the steamer. Who knew any thing about that steamer? Notoriously it belonged to the fastest of all the lines. Was it possible, then, that as we were chatting and laughing in this railway carriage on the Colorado prairies, Balfour might be on the same continent with us? You could almost have imagined that his stepping ashore had communicated some strange magnetic thrill to his wife's heart.

"We are getting near to Greeley now," said Queen T—to her friend Bell, looking rather eagerly out of the window.

"Yes," said the practical lieutenant, "and we shall have twenty minutes there for a real breakfast. An apple and a bit of bread is not enough, if you are travelling in Colorado air."

But I do not think it was altogether the breakfast—though that, as it turned out was

excellent—that led us to look out with unusual interest for this little township set far among the Western plains; there were other reasons which need not be mentioned here. And, indeed, we have the most pleasant memories of Greeley, as it shone there in the early sunlight. We walked up the broad main thoroughfare, with its twin rows of cottonwood trees; and no doubt the empty street gained something from the fact that the end of it seemed closed in by the pale blue line of the Rocky Mountains, the peaks here and there glittering with snow. A bright, clean, thriving-looking place, with its handsome red brick school-house and its capacious white church; while many of the shanties about had pleasant little gardens attached, watered by small irrigation canals from the Cache-la-poudre River. As we were passing one of those tiny streams, a great heron rose slowly into the air, his heavy wings flapping, his legs hanging down; but a large hawk, crossing a field beyond, took no notice of him; and we were disappointed of a bit of extempore falconry. We had only a look at the public park, which is as yet mostly a wilderness of underwood, and a glimpse at the pretty villas beyond; in fact, our explorations nearly lost us our train. As we think of Greeley now—here, in England, in the depth of winter—it shines for us still in the light of the summer morning, and the trees and fields are green around it, and the mountains are blue under the blue of the sky. May it shine and flourish forever!

It is most unfair of the Americans to speak slightly of Denver. It is a highly respectable city. We were quite astounded, on our first entrance, by the number of people who appeared in black coats and tall hats; and the longer we staid in the place, the more we were impressed by the fashion in which the Denverites had removed the old stains from their reputation by building churches. They have advanced much farther in the paths of civilization than the slow-moving cities of the East. In New York or Boston hotels the servants merely claim a free-and-easy equality with the guests; in Denver they have got far beyond that. The wines are such triumphs of skilful invention as no city in the world can produce. And then, when one goes into the streets (to escape from the beetles in one's bedroom), the eye is charmed by the variety of nationalities every where visible. A smart Mexi-

can rides by, with gayly decorated saddle, on his long-tailed pony. Chinese women hobble on their small shoes into an iron-mongery shop. The adjoining saloon is called "Zur goldenen Trauben;" and and at the door of it a red-haired Irishwoman is stormily quarreling with an angry but silent and sulky negress. Over this seething admixture of population dwell the twelve patrician families of Denver, shining apart like stars in a silent heaven of their own. We are not permitted to gaze upon any one of these—unless—unless? Those two people who stood on the steps of the hotel after dinner? They were distinguished-looking persons, and much bediamonded. The lady wore beautiful colours, and the red-faced gentleman had a splendid gold chain round his neck; and thus—so far as we could make out—they spake:

"Jim," said the lady, "don't you remember that hop of Steve Bellerjean's that he giv after he run away wi' Dan Niggles's gal, to make up all around, when he found pay gravel and married the gal?"

"No," said the other, reflectively, "I disremember."

"Well, that woman in yaller fixins that stared at me all dinner, I could swear was Steve's woman."

"But Steve ran away from her," said the gentleman, who seems to remember some things, if not the hop. "She didn't pan out well. Tried to put a head on him with a revolver—jealousy and rum. Steve went to Sonora; tried to bust the government; and the Greasers ketched him with a lariat, and his chips were passed in."

The gentleman in the gold chain had suddenly grown melancholy.

"Yes; Steve's chips were called," chimed in his spouse.

"That's what's the matter with all of us," continued her companion, in a sad tone. "That's what no Fifteenth Amendment can stop; the chips must be paid. That's what I told the boys down at Gridiron Bend when I giv my experience and jined the church, and Euchre-deck Billy heaved that rock into the christenin'-place; sez I, Boys, sez I, life gen'rally begins with a square deal, leastways outside the idiot asylum. 'Cordin' as you play your hand, will the promises be kep'. Sure enough, some has aces, and some not, and that's luck; and four aces any day is as good a hand as the Ten Commandments. With four aces, I'd buck agin the devil. But

we don't have four aces in the first deal, unless mebbe the Czar of Russia or the Prince of Wales, or some of them chaps; and so life and religion is pretty much as we play the hand we've got."

The lady seemed to put another aspect on these moral truths.

"Hosea Kemp," said she, practically, "that pig-skinned Mormon fraud, diskivered that when you raised him ten thousand, and raked in his pile; and he had a full, and you were only king high."

"That was before I knowed better, and I hadn't seen the vanities," said the repentant sinner. "But when I played, I played my hand for all that it was worth; and that's what's the matter with me. You kent fool away your hand and keep the chips; and that's what you find in the Commandments. That's the idee." What the idea was we were rather at a loss to discover; but we were not exactly in search of conundrums at this moment.

Indeed, our arrival at Denver had put an end for the time being to our idling and day-dreaming. First of all, there were the letters (there were no telegrams for any one, so we imagined that Balfour had not yet reached New York); and in the general selfishness of each seizing his or her own packet, no one noticed the expression with which Lady Sylvia broke open the only envelope addressed to her. There was a turmoil of news from home, mostly of a domestic and trivial nature, but none the less of tremendous importance to the two mothers. And when they turned to Lady Sylvia, she was sitting there quite calm and undisturbed, without any trace of disappointment on her face.

"So Mr. Balfour has not reached New York yet," said Queen T—, in her gentle way.

"I suppose not," was the answer. "I was calculating on the very shortest time possible. This letter was written some time before he left England. It is only about business affairs."

It was not until that evening that Lady Sylvia communicated the contents of this letter to her friend, and she did so without complaint as to the cold and formal manner in which her husband had written. Doubtless, she said, he was perfectly right. She had left him of her own accord; she deserved to be treated as a stranger. But the

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prompt answer to her message to him convinced her—this she said with a happy confidence in her eyes—of the spirit in which he was now coming out to her; and if, when he came out here, she had only five minutes given to her to tell him— But the present writer refuses to reveal further the secrets that passed between these two women.

In fact, he would probably never have known, but that at this juncture he was privately appealed to for advice. And if, in the course of this faithful narrative, he has endeavoured as far as possible to keep himself in the background, and to be the mere mouth-piece and reporter of the party, that rôle must be abandoned for a moment. He must explain that he now found himself in a position of some difficulty. Balfour had written out to Lady Sylvia, informing her of the collapse of his father's firm. It was hopeless, he said, to think of the firm resuming business; the trade that had made his father's fortune was played out. In these circumstances, he considered himself bound to give up everything he possessed to his creditors, and he wished to know whether she, Lady Sylvia, would feel disposed to surrender in like manner the £50,000 settled on her before her marriage. He pointed out to her that she was not legally bound to do so, and that it was a very doubtful question whether she was morally bound; it was a matter for her private feeling. If she felt inclined to give up the money, he would endeavour to gain her father's consent. But he thought that would be difficult, unless she also would join in persuading him; and she might point out that, if he refused, she could in any case pay over the annual interest of the sum. He hoped she was well; and there an end.

Now, if Lady Sylvia had had a bank note for £50,000 in her pocket, she would have handed it over with a glad heart. She never doubted for a moment that she ought to pay over the money, especially as she now knew that it was her husband's wish; but this reference to her father rather bewildered her, and so she indirectly appealed for counsel.

Now, how was it possible to explain to this gentle creature that the principle on which an antenuptial settlement is based is that the wife is literally purchased for a sum of money, and that it is the bounden duty of the trustees to see that this purchase money shall not be inveigled away from her in any manner whatever? How was it pos-

sible to point out to her that she might have children, and that her husband and father were alike bound by their duties as trustees not to let her defraud these helpless things of the future? Nay, more: it would be necessary to tell her that these hypothetical young people might marry; and that, however they might love their mamma, papa, and grandpapa, some cantankerous son-in-law could suddenly come down on the papa and grandpapa and compel them to make good that money which they had allowed, in defiance of their trust, to be dissipated in a sort of quixotic sacrifice.

"I always thought the law was idiotic," says Queen T—.

"The law in this case is especially devoted to the protection of women, who are not supposed to be able to take care of themselves."

"Do you mean to say that if Lady Sylvia, to whom the money belongs, wishes to give it up, she can not give it up?"

"It does not belong to her; it belongs to Balfour and Lord Willowby, in trust for her; and they dare not give it up, except at their own risk. What Balfour meant by making himself a trustee can only be imagined; but he is a shrewd fellow."

"And so she can not give up the money! Surely that is a strange thing—that one is not allowed to defraud one's self!"

"You can defraud yourself as much as you like. If she chooses, she can pay over the £2,000 a year, or whatever it is, to Balfour's creditors; but if she surrendered the original sum, she would be defrauding her children; do you see that?" Or does your frantic anxiety to let a woman fling away a fortune that is legally hers blind you to everything?"

"I don't see that her children, if she has any," says this tiny but heroic champion of strict morality, "would benefit much by inheriting money that ought never to have belonged to them. That money, you know very well, belongs to Mr. Balfour's creditors."

"This I know very well: that you would be exceedingly glad to see these two absolute beggars, so that they should be thrown on each other's helpfulness. I have a suspicion that that is the foundation for this pretty anxiety in the cause of morality and justice. Now there is no use in being angry. Without doubt, you have a sensitive conscience, and you are anxious that Lady Sylvia's conscience should be consulted too; but all the same—"

By this time the proud blood has mounted to her face.

"I came to you for advice, not for a dis-course on the conscience," she says, with a splendid look of injured dignity. "I know I am right; and I know that she is right, children or no children. You say that Lord Willowby will probably refuse—"

"Balfour says so, according to your account."

"Very well; and you explain that he might be called on to make good the money. Could not he be induced to consent by some guarantee—some indemnity—"

"Certainly, if you can get a big enough fool to become responsible for £50,000 to the end of time. Such people are not common. But there, sit down, and put aside all these fantastic speculations. The immediate thing you want is Lord Willowby's consent to this act of legal vandalism. If he refuses, his refusal will be based on the personal interests of his daughter. He will not consider children or grandchildren. Long before her eldest born can be twenty-one, Lord Willowby will be gathered to his fathers; and as for the risk he runs, he has not a brass farthing that any one can seize. Very well: you must explain to Lady Sylvia, in as delicate a way as you can, that there might be youthful Balfours in the days to come, and that she must consider whether she is acting rightly in throwing away this provision—"

"But, gracious goodness! her husband wants her to do so, and she wants to do so—"

"Then let that be settled. Of course, all husbands' wishes are law. Then you must explain to her what it is she is asking her father to do, and point out that it will take a good deal of appealing before he consents. He has a strictly legal right to refuse; further, he can plead his natural concern for his daughter's interests—"

"He ought to have more regard for his daughter's honour!" says she, warmly.

"Nonsense! You are talking as if Balfour had gone into a conspiracy to get up a fraudulent settlement. It is no business of hers that the firm failed—"

"I say it is a matter of strict honour and integrity that she should give up this money; and she *shall* give it up!" says Queen T—, with an indignant look.

"Very well, then; if you are all quite

content, there only remains that you should appeal to Lord Willowby."

"Why do you laugh?"

"Lord Willowby thought he would get some money through Balfour marrying his daughter. Now you are asking him to throw away his last chance of ever getting a penny. And you think he will consent."

"His daughter shall make him," said she, confident in the sublime and invincible powers of virtue. Her confidence, in this instance, at least, was not misplaced—so much must be admitted.

CHAPTER L.

A NEW COMPANION.

THE arrival of the new sovereign to take possession of the ceded dominions had been made known to the people at Eagle Creek Ranch; and soon our poor Bell was being made the victim of continual interviews, during which agents, overseers, and lawyers vainly endeavoured to get some definite information into her bewildered head. For what was the use of reporting about the last branding of calves, or about the last month's yield of the Belle of St. Joe, or about the probable cost of the new crushing machines, when the perpetual refrain of her thinking was, "Oh, good people, wouldn't you take the half of it, and let me have my children?"

Fortunately her husband was in no wise bewildered, and it was with not a little curiosity that he went off to inspect the horses and two carriages that had been sent on to Denver for us from the ranch. My lord was pleased to express his approval of these; albeit that one of the vehicles was rather a rude-looking affair. The other, however—doubtless Colonel Sloane's state carriage—was exceedingly smart, and had obviously been polished up for the occasion; while, as regards the horses, these were able to elicit even something more than approval from this accomplished critic. He went back to the hotel highly pleased. He believed he had got some inkling that life at the ranch was not wholly savage. The beautiful polished shafts and the carefully brushed dark blue cushions had had an effect on his imagination.

And then, right in the midst of all this turmoil, Lady Sylvia got a telegram from New York. We had just sat down to dinner in the big saloon, at a separate table; and we were a sufficiently staid and decorous party, for Mr. and Mrs. Von Rosen were dressed in black, and the rest of us had donned whatever dark attire we had with us, out of respect to the memory of the lamented Jack Sloane. (One of the executors was to call in on us after dinner; but no matter.) This telegram produced quite a flutter of excitement, and for the moment we forgot all about Texan herds and placer mines. Lady Sylvia became a trifle pale as the telegram was handed to her, and she seemed to read it at one glance; then, despite herself, a smile of pleasure came to her lips, and the colour returned to her face.

"But what is this, Mr. Von Rosen?" she said, and she endeavoured to talk in a matter-of-fact way, as if nothing at all had happened. "My husband speaks of some proposal you have made to him."

"Yes," said the lieutenant, blushing like a guilty school-boy.

He looked at his wife, and both were a trifle embarrassed; but at this moment Lady Sylvia handed the telegram across the table.

"You may read it," she said, indifferently, as if it had conveyed but little news to her. And yet it was a long telegram—to be sent by a man who was not worth sixpence.

"Hugh Balfour, New York, to Lady Sylvia Balfour, Central Hotel, Denver: Have got your letter: all is right. Shall reach you Saturday. Please tell Von Rosen that, subject to your wishes, I accept proposal with gratitude."

"Lady Sylvia," said the lieutenant, with his bronzed face as full of triumph as if he himself had brought about the whole business, "will you let me cry 'Hurrah?' Bell, shall I cry 'Hurrah?' Madame, do you object?"

And he held up the bit of paper for a signal, as if he were about to shock the calm proprieties of Denver.

"May I see the telegram, Lady Sylvia?" said Mrs. Von Rosen, taking no notice of her mad husband.

"Certainly. But please tell me, Mr. Von Rosen, what the proposal is. Why do you wish to cry 'Hurrah?'"

"Ah, yes, you may well ask," said the young man, moderating his fervour, "for I was too soon with my gladness. I will have to persuade you before we can cry any hurrahs. What I was thinking of was this—that you and Mr. Balfour would be a whole year with us, and we should have great amusement; and the shooting that I have heard of since yesterday—oh! I cannot tell you of it. But he says it is all subject to your wishes; now I must begin to persuade you to stay away from England for a whole year, and to give us the pleasure of your society. It is a great favour that my wife and myself we both ask of you; for we shall be lonely out here until we get used to the place and know our neighbours; but if you were our neighbours, that would be very pleasant. And I have been very busy to find out about Eagle Creek—oh no, it is not so bad as you would think; you can have everything from Denver—I do not know about ladies' saddles, but I will ask—and it is the most beautiful and healthy air in the world, Lady Sylvia—"

"My dear Mr. Von Rosen," said Lady Sylvia, interrupting him with a charming smile, "don't seek to persuade me; I was persuaded when I got the message from my husband; for of course I will do whatever he wishes. But if you will let me say so, I don't think this proposal of yours is very wise. It was scarcely fair of you to write to New York and inveigle my husband into it without letting me know. It is very charming, no doubt, and you are very kind; and I have not the least doubt we shall enjoy ourselves very much; but you must remember that my husband and myself have something else to think of now. We can not afford to think only of shooting and riding, and pleasant society. Indeed, I took it for granted that my husband had come out to America to find some profession or occupation; and I am rather surprised that he has accepted your proposal. It was too tempting, I suppose, and I know we shall enjoy ourselves very much—"

Husband and wife had been glancing at each other, as if to inquire which should speak first. It was the lieutenant who took the burden on his shoulders, and certainly he was extremely embarrassed when he began. Fortunately in these Western hotels, you are expected to order your dinner all at once, and it is put on the table at once; and

then the waiter retires, unless he happens to be interested in your conversation, when he remains, and looks down on your shoulders. In this case, our coloured brother had moved off a bit.

"Lady Sylvia," said he, "I wish Mr. Balfour had explained to you what the proposal is in a letter; but how could that be? He will be here as soon as any letter. And I am afraid you will think me very impertinent when I tell you."

He looked at her for a second; and then the courage of this man, who had been through the whole of the 1866 and 1870-'71 campaigns, and done good service in both, fell away altogether.

"Ah," said he, lightly—but the Germans are not good actors, "it is a little matter. I will leave it to your husband to tell you. Only this I will tell you, that you must not think that your husband will spend the whole year in idleness—"

"It is a mystery, then?" she said, with a smile. "I am not to be allowed to peep into the secret chamber? Or is it a conspiracy of which I am to be the victim? Mrs. Von Rosen, you will not allow them to murder me at the ranch?"

Mrs. Von Rosen was a trifle embarrassed also, but she showed greater courage than her husband.

"I will tell you what the secret is, Lady Sylvia," she said, "if my husband won't. He is afraid of offending you: but you won't be offended with me. We were thinking, my husband and myself, that Mr. Balfour was coming out to America to engage in some business; and you know that is not always easy to find; and then we were thinking about our own affairs at the same time. You know, dear Lady Sylvia"—and here she put her hand gently on her friend's hand, as if to stay that awful person's wrath and resentment—"we run a great risk in leaving all these things, both up at Idaho and out on the plains, to be managed by persons who are strangers to us—I mean when we go back to England. And it occurred to my husband and myself that if we could get some one whom we could thoroughly trust to stay here and look into the accounts and reports on the spot—well, the truth is, we thought it would be worth while to give such a person an interest in the yearly result rather than any fixed salary. Don't you think so?" she said, rather timidly.

"Oh yes, certainly," Lady Sylvia replied. She half guessed what was coming.

"And then," said our Bell cheerfully, as if it were all a joke, "my husband thought he would write to Mr. Balfour, telling him that if he wished to try this for a time—just until he could look round and get something better—it would be a great obligation to us; and it would be so pleasant for us to have you out here. That was the proposal, Lady Sylvia. It was only a suggestion. Perhaps you would not care to remain out here, so far away from your home; but in any case I thought you would not be offended."

She was, on the contrary, most deeply and grievously offended, as was natural. Her indignant wrath knew no bounds. Only the sole token of it was two big tears that quietly rolled down her face—despite her endeavours to conceal the fact; and for a second or two she did not speak at all, but kept her head cast down.

"I don't know," said she, at length, in a very low and rather uncertain voice, "what we have done to deserve so much kindness—from all of you."

"Oh no, Lady Sylvia," our Bell said, with the utmost eagerness, "you must not look on it as kindness at all—it is only a business proposal; for, of course, we are very anxious to have every thing well looked after in our absence—it is of great importance for the sake of the children. And then, you see, Mr. Balfour and yourself would be able to give it a year's trial before deciding whether you cared to remain here; and you would be able to find out whether the climate suited you, and whether there was enough amusement—"

"Dear Mrs. Von Rosen," said Lady Sylvia, gently, "you need not try to explain away your kindness. You would never have thought of this but for our sakes—"

"No," she cried, boldly; "but why? Because we should have sold off every thing at the end of the year, rather than have so much anxiety in England. But if we can get this great business properly managed, why should we throw it away?"

"You forget that my husband knows nothing about it—"

"He will have a year to learn; and his mere presence here will make all the difference."

"Then it is understood Lady Sylvia?" the lieutenant said, with all the embarrassment

gone away from his face. "You will remain with us one year, anyway?"

"If my husband wishes it, I am very willing," she said, "and very grateful to you."

"Ha!" said the lieutenant, "I can see wonderful things now—waggon, camp fires, supper parties; and a glass of wine to drink to the health of our friends away in England. Lady Sylvia, your husband and I will write a book about it—*A Year's Hunting in Colorado and the Rocky Mountains*."

"I hope my husband will have something else to do," Lady Sylvia said, "unless you mean to shame us altogether."

"But no one can be working always. Ah, my good friends," he said, addressing the remaining two of the party, "you will be sorry when you start to go home to England. You will make a great mistake then. You wish to see the Alleghany Mountains in the Indian summer? Oh yes, very good; but you could see that next year; and in the mean time think what splendid fun we shall have—"

"Ask Bell," said Queen T—, with a quiet smile, "whether she would rather return with us now, or wait out here to hear of your shooting black-tailed deer and mountain sheep?"

At this point a message was brought into us, and it was unanimously resolved to ask Bell's business friend to come in and sit down and have a glass of wine with us. Surely there were no secrets about the doings of Five-Ace Jack unfit for us all to hear? We found Mr. T. W. G—a most worthy and excellent person, whose temper had not at all been soured by his failure to find the philosopher's stone. It is true, there was a certain sadness over the brown and wrinkled face when he described to us how the many processes for separating the gold from the crushed quartz could just about reach paying expenses, and without doing much more; and how some little improvement in one of these processes, that might be stumbled on by accident, would suddenly make the discoverer a millionaire, the gold bearing quartz being simply inexhaustible. It was quite clear that Mr. G— had lost some money in this direction. He was anxious we should go up to Georgetown, when we were at Idaho, to see some mines he had; in fact, he produced sundry little parcels from his pocket, unrolled them, and placed the bits

of stone before us with a certain reverent air. Our imagination was not fired.

He had known Colonel Sloane very well, and he spoke most discreetly of him; for was not his niece here in mourning? Nevertheless, there was a slight touch of humour in his tone when he told us of one of Bell's mines—the Virgin Agnes—which led one or two of us to suspect that Five-Ace Jack had not quite abandoned his tricks, even when his increasing riches rendered them unnecessary. The Virgin Agnes was a gulch mine, somewhere in the bed of the stream that comes rolling down the Clear Creek canon and it was originally owned by a company. It used to pay very well. But by-and-by the yield gradually diminished, until it scarcely paid the wages of the men; and, in fact, the mine was not considered worth working further. At this point it was bought by Colonel Sloane; and the strange thing was that almost immediately it began to yield in a surprising manner, and had continued to do so ever since. Mr. G— congratulated our Bell on being the owner of this mine, and said he would have much pleasure in showing it to her when she went up to Idaho; but he gravely ended his story without dropping any hint as to the reason why the Virgin Agnes had slowly drooped and suddenly revived. Nor did he tell us whether the men employed in that mine were generously allowed by Colonel Sloane to share in his good fortune.

He asked Bell whether she proposed to start for Idaho next day. She looked at her husband.

"Oh no," said the lieutenant, promptly. "We have a friend arriving here on Saturday. We mean to wait for him."

"Pray don't delay on his account," Lady Sylvia said, anxiously. "I can very well remain here for him, and come up to you afterward."

"Oh we shall have plenty to do in these three or four days—plenty," the lieutenant said; "I must see about the ladies' saddles to-morrow, and I want to buy an extra rifle or two; and a revolver, and a hunting-knife. And then this list of things for the house at Idaho—"

No doubt there was a good deal to be done; only one would have thought that three or four days were pretty fair time in which to prepare for a short trip up the Clear Creek canon. It was not, however,

On the Saturday morning every one was most extraordinarily busy, especially as the time approached for the arrival of the train from Cheyenne. Next day all the shops would be shut; and on Monday morning early we started.

"Lady Sylvia," said the lieutenant, with ingenuous earnestness, "I must really go after those saddles again. Tell Mr. Balfour I shall be back to lunch, will you, if you please?"

Indeed, one went away on one mission, and the other on another, until there was no one of the party left in the hotel with Lady Sylvia but Queen T——. The latter was in her own room. She rang, and sent a servant to ask her friend to come and see her. She took Lady Sylvia's hand when she entered.

"I am going to ask you to excuse me," said she, with great innocence. "I feel a little tired; I think I will lie down for an hour, until luncheon-time. But you know, dear Lady Sylva, if there are none of them down stairs, all you have to do is to get into the omnibus when it calls at the door, and they will drive you to the station; and you will not have long to wait."

The white hand she held was trembling violently. Lady Sylvia said nothing at all; but her eyes were moist, and she silently kissed her friend, and went away.

About an hour thereafter, four of us were seated at a certain small table, all as mute as mice. The women pretended to be very busy with the things before them. No one looked toward the door. Nay, no one would look up as two figures came into the big saloon, and came walking down toward us.

"Mrs. Von Rosen," said the voice of Lady Sylvia, in the gayest of tones, "let me present to you your new agent—"

But her gayety suddenly broke down. She left him to shake hands with us, and sat down on a chair in the dusky corner, and hid away her face from us, sobbing to herself.

"Ha!" cried the lieutenant, in his stormiest way, for he would have none of this sentiment, "do you know what we have got for you after your long journey? My good friend, there is a beefsteak coming for you; and that—do you know what that is?—that is a bottle of English ale!"

CHAPTER LI.

OUR LAST NIGHT TOGETHER.

ON that Monday morning when we left Denver to seek Bell's distant home in these pale-blue mountains, there was no great rejoicing among us. It was the last day of our long journeying together, and we had been pleasantly associated; moreover, one of us was going to leave her dearest friend in these remote wilds, and she was rather downhearted about it. Happily the secret exultation of Lady Sylvia, which could not altogether be concealed, kept up our spirits somewhat: we wondered whether she was not going to carry her husband's portmanteau for him, so anxious was she about his comfort.

The branch line of rail that pierces for some distance the Clear Creek canon takes a circuitous course on leaving Denver through some grassy plains which are intersected by narrow and muddy rivulets, and are sufficiently uninteresting; so that there was plenty of opportunity for these sojourners to sketch out something of their plans of living for the information of the new comer. But Balfour—who, by the way, had got thoroughly bronzed by his travelling—would not hear of all the fine pleasure excursions that the lieutenant was for planning out.

"We are under enough obligations to you," said he, "even if I find I can do this thing; but if I discover that I am of no use at all, then your charity would be too great. Let us get to work first; then, if the way is clear, we can have our play afterward. Indeed, you will be able to command my attendance, once I have qualified myself to be your servant."

"Yes, that is reasonable," said the lieutenant.

"I am quite sure," said Lady Sylvia, "that my husband would be a poor companion for you, so long as our affairs are unsettled—"

"And, besides," said Balfour, with a laugh, "You don't know what splendid alternative schemes I have to fall back on. On the voyage over I used to lie awake at night, and try to imagine all the ways in which a man may earn a living who is suddenly made penniless. And I got up some good schemes, I think; good for a man who could get some backing, I mean."

"Will you please to tell us some of them?" said Queen T——, with no apparent sarcasm. "We are so often appealed to for charity; and it would be delightful to be able to tell poor people how to make a fortune."

"The poor people would have to have some influence. But would you like to hear my schemes? They are numberless; and they are all based on the supposition that in London there are a very large number of people who would pay high prices for the simplest necessities of life, provided you could supply these of the soundest quality. Do you see? I take the case of milk, for example. Think of the number of mothers in London who would pay a double price for milk for their children, if you could guarantee them that it was quite unwatered, and got from cows living wholesomely in the country, instead of in London stalls! That is only one of a dozen things. Take bread, for example. I believe there are thousands of people in London who would pay extra for French bread, if they only knew how to get it supplied to them. Very well; I step in with my association—for the wants of a great place like London can only be supplied by big machinery—and I get a duke or two, and a handful of M.P.'s with me, to give it a philanthropic look; and, of course, they make me manager. I do a good public work, and I benefit myself."

"Do you think you would succeed as a manager of a dairy?" said Queen T——, gently.

"As well, probably," said he, laughing, "as the manager of Mrs. Von Rosen's mines and farms! But having got up the company, you would not ask me to look after the cows."

"Oh, Hugh," said Lady Sylvia, anxiously, "I hope you will never have anything to do with any company. It is that which has got poor papa into such trouble. I wish he could leave all these things for a time, and come out here for a holiday; it would do him a great deal of good."

This filial wish did not seem to awaken any eager response, though Mrs. Von Rosen murmured something about the pleasure it would give her to see Lord Willowby. We had not much hope of his lordship consenting to live at a ranch.

And now we drew near the Rockies. First of all, rising from the plains, we encountered

some ridges of brown, seared, earthy-looking hills, for the most part bare, though here and there the crest was crowned by a ridge of pine. At the mouth of one of the valleys we came upon Golden City, a scattered hamlet of small houses, with some trees, and some thin lines of a running stream about it. Then, getting farther into the mountains, we entered the narrow and deep gorge of the Clear Creek canon, a naturally formed highway that runs and winds sinuously for about thirty miles between the huge walls of rock on either side. It was not a beautiful valley, this deep cleft among the mountains, but a gloomy and desolate place, with lightning-blasted pines among the grays and reds of the fused fire-rocks; an opaque gray-green river rushing down the chasm; the trees overhead, apparently at the summit of the twin precipices, black against the glimmer of the blue sky. Here and there, however, were vivid gleams of colour; a blaze of the yellow leaves of the cotton-wood, or a mass of crimson creeper growing over over a gray rock. We began to wonder, too, whether this small river could really have cut this deep and narrow chasm in the giant mountains; but there, sure enough, far above us on the deep slopes, were the deep holes in the intertwined quartz out of which the water in by-gone ages must have slowly worked the bowlders of some alien material. There were other holes, too, visible on the sides of this gloomy gorge, with some brown earth in front of them, as if some animal had been trying to scrape for itself a den there: these were the "prospect holes" that miners had bored to spy into the secrets of the everlasting hills. Down below us, again, was the muddy stream, rushing between its beds of gravel; and certainly this railway carriage, on its narrow gauge, seemed to tilt dangerously over toward the sheer descent and the plunging waters. The train, indeed, as it would round the rocks, seemed to be some huge python, hunted into its gloomy lair in the mountains.

We were glad to get out of it, and into the clear sunshine, at the terminus—Floyd Hill; and here we found a couple of stage-coaches, each with four horses, awaiting to carry us still farther up into the Rockies. They were strange-looking vehicles, apparently mostly built of leather, and balanced on leather springs of enormous thickness. But they

soon disappeared from sight. We were lost in such clouds of dust as were never yet beheld by mortal man. Those who had gone inside to escape found that the half-dozen windows would not keep shut; and that, as they were flung hither and thither by the plunging of the coach up the steep mountain paths, they lost sight of each other in the dense yellow clouds. And then sometimes a gust of wind would cleave an opening in the clouds; and, behold! a flashing picture of pine-clad mountains, with a dark blue sky above. That jolting journey seemed to last for ever and ever, and the end of it found us changed into new creatures. But the coat of dust that covered us from head to heel had not sufficed to blind us; and now before our eyes we found the end and aim of our journey—the far hamlet of Idaho.

Bell looked rather bewildered; she had dreaded this approach to her future home. And Queen T——, anxious above all things that her friend's first impressions should be favourable, cried out.

"Oh, Bell, how beautiful, and clean, and bright it is!"

And certainly our first glance at Idaho, after the heat and dust we had come through, was cheering enough. We thought for an instant of Chamounix as we saw the small white houses by the side of the green, rushing stream, and the great mountains rising sheer beyond. There was a cool and pleasant wind rustling through the leaves of the young cotton-wood trees planted in front of the inn. And when we turned to the mountains on the other side of the narrow valley, we found even the lofty pine woods glowing with colour; for the mid-day sun was pouring down on the undergrowth—now of a golden yellow—so that one could almost believe that these far slopes were covered with buttercups. The coaches had stopped at the inn—the Beebe House, as it is called—and Colonel Sloane's heiress was received with much distinction. They showed her Colonel Sloane's house. It stood on a knoll some distance off; but we could see that it was a cheerful-looking place, with a green painted veranda round the white walls, and a few pines and cotton-woods about. In the meantime we had taken rooms at the inn, and speedily set to work to get some of the dust removed. It was a useful occupation; for no doubt the worry of it tended to allay that nervous excitement among our

women-folk, from which Bell, more especially, was obviously suffering. When we all assembled thereafter at our mid-day meal, she was still somewhat pale. The lieutenant declared that, after so much travelling, she must now take a long rest. He would not allow her to go on to Georgetown for a week at least.

And was there ever in all the world a place more conducive to rest than this distant, silent, sleepy Idaho up here in the lonely mountains? When the coaches had whirled away in the dust toward Georgetown, there was nothing to break the absolute calm but the soft rustling of the small trees; there was not a shred of cloud in the blue sky to bar the glare of the white road with a bit of grateful shadow.

After having had a look at Bell's house, we crossed to the other side of the valley, and entered a sort of tributary gorge between the hills which is known as the Soda Creek Canon. Here all vestiges of civilization seemed to end, but for the road that led we knew not whither; and in the strange silence we wandered onward into this new world, whose plants and insects and animals were all unfamiliar to us, or familiar only as they suggested some similarity to their English relatives. And yet Queen T—— strove to assure Bell that there was nothing wonderful about the place, except its extreme silence and a certain sad desolation of beauty. Was not this our identical Michaelmas daisy? she asked. She was overjoyed when she discovered a real and veritable harebell—a trifle darker in colour than our harebell, but a harebell all the same. She made a dart at a cluster of yellow flowers growing up among the rocks, thinking they were the mountain saxifrage; but they turned out to be a composite plant—probably some sort of hawk-weed. Her efforts to reach these flowers had startled a large bird out of the bushes above; and as it darted off, we could see that it was of a dark and luminous blue: she had to confess that he was a stranger. But surely we could not have the heart to regard the merry little chipmunk as a stranger—which of all living creatures is the friendliest, the blithest, the most comical. In this Soda Creek canon he reigns supreme; every rock and stone and bush seems instinct with life as this Proteus of the animal world scuds away like a mouse, or shoots up the hill-side like a lizard, only, when he has

got a short distance, to perch himself up on his hind legs, and curl up his bushy tail, and eye us demurely as he affects to play with a bit of may-weed. Then we see what the small squirrel-like animal really is—a beautiful little creature with longitudinal bars of golden brown and black along his back; the same bars on his head, by the side of his bright, watchful eyes; the red of a robin's breast on his shoulders; his furry tail, jauntily cocked up behind, of a pale brown. We were never tired of watching the tricks and attitudes of this friendly little chap. We knew quite well that his sudden dart from the lee of some stone was only the pretence of fright; before he had gone a yard he would sit up on his haunches and look at you, and stroke his nose with one of his fore-paws. Sometimes he would not even run away a yard, but sit quietly and watchfully to see us pass. We guessed that there were few stone-throwing boys about the Rocky Mountains.

Behold! the valley at last shows one brief symptom of human life; a waggon drawn by a team of oxen comes down the steep road, and the driver thereof is worth looking at, albeit his straw sombrero shades his handsome and sun-tanned face. He is an ornamental person, this bullwhacker; with the cord tassels of his buckskin jacket just appearing from below the great Spanish cloak of blue cloth that is carelessly thrown round his shoulders. Look at his whip, too—the heavy thongs of it intertwisted like serpents; he has no need of bowie-knife or pistol in these wilds while he carries about him that formidable weapon. The oxen pass on down the valley; the dust subsides; again we are left with the silence, and the warm sunlight, and the aromatic odours of the may-weed, and the cunning antics of our ubiquitous friend the chipmunk.

"There," said the lieutenant, looking up to the vast hill-slopes above, where the scattered pines stood black among the blaze of yellow undergrowth, "that is the beginning of our hunting country. All the secrets are behind that fringe of wood. You must not imagine, Lady Sylvia, that our life at Idaho is to be only this dulness of walking—"

"I can assure you I do not feel it dull at all," she said; "but I am sorry that our party is to be broken up—just when it has been completed. Oh, I wish you could stay with us!" she adds, addressing another

member of the party, whose hands are full of wild flowers.

"My dear Lady Sylvia," says this person, with her sweetest smile, "what would you all do if you had not us to take back your messages to England? We are to teach Bell's little girl to say Idaho. And when Christmas comes, we shall think of you at a particular hour—oh, by-the-way, we have never yet fixed the exact difference of time between Surrey and Idaho—"

"We will do that before you leave, madame," says the lieutenant, "but I am sure we will think of you a good many times before Christmas comes. And when Mr. Balfour and I have our bears and buffaloes, and elephants, and all these things, we will see whether we cannot get something sent you in ice for your Christmas party. And you will drink our good health, madame, will you not? And perhaps, if you are very kind, you might send us one bottle of very good Rhine wine, and we will drink your health too. Nee! I meant two bottles, for the four of us—"

"I think we shall be able to manage that," says she; and visions of real Schloss Johannisberg, each bottle swathed in printed and signed guarantees of genuineness, no doubt began to dance before her nimble brain.

But at this moment a cold breeze came rushing down the narrow gorge; and almost at the same instant we saw the edge of a heavy cloud come lowering over the very highest peak of the mountains. Some little familiarity with the pranks of the weather in the Western Highlands suggested that, having no water-proofs, and no shelter being near, we had better make down the valley again in the direction of Idaho; and this we set about doing. The hot afternoon had grown suddenly chill. A cold wind whistled through the trembling leaves of the cotton-woods. The mountains were shadowed, and by the time we reached Idaho again it seemed as if the night had already come down. The women in their thin dresses, were glad to get in-doors.

"But it is this very thing," the lieutenant cried—for he was anxious that his wife should regard her new home favourably—"that makes these places in the Rocky Mountains so wholesome—so healthful, I mean. I have heard of it from many people, who say here is the best sleeping-place in the world. It is no matter how warm it is in the day, it is

always cold at night ; you always must have a blanket here. The heat—that is nothing if you have the refreshing cold of the night ; people who can not sleep any where else, they can sleep here very well. Every one says that.

"Yes, and I will tell you this," he added, turning to Balfour ; "you ought to have stayed some days more in Denver, as all people do, to get accustomed to the thin air, before coming up here. All the doctors say that."

"Thank you," said Balfour, laughing, "my lungs are pretty tough. I don't suffer any inconvenience."

"That is very well, then ; for they say the air of these places will kill a consumptive person—"

Oh, Oswald !" his wife cried, "Don't frighten us all."

"Frighten you," said he. "Will you show me the one who is likely to be consumptive ? There is not any one of us does look like it. But if we all turn to be consumptive, can not we go down to the plains ? and we will give up the mountain sheep for the antelope—"

"I do believe," said his wife, with some vexation, "that you had not a thought in coming out here except about shooting !"

"And I do believe," he said, "that you had no thought except about your children. Oh, you ungrateful woman ! You wear mourning—yes ; but when do you really mourn for your poor uncle ? When do you speak of him ? You have not been to his grave yet."

"You know very well it was yourself who insisted on our coming here first," said she, with a blushing face ; but it was not a deadly quarrel.

The chillness of the night did not prevent our going out for a walk later on, when all the world seemed asleep. And now the clouds had passed away from the heavens, and the clear stars were shining down over the mystic darkness of the mountains. In the silence around us we only heard the plashing of the stream. It was to be our last night together.

CHAPTER LII.

AUF WIEDERSEHN !

IN the early morning—the morning of farewell—we stood at the small win-

dow—we two who were leaving—and tried to fix in our memories some picture of the surroundings of Bell's home ; for we knew that many a time in the after-days we should think of her and endeavour to form some notion of what she was engaged in at the moment, and of the scene around her. And can we remember it now ? The sunlight seems to fall vertically from that blazing sky, and there is a pale mist of heat far up in the mountains, so that the dark pine-woods appear to have a faint blue fog hanging around them. On the barer slopes, where the rocks project in shoulders, there is a more brilliant light ; for there the undergrowth of cotton-wood bushes, in its autumn gold, burns clear and sharp, even at this distance. And then the eye comes down to the still valley, and the scattered white houses, and the small and rustling trees. We seem to hear the running of the stream.

And what was that little bit of paper thrust furtively, almost at the last moment, into our Bell's trembling hand ? We did not know that we had been entertaining a poetess unawares among us ; or had she copied the verses out of a book, just as one takes a flower from a garden and gives it as a token of remembrance—something tangible to recall distant faces and by-gone friends ?

"O Idaho ! far Idaho !

A last farewell before we go."

That was all that companion of this unhonoured Sappho managed to make out as the paper was snatched from her hand. No doubt it invoked blessings on the friends to whom we were bidding good-bye. No doubt it spoke of the mother's thinking of her children far away. And there certainly was no doubt that the verses, whether they were good verses or bad verses, served their turn, and are treasured up at this moment as though their like had never been seen.

On that warm, clear, beautiful morning, when the heavy coach came rolling up to the door of the inn, Balfour and Lady Sylvia did not at all seem broken down by emotion ; on the contrary, they both appeared to be in high spirits. But our poor Bell was a wretched spectacle, about which nothing more shall be said here. Her last words were about her children ; but they were almost inaudible, through the violence of her sobbing. And we knew well, as we caught the last glimpse of that waved handkerchief,

that this token of farewell was not meant for us ; it was but a message we were to carry back with us across the seas to a certain home in Surrey.

Heir hat die Mär' ein Ende; and yet the present writer, if he is not overtaxing the patience of the reader, would like to say a word about the fashion in which two people, living pretty much by themselves down in the solitudes of Surrey, used to try to establish some link of interest and association with their friends far away in Colorado, and how at these times pictures of by-gone scenes would rise before their minds, soft, and clear, and beautiful ; for the troubles and trials of travelling were now all forgotten, and the pleasant passages of our journeying could be separated and strung like lambent beads on the thread of memory.

Or shall we not rather take, as a last breach of confidence, this night of all the nights in the year—this Christmas-eve—which we more particularly devote to our dear and absent friends ? It is now drawing away from us. We have been over to Bell's almost deserted house ; and there, as the children were being put to bed, we heard something about Ilaho. It was as near as the little girl could get to it ; it will suffice for a message.

And now, late as it is, and our own house being wrapped in silence after all the festivities of the evening—well, to tell the truth, there *was* a wild turkey, and there *were* some canvas-back ducks ; and we were not bound to tell too eagerly inquisitive boys that these could not well come from Colorado, though they did come from America—a madness seems to come over our gentle Queen Titania, and she will go out into the darkness, though the night is cold and there is snow on the ground. We go forth into the silent world. The thin snow is crisp and dry underfoot. The stars are shining over our heads. There is no wind to stir the black shadows of the trees.

And now, as the time draws near when we are to send that unspoken message to the listening ones across the seas, surely they are waiting like ourselves ? And the dark night, even up here on Mickleham Downs, where we go by the dusky yew-trees like ghosts, becomes afire with light, and colour, and moving shapes ; for we are thinking once more of the many scenes that connect us by an invisible chain with our friends of the past.

How long ago was it that we sat in the long saloon, and the fog-horn was booming outside, and we heard Lady Sylvia's tender voice singing with the others, "Abide with me ; fast falls the eventide," as the good ship plunged onward and through the waste of waters ? But the ship goes too slow for us. We can outstrip its speed. We are already half-way over to Bell's retreat, and here we shall rest ; for are we not high over the Hudson, in the neighbourhood of the haunted mountains ?—and we have but to give another call to reach the far plains of Colorado !

* * * *

"Ho, Vanderdecken—Hendrich Hudson—can you take our message from us and pass it on ? This is a night, of all the nights in the long year, that you are sure to be abroad, you and your sad-faced crew, up there in the lonely valleys, under the light of the stars. Can you go still higher and send a view-halloo across to the Rocky Mountains ? Can you say to our friends that we are listening ? Can you tell them that something has just been said—they will know by whom—about a certain dear mother at Idaho ? Give a call, then, across the waste Atlantic that we may hear ! Or is it the clamour of the katyids that drowns the ghostly voice ? We cannot hear at all. Perhaps the old men are cowering in their cave, because of the sacred time ; and there is no mirth in the hills to-night ; and no huge cask of schnapps to be tapped, that the heavy beards may wag. Vanderdecken—Hendrich Hudson—you are of no use to us ; we pass on : we leave the dark mountains behind us, under the silent stars.

* * * *

" ' Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers—
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs !
Blow, breezes, blow ! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past ! ' "

"Look at the clear gold ray of the light-houses, and the pale green of the sunset skies, and the dark islands and trees catching the last red flush. And is not this Bell's voice, singing to us, with such a sweetness as the Lake of a Thousand Islands never heard before—

" ' Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.

The red flame in the west burns into our eyes, we can see no more.

* * * *

"We were startled by this wild roaring in our ears, as if the world were falling, and we are in a mystical cavern; and the whirling gray cataracts threaten to tear us from the narrow foothold. Our eyes are blinded, our throats are choked, our fingers still clutch at the dripping rocks; and then all at once we see your shining and smiling face—you giant black demon—you magnificent Sambo—you huge child of the nether world of waters! We KENT GO NO FORDER DEN DAWT? Is that what you say? We shout to you through this infernal din that we can—we can—we can! We elude your dusky fingers. We send you a mocking farewell. Let the waters come crashing down; for we have dived—and drifted—and come up into the white sunlight again!

* * * *

"And now there is no sound at all. We cannot even hear Bell's voice; for she is standing silent in front of the Chief's grave; and she is wondering whether his ghost is still lingering here, looking for the ships of the white man going up and down the great river. For our part, we can see none at all. The broad valley is deserted; the Missouri shows no sign of life; on the wide plains around us we find only the red-bird and the grasshopper. Farewell, White Cow; if your last wish is not gratified, at least the silence of the prairie is reserved to you, and no alien plough crosses the solitude of your grave. You are an amiable ghost, we think; we would shake hands with you, and give you a friendly 'How?' but the sunlight is in our eyes, and we cannot see you, just as you can not make out the ships on that long line of river. May you have everlasting tobacco in the world of dreams.

* * * *

"You infamous Hendrich Hudson, will not you carry our message now—for our voices cannot reach across the desert plains? Awaken, you cowed heads, and come forth into the starlight; for the Christmas bells have not rung yet; and there is time for a

solemn passing of the glass! High up in your awful solitudes, you can surely hear us; and we will tell you what you must call across the plains, for they are all silent now, as silent as the white skulls lying in the sand.

Vanderdecken, for the sake of Heaven—if that has power to conjure you—call to our listening friends; and we will pledge you in a glass to-night, and you and your ghastly crew will nod your heads in ominous laughter—"

* * * *

But what is this that we hear, suddenly shaking the pulses of the night with its tender sound? O friends far away! do you know that our English bells are beginning to ring in the Christmas time? If you cannot hear our faint voice across the wild Atlantic and the silent plains, surely you can hear the sounds you knew so well in the by-gone days! Over the crisp snow, and by the side of the black trees and hedges, we hurry homeward. We sit in a solitary room, and still we hear outside the faint tolling of the bells. The hour is near, and it is no dire spirit that we expect, but the gentle soul of a mother coming with a message to her sleeping children, and stopping for a moment in passing to look on her friends of old.

And she will take our message back, we know, and tell that other young wife out there that we are glad to hear that her heart is at peace at last. But what will the invisible messenger take back for herself? A look at her children: who knows?

A second to twelve. Shall we give a wild scream, then, as the ghost enters? for the silence is awful. Ah, no! whether you are here or not, our good Bell, our hearts go forth towards you, and we welcome you; and we are glad that, even in this silent fashion, we can bring in the Christmas-time together. But is the gentle spirit here—or has it passed? A stone's throw from our house is another house; and in it there is a room dimly lit; and in the room are two sleeping children. If the beautiful mother has been here with us amidst the faint tolling of these Christmas bells, you may be sure she only smiled upon us in passing, and that she is now in that silent room.

THE END.

THROUGH THE PHOSPHATE COUNTRY TO THE DESERT.

IT is proposed in the present paper to take the reader on a short excursion to a section of Canada of which very few persons outside of the political capital, and not many even there, can have any very accurate knowledge. The district to which I refer stretches to the north of the Ottawa River and is watered by two of its most picturesque tributaries, the Gatineau and Du Lièvre. Looking at the very excellent map published by the Government of Quebec, or indeed at any large map of Canada conveniently at hand, we find that these rivers take their rise some hundreds of miles from the City of Ottawa, in a rugged region of rocks and hills, where the Indian and trapper are the only inhabitants. The whole country is intersected in a marvelous manner by rivers and lakes, which connect with the two rivers in question, and afford unrivalled facilities to the lumbermen, who, for some forty years, have been robbing the hills and valleys of the magnificent pine forests that have hitherto constituted the chief wealth of that region. At this time especially, a sketch of some of the natural characteristics of the country will be probably interesting to many persons, since very recent discoveries have proved the existence of valuable economic minerals, and the prospect now is that capital will be directed to this comparatively unknown section, and give an unexpected importance to the vast masses of Laurentian rocks that cover so many thousands of square miles of the region watered by the Ottawa and its tributary rivers.

The names of the townships, rivers, and lakes of the Gatineau country illustrate, as elsewhere in Canada, different epochs and events in the history of the Dominion. The Pickanock, and Kazabazoua Rivers, and the Papenegeang and Kakebonga Lakes are Algonquin names that have come down to us from the Indian tribes who have inhabited that section from time immemorial. But French names predominate here just as they do in the Province of Quebec generally, and illustrate the spirit of adventure that has carried away at all times so many French Canadians into the wilderness either to trap furs or level the forest. The names of all the lakes and rivers, like those generally

given by the *coureurs de bois* and *voyageurs*, note some natural characteristic or some incident connected with the locality. The Mer Bleu has been so called on account of the peculiar pebbly bottom, which gives a pale opaque blue tint to the waters of this large and picturesque lake. The river of the Castor Blanc, and the lake of the Poisson Blanc bear testimony to the existence of the white beaver and white fish at one time or other. The townships of Hincks, Dorion, Sicotte, and Alleyn recall the old political conflicts of Canada, while Lytton, Wakefield, and Kensington are among the mementoes of prominent men and places in the mother-country. Bouchette reminds us of one of the earliest surveyors, to whom we owe the ablest topographical description ever published of Lower Canada. The River du Lièvre is named from the hares which were once remarkably common on its banks, and made to stand sponsors at the christening, by the ready-witted and practical *voyageurs*. The Gatineau is evidently of old French origin, and was first given to a Seigniory of the County of St. Maurice, where a concession was made by Marquis de la Jonquière and Francis Bigot—the former Governor, and the latter, the notorious Intendant of the last days of the French régime—to Marie Joseph Gatineau Duplessis. The Désert—the accent must be placed on the first syllable—is applied, as we shall presently show, to a wilderness region. For the same reason, the French pioneers of Acadia named a picturesque island, off the coast of Maine, now a famous resort of summer tourists. “I have called it,” says Champlain, “the Isle of Monts Déserts,” so impressed was he with the sight of the craggy summits which rise above the waves on the Atlantic coast.

“There, gloomily against the sky,
The Dark Isles rear their summits high;
And Désert Rock, abrupt and bare,
Lifts its grey turrets in the air.”

The history of this region only goes back for some thirty years. Champlain refers to it incidentally in his account of his voyages up the Ottawa, and tells us that the Algonquin tribes not unfrequently ascended the Gatineau

for a long distance, until they were able at last, by means of the lakes, streams, and portages, to reach the St. Maurice, whence they descended to the St. Lawrence, at the point where now sleeps the quiet old city of Three Rivers; and this very circuitous route became generally a necessity when the Indians learned that their hereditary foes, the Iroquois, were lying in ambush for them on the banks of the Lower Ottawa. It does not appear that any attempt was made to colonize the Gatineau Valley until many years after the settlement of Hull, opposite Ottawa, by Philemon Wright, the pioneer of this part of Canada.* When Mr. McTaggart, one of the Engineers who explored the route for the Rideau Canal, wrote his notes on Canada, he had no idea of the value of this region. It was his opinion—one showing the uses to which Englishmen of those days would put the colonies—that “the vale of the Gatineau would make a most favourable place for convicts.” “They could be conveyed to the vale,” he goes on to say, “at about a quarter of the expense that they are now to New Holland. As the local situation there is excellent, with regard to Upper and Lower Canada, it might become a place of great importance and utility to the mother-country, and a receptacle for villains.” Happily Mr. McTaggart’s suggestion was not adopted, or we might now have a Gatineau aristocracy akin to the “old families” of New South Wales. It has been left to the lumberman to open up a valuable section of country within a little over a quarter of a century. When Bouchette published his *Topographical Description of Canada*, in 1832, he showed that he was ignorant of the capabilities of the Gatineau for lumbering and settlement. But since several wealthy and enterprising firms have bought up the most valuable limits throughout a splendid pine country, the Gatineau, despite its swift current and numerous rapids, has been found one of the most desirable rivers of the Ottawa region for the driving of timber.

The drive up the Gatineau takes you through a country remarkable for its picturesque scenery. The road, for some seventy miles, rarely ever leaves the banks of the river, which now narrows to a gorge through

which the water rushes wildly, or widens into a placid lake encircled by hills. The country is well settled by a thrifty, industrious class of small farmers, who have followed in the wake of the lumberman. The slopes of the hills are for some fifty miles well cultivated, and present a very charming contrast with the rugged pine-clad summits, below which lie the farms. At different places, close by the river side, are rich alluvial tracts where the principal lumbering firms have made fine farms, and built comfortable houses and stores, where they keep supplies for the use of the shanties. The soil of the mountain slopes is naturally rich, and yields bountifully when cleared of its surface stone, while even in the most rocky parts there is abundant herbage and water for cattle, especially for sheep. The whole country for some fifty or sixty miles to the north of the Ottawa is, in fact, admirably adapted for grazing, and any man with a little capital, who could buy out several farms, could probably carry on stock-raising and sheep-rearing with profit despite the long winters.

Several villages are situated alongside the river or its small tributary streams. The principal is the Pêche, where there are several inns, comfortable in their way, two churches, and some small factories, besides a handsome brick store, owned by a wealthy lumberman. The situation is exceedingly romantic, on the side of a broad stretch of the river, here encircled by an amphitheatre of gently undulating hills. The Pickanock is another village of considerable importance, for it is the headquarters of a large lumber business, and the centre of a fine farming district. But the villages, like all places of sudden growth in mining or lumbering districts, are not in themselves beautiful—none have the neatness of a New England village, but are suggestive of slabs and stumps and general untidiness; but this is not remarkable when we find that the needs of the present must first be considered, and that green blinds, white paint, pretty gardens, and shade trees in front of every home, are the outcome of an older, more settled state of things. The natural beauty of the country soon makes one forget the inevitable slovenliness of the pioneer. As far as the eye can reach, you may follow a seemingly endless range of hills which rise, one beyond the other, in graceful succession, until they are lost in the purple of the distance. You drive through

* The Ottawa Valley: Its history and resources. C. M. January, 1875. The present article may be considered a supplement to that paper.

an avenue of forest shade, which now and then opens just enough to enable you to catch a glimpse of the glistening waters of the rapid river, tumbling ever and anon over the impeding rocks. Here is a brook bursting from under some ledge that is overhung with gnarled birches or maples, and illuminated with nodding crimson columbines—then yawning away between its green banks, with a new song for every stone that trips its flow. The rapids you see at frequent intervals are beautiful miniatures of the grander scenes that charm the eye on the Ottawa and St. Lawrence. None of the hills are mountains in the real sense of the word, rarely rising more than eight or nine hundred feet above Ottawa; but they are frequently beautifully wooded and graceful in their lines.

If we wander only a few paces from the road, we shall probably come to a sequestered lake, where the foliage is always green on the trees that skirt its banks and often dip into the water. A mountain lake like this is always beautiful, but still, some think there is a loneliness about it which is at times depressing. From the summit of a mountain you can see a vast expanse of country, and your view is only bounded by the horizon. Standing on the shore of the sea, your thoughts are not confined within the narrow range of your gaze, but every sail that floats like a gull on the wave, and every wreath of smoke that curls into the heavens, are so many connecting links with countries far beyond. The river, too, may carry you in imagination to the cities and towns, and unite you with the world that frets and throbs many miles away. But a lake, concealed among the hills, limits your view to its banks, and can never have for many the same charm as the illimitable sea, or the flowing river, which represent, as it were, the infinite.

Gray boulders of every size and form seem to have been tossed by some giant arm in a fit of rage, and now lie piled on each other in a bewildering chaotic mass. Some distance up the river, on the summit of a hill, close to the road, there is lying the most enormous boulder that I have ever seen, even in this region, so famous for its rocks. It is as large, perhaps, as St. James's Cathedral in Toronto, and it is perplexing to think how so unwieldy a mass ever found a resting place on the hills of the Gatineau. Some believe that at some time or other, in a now forgotten past—in a mysterious, silent geological

era—great earthquakes convulsed the whole northern part of this continent, and formed the hills and valleys which are now the characteristic feature of this region. Perhaps then it was that this enormous metamorphic rock was tossed from the heart of the earth upon the hills where it has rested for unknown ages. Or, as it is more generally believed, at an equally remote period enormous glaciers held this region in an icy embrace, and in their onward, irresistible march, bore this rock from some mountain of the north, and left it a monument of their reign on the "everlasting hills." All through the Ottawa country we find similar boulders scattered indiscriminately in the valleys and on the highest hills; and scientific observers for the most part agree that they are the relics of the glacial drift. But none of the boulders to be seen elsewhere can surpass in size this magnificent specimen on the Gatineau. For ages past it has rested among the Laurentian hills, and there it will likely remain for ages to come, until it is disturbed by some great convulsion of nature's secret forces. About such a rock there is a certain solemnity which awes one of a contemplative turn of mind. There it stands, a cold, impassive observer of all the changes of time since the world assumed its present organic form. From the day it left its primeval home, it has seen the surrounding glaciers slowly melt away beneath some powerful atmospheric influences, and then the great pine forests gradually start from the freed earth, and cover the rocks of the primeval age. These forests, too, it sees disappearing in a day as it were, but still it looks serenely on from its ancient seat, like the moon and stars above its grey face, an unmoved silent witness of the mystery of countless dawns.

Summer and winter equally afford attractions to those who wish to see this region in its varied aspect. The fisherman will, of course, visit it in the spring, when the numerous lakes that cover the country are teeming with fine fish. It is always easy to find guides and canoes at the most accessible resorts, and you may be sure to have all the sport you wish. Trout, bass, and pickerel are the principal fish caught in their season. Trout from six to twelve pound are not unfrequently taken by those adventurous sportsmen who do not hesitate to seek "fresh woods and pastures new" in the remotest parts of the wilderness. A favourite starting

place is Farrel's, a well-kept inn, picturesquely situated amid the hills, within sight of the rapid river.

But it is in the winter you can alone form an accurate idea of the vastness of the lumbering trade of this section. The Hamilton Brothers, Gilmour & Co., Edwards & Co., and some smaller firms work the greater part of the country for many thousands of square miles on the Eagle, Grand Lac, Kazabazoua, Blue Sea, Kakebonga, Otter Lake, and other streams and lakes which afford facilities to reach the main river. For several winters past the writer, through the kindness of one of the most genial, hospitable managers of one of these large firms, has had unusual opportunities for travelling over a large tract of country which, otherwise, he could never have visited. The number and size of the lakes must particularly impress the mind of the visitor, who will see at once how admirably nature adapts herself to the requirements of man. Without our cold, snowy climate, without this network of lakes and rivers, this section would be comparatively inaccessible. The splendid pine forests would probably be still untouched, and silence would reign unbroken in a wilderness of shade. But thanks to the wise provisions of nature, many millions of dollars worth of timber has, in the course of time, been brought from the mountains and plains, and still much more will come in the future, if fire does not sweep the whole country and destroy what valuable timber remains. No one, unless he travels over the lumber region of the Ottawa and its tributary rivers, can form any accurate conception of the terrible havoc that fires, originating for the most part from sheer negligence, have caused in the forests. Between the Six Portages, and on the way to the Blue Sea, the writer saw thousands of gaunt, stripped trunks, all showing by their girth and height the great value of the timber that has been lost in this way. Driving further into the interior over the Grand Lac or the Otter Bleu, we reach a country where there is no settlement, and the evidences of fire disappear entirely. Here the visitor will find himself at last in a wilderness of pines. Roads branch off in different directions from the log shanties, two or three of which are to be found on every "limit," according to the extent of the operations and the value of the timber in the vicinity. Long rows of logs, some of

enormous size, will be seen on the firm ice, awaiting the thaws of spring. The whirl of the axe and the cry of the teamsters are echoed through the long avenues of pines, which, ever and anon, sigh and tremble as the winds pass by and embrace their bushy tops. Here indeed we may say with the greatest of American poets:

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic.

But the practical lumberman cares little for primeval beauty. He not unfrequently detects signs of decay in what the inexperienced eye would believe to be a remarkably fine specimen of the pine. At a glance he can tell you if it is sound to the core, or defective in any respect. Then, if his opinion is favourable, the axe is swung in an instant at its base, and in a few moments the noble tree begins to quiver, and falls gently among the brush, whilst its executioner stands carelessly by leaning on his axe, knowing to a certainty the exact spot where it must rest.

Game is not very common now throughout the Gatineau Vale, compared with what it was some years ago, before the lumbermen obtained such complete control of the country. But still in certain localities the sportsman can find enough to keep him busy. Deer are frequently met in secluded places among the hills, and fur-bearing animals, including the beaver, but principally foxes, mink, and muskrat, are trapped by the settlers. Bears constantly pay visits to the farms. I know a gentleman-farmer who found that a piece of buckwheat was mysteriously disappearing, and threw the blame on a black cow which he saw once from a distance, and supposed had broken down the fence somewhere and strolled in, as such animals are fond of doing. One morning, however, he saw a large black bear quietly nibbling away at the grain. He chased the animal, but only wounded him at that time, and it was not till a week later that he was killed, a short distance from his favourite haunts. About a fortnight later the same person went after his cows to a pasture behind his barns, and here, to his amazement, he came upon a still larger bear, enjoying a

feast of acorns. He crept home quietly, only a few hundred yards distant, and then he was actually obliged to run some bullets; but still he was in time to shoot Mr. Bruin, who was munching his breakfast of nuts quite unconcernedly in the same place. We rarely hear of these animals doing any damage to the young cattle. They prefer nuts and berries, on which they fatten wonderfully well before retiring to their winter siesta. Wolves are often found prowling round the more distant cabins and shanties, and you see their skins in many of the farm-houses, where they come in very conveniently as floor mats.

In the course of my most recent ramble through the mountains, I had an opportunity of visiting the most curious cave which has yet been found in Canada. It is situated in the Township of Wakefield, some twenty miles due north from the city of Ottawa. A camping expedition through this country will well repay the adventurous tourist, provided he or she do not mind an occasional thunderstorm. I have heard of a party of ladies and gentlemen who went out during last summer with much enthusiasm to enjoy the beauties of nature among the picturesque hills and lakes of this wild country. It was very charming to young ladies somewhat bored with the dissipations of the capital, to camp by the side of the lake, surrounded by the pine-clad hills. How lovely the moon would light up the dark blue waters and shed her rays among the avenues of firs! But, alas, instead of the moon, there arose the most fearful thunder and lightning storm of the year, and the once hopeful party had to run from their white tents under the romantic pines, and seek shelter in a very unromantic barn, where the lightning flashed wildly through the logs; and next day they returned sadly home to illustrate once more "the vanity of human wishes." But to the old weather-beaten ramblers storms like these are only so many breaks in the monotony of sylvan life; they serve to show nature in her most awful guise; for the thunder rolls from hill to hill, and the lightning discharges on many a pine, and shrivels the bark to the very earth.

The lakes of Wakefield are of considerable size, and distinguished by such trite names as Mud or Dam Lake, which, if not euphonious, are at least illustrative of natural characteristics. Instead of clear, rocky margins,

such as one would expect, and indeed often find, in mountain regions, we saw long stretches of mud, covered with a luxuriant growth of wild grasses, through which it was very difficult to pull the canoes. On all sides were large patches of water lilies, as exquisitely beautiful as the purest camelia or lily of the conservatory. In passing over the "carries" between the lakes—and it is rarely a lake is not connected with one or more in this country—the ground was perfectly gorgeous with cardinal flowers, which were growing with a luxuriance the writer has never seen equalled in Canadian woods. Not in the tropics themselves are the azaleas or rhododendrons more beautifully massed than are these flowers of the Laurentian Hills. All the flowers of this wild section are unrivalled for size and colour. Nature here revels in proving what she can do among the primeval rocks. The soil, rich with the accumulation of ages and watered by the freshets of spring, produces flowers, plants, and trees of an abnormal size. Away in the heart of this wilderness, far from any post road, only accessible to the world in winter, stands the hut of a French Canadian, on the brow of a hill overlooking a lake glittering with lilies. The slope is so stony and precipitous that it is impossible to use a plough, but still among the rocks we saw oats and wheat, with a stalk of some five feet in height and well filled ears. The habitant uses a grubbing hoe to plant his little crop, which proves the luxuriance of the soil. If a man had a hundred acres of such soil, free from rocks and stumps, he would soon make a handsome livelihood. But it is hard work using a hoe among the rocky hills. The habitant who owns his solitary cabin does not depend on the little crop garnered from the stony slopes, but makes potash, for which there is abundant material on all sides.

The most interesting feature of the Wakefield Cave is the entrance, which lies on the side of a beautifully wooded hill. The mouth is almost hidden by ferns and trees, and is of an oval form. Unfortunately my exploration was only very partial, on account of my time being limited and the supply of lights giving out too soon. On this account, I cannot do better than give the reader a minute description of its leading features as furnished me by Dr. Grant of Ottawa, who has probably explored the cave more thoroughly than any one I know, in his zeal to make himself ac-

quainted with the geological attributes of the Ottawa Valley. "The mouth of the cave," I am now quoting the words of the doctor, "is fully eighteen feet in diameter, of an oval shape, beautifully arched, and having overhanging it pine and cedar trees of considerable size. The entire height of the mountain is about 300 feet and the entrance to the cave is about 100 feet below the summit. At the base of the mountain is a small lake, which discharges into the Gatineau River through a mountain gorge of exquisite beauty. Looking inwards from the mouth of the cave it is funnel-shaped, directed obliquely forwards and downwards a distance of 74 feet, at which point it is contracted to a height of five feet and a width of fifteen feet. This contraction forms the entrance to the first grand chamber, 80 feet in length, 31 feet across, and 9 feet in height throughout. At the posterior part of this chamber, in an oblique direction to the left, is an opening five feet in height, forming the entrance to the third chamber, which is about 18 feet in diameter and five feet high. The floor, however, is covered with calcareous *breccia* to a depth of three feet or more. Looking outwards, two openings are to be seen to the left of the first chamber, one anterior, broad and elevated, and one posterior, contracted and shallow, passing obliquely upwards and backwards a distance of fully 25 feet. This chamber is entirely encrusted with carbonate of lime of a cheesy consistence, and in the centre a perfectly white column reaches from the floor to the ceiling, about six inches in diameter, formed by the union of stalactite and stalagmite. The antero-lateral chamber passes in an oblique direction upwards, a distance of 30 feet, at which point the ceiling is fully 50 feet high, of a gothic shape and beautifully ornamented with stalactites and fringe-like encrustations of carbonate of lime. Some 60 feet from the mouth of the cave, to the right, is a narrow passage, rough, uneven, and forming the entrance to a chamber, the floor of which ascends obliquely upwards a distance of 30 feet, the height of this point being about 50 feet. On the way up, a beautiful arch is to be seen, above and beneath which this chamber communicates with the one entered by the antero-lateral opening from the Grand Chamber, and the light reflected from a lamp through the opening below this arch illuminates the entire ceiling of the adjoining

chamber, and presents a rich appearance as seen through the opening above the arch. To the right of the oblique floor of the antero-lateral cavity, is an opening, horse-shoe shaped, scalloped, about five feet in diameter, and considerably obscured by the overhanging rock. From the body of the cave the passage leading from this opening takes a direction at an angle of about 25 degrees to the right. Its entire length is about 270 feet, height between 4 and 5 feet, and width the same. The floor is rough and covered with small fragments of rocks of various sizes, and from the ceiling hang many small stalactites. At the inner terminus of this passage is an opening more or less circular, about 20 feet in diameter, and the rock over it is concave, and fully 15 feet in height. Stones thrown into this well or cavity give rise to a loud, rumbling noise. Its depth is 37 feet, and the bottom measures 9 feet by 30 feet, on either side of which are two openings, one 5 feet by 12 feet, 22 feet in depth, the other 2 feet by 3 feet and 45 feet in depth. The floors of these lower cavities are covered with fine sand, and on every side are to be seen beautiful stalactites. On the right and left of the main passage of this well are to be observed several smaller passages which, from their narrowness, are entered with difficulty. Here and there in each chamber, particularly from the ceilings, are to be seen rough projecting portions of rocks of various shapes and composed chiefly of quartzite, pyroxene, serpentine, iron pyrites, and various mineral ingredients peculiar to the crystalline Laurentian limestone formations. In many parts of the cave, the walls, particularly those to the right of each chamber as entered, were covered with almost uniform sheets of carbonate of lime. The cavern is entered by descending on talus or broken rock; this is succeeded by a floor partly flat, smooth, and presenting a water-worn appearance." From the foregoing description, it will be seen that the chambers are, as a rule, small, and not very conveniently reached on account of the lowness of the passages. The atmosphere is somewhat variable, quite warm in parts, and lower down quite chilly, but it is entirely free from any deleterious gases. The evidences of the action of water are very clearly seen throughout the cave, and it may be surmised that at some very distant time in the past a stream of water—another "Lost River"—

found here a subterranean passage. A careful exploration of all the passages will, in all probability, give us many facts, interesting from a scientific point of view. It would require a considerable sum of money to clear out the debris, and to excavate at certain spots in order to solve the problem whether the part so far explored is only the antechamber, as it were, to a much larger cavern. The results will hardly be as interesting to the world in general as those of Dr. Schlie-mann in the East, but they may not be unimportant to us who dwell in a region of rocks, where every day we hear of the fresh discovery of minerals. Who can say that there may not be some "treasure trove" in this curious cave of the Laurentian range?

The River du Lièvre also comes down into the Ottawa from the same region of rocks and lakes where the Gatineau takes its rise. It runs parallel, as it were, with the latter, and is a much smaller stream, but it is also remarkable for its rapid waters, its cascades, and its encircling hills. It is in the country between these two rivers that the most valuable mineral discoveries have of late been made. Valuable mines of plumbago, unequalled in extent and richness of quality, are worked in the vicinity of Buckingham, a village of some thousand souls, picturesquely situated, and containing several stores and churches. The discovery of phosphate is on a very remarkable scale, for there appears to be no limit to its deposit all through this region. Mr. Vennor, a practical geologist of repute, has been engaged in making explorations for some time, and is of opinion that the phosphate is found in a broad belt of incalculable richness, and indefinite extent, and that it must become eventually one of the most important industries of the Ottawa valley. Already people are buying up mineral rights in all directions, and the prospector with his shovel and pick is every day seen in the most secluded spots, where the hunter or lumberman was the only visitor a few years ago. Iron exists in great quantities, and of an undoubtedly superior quality. Mica is picked up everywhere, and there are deposits of asbestos. Indications of silver have also been found, but according to Mr. Vennor, what many persons believe to be silver is nothing but mispeckel, a sort of fool's silver. If it is found at all, according to him, it will only be in unremunerative quantities. But it is just possible he may be

mistaken—just as he is, so often, in his weather speculations; for the writer recalls to mind the fact that even so eminent an authority as Dr. Dawson had no idea of the existence of gold in Nova Scotia, where he and other geologists had long been engaged in geological researches; and it was left to a thirsty wayfarer to see the precious metal glittering from the pebbly bed of a little brook, as he knelt down to drink of the crystal water.

The country beyond the river in the Désert has been very little explored, and the tide of settlement has stopped at the village, with a description of which I may appropriately close this desultory sketch. From the moment you leave the Six Portages on the Gatineau, some 70 miles from Ottawa, you lose sight of a rapid river and picturesque country, and pass over a comparatively level tract, covered for the most part with unsightly stumps and gaunt trunks of dead pines, and only brightened at distant intervals by a glimpse of a little lake, around which a young growth of hardwood and poplars has sprung up since the fires which have devastated the whole of this section. It was a piercing cold day when we reached the top of the ridge overlooking the valley where the Désert and Gatineau Rivers mingle their waters. As we drove rapidly along the smooth icy road there floated over the wind a sound as welcome as that which Whittier tells us delights the ears of the Red River voyageurs as they draw near the end of their bleak journey over the plains of the far North-West:

Hark! Is it the clang of wild geese;
Is it the Indian's yell;
That gives to the voice of the north wind
The sound of a far-off bell?

Then as we rounded a hill we saw for the first time the massive stone church of Notre Dame du Désert, whose gilded image crowns the tower and watches over that wide expanse of country of which she has been elected the guardian angel. Adjoining the chapel is a building for the accommodation of the priests and *religieuses*, engaged in the education of the Indians of this mission. The village itself is small, but many of the buildings are neat frame structures, which were built in more prosperous times when the lumber trade was more actively carried on than at present. Close to the river side, but

at some distance from the village, is a block of buildings belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, whose posts are now found scattered at distant intervals all through the north and west as far as the Rocky Mountains. Their next nearest station is at Lake Kakebonga, and the farthest north at James's Bay, many hundreds of miles distant from the Désert. The post at the latter point is now or will soon be deserted, as the traffic in furs is not sufficient to pay all its expenses. The country around the Désert is cultivated on a very limited scale, by some of the lumbermen and a few Indians. For the most part the land is poor, and the lumber becomes more inferior the further north you go.

The Désert village is the last outpost of commerce and civilization in the country north of the Ottawa. A vast wilderness of picturesque lakes, hills, and barrens, with limited tracts of arable land, stretches to the waters of the distant Hudson's Bay. A country of silence, except when the Indian or voyageur dips his paddle to some monotonous chant. The Kakebonga Lake is the limit of the lumberman's operations in this region. If you follow the map, you will notice that the Désert River takes a sudden curve, a few miles from its junction with the Gatineau, runs parallel with it for a considerable distance, and then merges at last in the Lake of the Désert, into which flows a chain of streams and lakes, all connected with Lake Kakebonga, and finally with the river Ottawa itself. In fact all the rivers and lakes of the upper Ottawa country form a series of water-stretches, remarkable for their erratic courses, and it is quite possible to ascend the Ottawa to Lake Temiscamingue in a canoe, and, after passing over a few "carries" to avoid the rapids and falls, to descend at last into the Gatineau at the Désert.

The village of Our Lady of the Désert—in the Algonquin tongue, Maniwaki or Land of Mary—is the centre of the Indian missions for a large tract of wilderness. Here, some years ago, under the old Government of Canada, many thousands of acres of land were set apart for the Indians of the Désert. The situation is favourable for bringing together the Indians of Grand Lac, Temiscamingue, St. Maurice, and Abbitibi. It is from this point that the Indian missionaries set out periodically in canoes for the distant missions of Wassinippi, the furthest post of

the St. Maurice district; and of Makiskaw, on the height of land whence the descent is to Hudson's Bay. The Roman Catholic missionary was, up to a year or two, the only professor of the Christian faith to be seen in this cheerless savage region. Even now, his church alone dominates the surrounding country and calls the people to worship. Neither the colds of winter nor the heats of summer retard his progress among the Indians, scattered over the face of this country. Differ from him we may, but we must always admire that fidelity to his purpose which, for ages, has taken him into the most remote corners of the earth. Here, on the verge of the wilderness, he has built a noble church, for the sole use of the Indian tribes; and one cannot but wonder at a zeal and devotion which Protestant sects might well imitate.

The Indians of this region are somewhat numerous, and belong to the Algonquin family, who have always occupied the north. Some of the more remote tribes speak a dialect—for instance, the Indians of Wassinippi—which approaches nearer the Cree. Many of them are industrious and cultivate small farms, on which they have built snug log cabins or frame cottages; but the majority continue to subsist by hunting and fishing. In the Désert district, the Indians are civilized, and are outwardly very devout, if one may judge from their behaviour in church. They are very fond of processions, and the priests, who understand them well, do not fail to please them in this way on the feasts of the Epiphany, and on other occasions. The interior of the large chapel is very bare at present, as the priests have not yet succeeded in raising money sufficient to plaster and decorate it. The choir is composed of two violins and four Indian voices, generally led by one of the "Sisters" in charge of the educational establishment. The airs are generally low, monotonous chants, suited to the Indian voice. It was a very blustering day when the writer entered the chapel, during the afternoon service, and certainly no one could do otherwise than be impressed with the seeming harmony of the Indian voices with the wild north wind as it sighed around that lonely church on the bleak hills of the Désert.

In the remote parts of the wilderness of this section, the missionaries have a difficult work to cure the Indians of the superstitions

and juggleries which they have been wont to practice for centuries. Some of them are still said to practice what they call the Kasabandjakerin or La Cabane, in which the Indian conjuror proves himself the prototype of the Davenport Brothers. He builds a conical lodge of upright sticks and bark, under which he is carried when he has been firmly tied with cords. Once inside, the jugglery commences. The awestruck audience, who are awaiting revelations around the lodge, are soon rewarded by the most frightful groans and invocations to the Evil Spirit, who at last makes his appearance in the shape of a little ugly black man, who liberates the conjuror from his bonds and gives him all the information he requires. A similar trick was practised in Champlain's time, and shows that the so-called Spiritualistic magicians of modern times are only mere imitators of the aborigines.

What is to be the future of the vast wilderness which stretches from the headwaters of the Gatineau and St. Maurice to the lonely shores of Hudson's Bay? What I have seen of the country, and what I have learned of its topographical features from surveyors who have, at one time or other, travelled over its rocky surface, cannot lead one to form a very hopeful opinion. The lumber is poor and scraggy, and the land is unfit for settlement, according as you go further north. Even

game is scarce, and the valuable fur-bearing animals will soon be hunted off the face of the region. Wolves prowl among the hills, and ever and anon pounce down on the settlements within twenty miles of the capital. No farming population is likely to be attracted to a region which only offers a great variety of rocks, and water-stretches of rare beauty. The Désert village is likely to remain the last settlement of importance to the north of Ottawa, and it, we know, owes its existence to the enterprise of the missionary and lumberman. Silence and shadow will always rest upon this wilderness, unless, indeed, valuable economic minerals can be found amid the rocky hills which rise in all directions. Perhaps it may become vast grazing grounds for flocks of sheep, though the long, expensive winters must always stand in the way even of that enterprise. The fact that mineral deposits are being constantly unearthed in the country towards Ottawa, leads one to hope that the rocks which stretch from the Désert for many days' journey, may eventually be found to have some value. But until such discoveries are made, the region beyond this little village of the North must always remain a Désert in fact as well as in name.

J. G. BOURINOT.

LORD MACAULAY AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.

IT is the misfortune of great writers and great artists that they must be responsible, in some measure at least, to Fame and Posterity for the development of their doctrines, and the offshoots of their style. Long after they have ceased to live, their followers and disciples continue to appeal to their authority for logical results they would never have admitted, and for meretricious imitations and adaptations which they would never have approved. It would be interesting to know what St. Paul, for instance, would have to say to Mr. Matthew Arnold concerning the meanings which that learned and too ingenious gentleman has found in his words. Plato is made the foster-father of

such nonsense as his great soul would have revolted from in deepest indignation. Montaigne has been made, even within a year or so, responsible for religious views which he would never have admitted to be his own, or to be logically deducible from his writings. Savonarola has been made to figure as a heretic to the Roman Catholic faith, to which no man was more enthusiastically devoted. Rubens has to bear the blame of much of the excesses of the fleshly style or school of painting, in an age when art has ceased almost to have any of its old divine instincts, and when artists have forsaken the contemplation of the angels and their Heaven, God and his saints, for the contemplation of

barn-yard "interiors" and the beasts of the field. Dr. Johnson's well-known foibles with regard to the Cock Lane Ghost and the superstitions of the Hebrides and kindred subjects, have been made to cover a host of puerilities in these more "enlightened" days. In fact, it may be said of the acknowledged founder of any sort of school, that if he could return to earth for a season, he would be shocked beyond measure at the developments of his teaching, and would institute such a sweeping reformation as would leave seven-eighths of his followers screaming in chorus against the destruction of their rock and the condemnation of their theories. In the higher Politics, this would be particularly true. Even Voltaire would refuse to be responsible for the excesses of the revolutionary period. Charles Fox would repudiate the Dilkes, Chamberlains, and Jenkines with fiery scorn. I doubt extremely if even Mr. Cobden would permit his Free Trade theories to cover a changed condition of commerce under which British goods are met everywhere by hostile tariffs, while foreign goods of the same kind are admitted free to English markets, destroying the industry of the British workman, whose tea, tobacco, liquors, and medicines are taxed almost beyond endurance.

It appears to the present writer that no man has suffered more from the unwarranted assumptions of his followers than Lord Macaulay. And the references made to him by Mr. Laurier, in his famous lecture of some months ago, and by Sir Francis Hincks at a very recent period, induce me to pen a few observations which occurred to me on a second perusal of Mr. Trevelyan's noble "Life." Stated broadly, the conclusion I have come to is this, that from the date of Macaulay's re-entry into public life, after his return from India, there was a continued and ever-increasing divergence of opinion between him and the bulk of the Liberal Party. And from this point of view it seems not only impossible, but a little ridiculous to try to make the Whig historian the foster-father of a Colonial Liberalism which contains few, if any, of the prime postulates of Lord Macaulay's political beliefs. If any curious reader of his "Life" will take it up and peruse the second volume carefully, I think evidences of the divergence I have referred to can be found, if not as thick as blackberries, at least in numbers sufficient to support the

theory I have advanced. It should never be forgotten of Lord Macaulay that his Liberalism was largely of a purely literary character. It seems as if his mental attitude towards Liberalism was like what many people imagine Dr. Newman's mental attitude to be towards Roman Catholicism. His Liberalism was in truth Whiggism of the Queen Anne period. Montague and Somers, not Lord Russell and Earl Grey, were the gods of his idolatry; and his admiration for the revolution was a warmer feeling than his regard for the Reform Bill. Nor should it be forgotten that he started as a Tory. And to the last and from the first his personal attitude towards the people as a people was one more characteristic of an Edinburgh Tory than of a Clapham or London Liberal. He had not one of the "points" of a Liberal leader. He was not fond of appealing to the masses; he was not fond of public speaking, he was not genial, he was not popular; he neglected his correspondents; he snubbed delegations. He thought he was doing the people of Edinburgh an honour in representing them, and that in re-electing him they did but make an act of "reparation" which was due from them to him. This was not the conventional Liberal note of personal conduct. But it is of his party relations that I wish more particularly to speak. Almost at the outset of his career he learned to have a hearty hatred for Lord Brougham, the great Liberal Champion, and this hatred never ceased. It was probably mutual, as a reference to Brougham's autobiography might reveal, but for that there is no occasion. Just here it may be interesting to notice Lord Brougham's views on Lord Durham's report, about which Sir Francis Hincks has had so much to say. "It was," Brougham said, "a second-rate article for the *Edinburgh Review*. The matter came from a swindler, the style from a coxcomb, and the Dictator furnished only six letters—D-U-R-H-A-M." (See *Macaulay's Life*, vol. II. p. 49.) Macaulay's peculiar views concerning parties began, as has been said, almost immediately after his return from India. The Whigs were not in good odour, and indeed were on the down grade to the break-up of 1841. Macaulay saw at once their unwisdom and their weakness. In 1838 he wrote: "My own suspicion is that the Tories in the House of Lords will lose reputation, though I do not imagine that the Government will gain

any. As to Brougham, he has reached that happy point at which it is equally impossible for him to gain character or lose it."

Indeed it was not very possible for Macaulay, with his high sense of the nature of Whig principles, to view with pleasure the Whig policy and practices of the period, when, as Praed wrote, a Whig minister

"Has seen distrust in every look ;
Has heard in every voice rebuke ;
Exulting yet, as home he goes
From sneering friends and pitying foes,
That, shun him, hate him if they will,
He keeps the seals and salary still."

His very first effort in Parliament was an effort to justify the privilege claimed by the Government, of permitting some of the ministers to vote against ministerial measures ; and it is curious to notice that the defence was made altogether from the literary point of view, and without ever once discussing the *principle* of the thing. His next was to defend Lord Cardigan for practices for which in these days his lordship would not be permitted to remain in the British service, at least in high command, for twenty-four hours ; and Mr. Trevelyan admits that this heavy duty was "quite sufficient occupation for one minister." In 1843, Macaulay's distaste for Whig policy was so marked, that a letter of that period will be quite justifiable even in a short article :—

ALBANY, Feb'y, 1843.

DEAR ELLIS :—I never thought that I should live to sympathise with Brougham's abuse of the Whigs ; but I must own that we deserve it all. I suppose that you have heard of the stupid and disgraceful course which our leaders have resolved to take. I really cannot speak or write of it with patience. They are going to vote thanks to Ellenborough in direct opposition to their opinion, and with an unanswerable case against him on their hands, only that they may save Auckland from recrimination. They will not save him, however. Cowardice is a mighty poor defence against malice, and to sacrifice the whole weight and respectability of our party to the feelings of one man is—but the thing is too bad to talk about. I cannot avert the disgrace of our party ; but I do not choose to share it. I shall therefore go to Clapham quietly, and leave those who have cooked this dirt-pie for us, to eat it. I did not think that any political matter would have excited me so much as this has done. I fought a very hard battle, but had nobody except Lord Minto and Lord Clanricarde to stand by me. I could easily get up a mutiny among our rank and file if I chose,

but an internal dissension is the single calamity from which the Whigs are at present exempt. I will not add it to all their other plagues.

Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

In 1845, after having poured on Peel all the vials of his indignant rhetoric, we find Macaulay writing thus to his sister Hannah : "If, which is not absolutely impossible, though improbable, Peel should still try to patch up a Conservative administration, and should, as the head of that administration, propose the repeal of the Corn Laws, my course is clear. I must support him with all the energy I have till the question is carried. Then I am free to oppose him." And in the same letter he writes, "If Lord John should undertake to form a Whig ministry, and should ask my assistance, I cannot in honour refuse it. But I shall distinctly tell him, and tell my colleagues and constituents, that I will not again go through what I went through in Lord Melbourne's administration."

In 1845 again, December 20th, we find Macaulay indicting his party leaders to his sister Hannah. He writes as follows :—"I have no disposition to complain of the loss of office. On the contrary, my escape from the slavery of a placeman is my only consolation. But I feel that we are in an ignominious position as a party." It was after Lord Grey's disagreement had prevented Lord John from forming a cabinet, and the public interests were temporarily sacrificed to personal considerations. I pass over the quarrel with his constituency and his defeat at Edinburgh in 1847. In that case his language and conduct were such as to mark with the greatest emphasis his departure from Whig principles and his own eloquent professions, even in his history, of the reverence which popular judgment should always receive at the hands of the people's representatives. At page 178 of the "Life," after his enforced retirement from political life, we read :—"Sometimes he would recast his thoughts and give them over again in the shape of an epigram. You 'call me a Liberal,' he said, 'but I don't know that in these days I deserve the name. I am opposed to the abolition of standing armies. I am opposed to the abrogation of capital punishment. I am opposed to the destruction of the National Church. In short, I am in favour of war, hanging, and church establishments.'"

During the period that elapsed between his defeat at Edinburgh and his re-election in 1852, his mind had been losing its purely partisan bent, and on the occasion of his first speech to the electors of his constituency we read that he reviewed the events of the past five years "in a strain of lofty impartiality"—although he did, in the course of it, "change his tone," but only for a little while, to give them a taste of his old "rattling party quality." There was an absence of asperity in the speech, which, considering the relations of parties was rather striking in a man who was looked upon, and with justice, as a great party champion. In the same year we read in his diary a tribute to the "practical ability" of Mr. Disraeli. And again we read, during the progress of the formation of Lord John's Government in 1852, of "the sympathy, not unmingled with amusement, with which he listened to the confidences of his old Whig colleagues;" sympathy and amusement being queer feelings for an old political colleague to entertain for the men at whose side he had fought his way to fame, and from whose admiring support he had received his first advances and his greatest fortune. In November, 1852, he writes: "Joe Hume talked to me earnestly about the necessity for a union with the Liberals. He said much about the ballot and the franchise. I told him that I could easily come to some compromise with some of his friends on these matters, but that there were other questions about which I feared there was an irreconcilable difference, particularly the vital question of national defence. He seemed quite confounded, and had absolutely nothing to say. I am fully determined to make them eat their words on that point or to have no political connection with them." At the outbreak of the Crimean war we find Macaulay sneering at the popular attacks on Prince Albert; and a little later we find him partially withdrawing his admiration from even Lord Brougham, in whom he always reposed an admiring confidence. He was a strong supporter of the anti-Russian policy, and afterwards wrote the inscription for a national monument to the soldiers and sailors who in this war "died in the defence of the liberties of Europe." And let me conclude these references and citations by one last quotation from the "Life," of the date 1857:

"Macaulay's indifference to the vicissitudes of party politics had by this time grown into a confirmed habit of mind. His correspondence during the Spring of 1857, contains but few and brief allusions to even catastrophes as striking as the ministerial defeat upon the China war, and the overwhelming reverse of fortune which ensued when the question was referred to the polling booths. 'Was there ever anything,' he writes, 'since the fall of the rebel angels like the smash of the Anti-corn-law league? How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer!' Macaulay's opinion on the matter, so far as he had any opinion, was in favour of the Government, and against the Coalition. 'I am glad,' he wrote, on the eve of the debate, 'that I have done with politics. I should not have been able to avoid a pretty sharp encounter with Lord John.'

Hear we may finish. It seems pretty clear that during the most eminent portion of his career, even while the Whigs and Liberals were looking to him with pride and confidence, he was looking away from them, and gradually growing in beliefs on public questions that in their due logical consequences would in time have compelled him towards, if not into, the Conservative camp. In our day, short as is the time that has elapsed since his death, is it not more likely that he would be found supporting the Government and party that have reformed the representation, improved the sanitary condition of the people, protected the national honour, extended the territory of the empire by bloodless conquests, consolidated the colonies under a British form of government, and preserved the peace of Europe in the face of insane Liberal agitations, rather than following in the train of those who carry their "burning" questions and "blazing" principles—the entire secularization of schools in a country with a national Church, and the destruction of that Church in a country in which, as Newman said, "it is the great bulwark against infidelity"—at the head of an army of agitators and radicals, with whom the great Whig historian would have nothing in common? And by parity of reasoning, what hope is there to find in Lord Macaulay a sponsor for a misty programme of Liberalism, in which he could not find one principle, not common to all parties, of which he could approve?

MARTIN. J. GRIFFIN.

BUDDHA AND BUDDHISM.

I. THE MAN.

IF "nothing human is foreign" to any man, and if we believe, with Max Müller, that the history of religion is the history of the "divine education of the human race," then that system of belief which has stood for a religion during thousands of years, to a third of that race, must be one of no little interest to all who care to trace the higher development of humanity. And he who, as its founder, has so mightily influenced the lives and destinies of countless millions, deserves a larger share of attention than many who now usurp a much larger portion of it. Place beside his influence on mankind that of any military hero of ancient or modern history, and the latter sinks into insignificance; and yet, for hundreds who are familiar with the deeds of a Caesar or a Napoleon, there are, perhaps, a few here and there, who have any but the vaguest ideas to associate with the name of Gautama Buddha. Mr. Morley most reasonably objects to Dr. Draper's "fundamental axiom of history that human progress depends upon increase of our knowledge of the conditions of material phenomena," as if, says Mr. Morley, "moral advance, the progressive elevation of types of character and ethical ideals, were not, at least, an equally important cause of improvement in civilization." To those who think thus, and their number must include all who appreciate the higher issues of man's complex life, the life of the founder of Buddhism must be one of the most important landmarks in the history of mankind, second only in its character and effects to that of the infinitely greater light, the founder of Christianity Himself. For, to those who feel to how great an extent the spiritual history of the present is the outcome of the spiritual history of the past, the passionate yearnings and aspirations of the race towards the mystery of the Infinite, its partial success in groping after a knowledge that ever eludes the human faculties, its ineffectual attempts to solve the old, old problem of human life and the unknown future, and the relation of man to a dimly conceived "Power that makes for righteous-

ness,"—must be charged, even in an age of deification of science, with a far deeper and intenser interest than the unconscious growth of Bathybius or Amoeba in ocean depths, or the development of Mollusc or Ascidian in some remote geological period.

Within the last half century, during which, contemporaneously with a growing materialism, there has grown up also, on the other hand, a growing appreciation of the spiritual history of the human race, Buddha and Buddhism have been exciting more and more attention, and have attracted to themselves the careful study of many of the best minds of Europe. Formerly, indeed, all distinct knowledge of either seemed hopelessly enshrouded in myth and mist, and the ideas current even among learned men, were vague in the extreme; as may be seen in the fact that the Manichæans believed Buddha, Christ, and Mani, to be one and the same person, and that, even in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, books were written to prove Buddha identical with the Egyptian Thoth, or with Mercury, or Wodan, or Zoroaster, or Pythagoras; while even so recent and so profound an Orientalist as Sir William Jones identified him, first with Odin, and afterwards with Shishak, "who, either in person or by a colony from Egypt, imported into India the mild heresy of the ancient Buddhas." The discovery, however, in 1824, by Mr. Hodgson, English Resident at Nepal, of the original Buddhist Canon in Sanskrit, preserved in the monasteries there, followed immediately by the discoveries of the Hungarian traveller Csoma de Körös in Thibet, and the researches of Mr. Turnour among the Pali originals of Buddhist sacred literature in Ceylon, gave a new impetus to the study of Buddhism. Among the vigorous and cultivated minds that have given time and labour to the work of disentangling from ancient myths and piles of oriental MSS. some definite solution of a problem so interesting, we find not only French savants and academicians—notably Eugène Burnouf and M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire—and patient German philologists, but also British travellers and

officials, and Christian missionaries, including at least two Roman Catholic Bishops; and by their combined labours it has come to pass that the vague heroic form which had loomed through the mists of ages and the enshrouding folds of myth and fable, as less human than divine, has grown, in the clearer light of the nineteenth century, into something better than a legendary demi-god, a true, living, self-devoted man, full of the "enthusiasm of humanity," and, despite his strange missing of the knowledge of God, one of the greatest and purest of uninspired teachers and reformers.

The various names by which Gautama Buddha has been called have been rather puzzling to ordinary readers, who have been hardly able to make out whether there was not more than one historical Buddha. The name Buddha is a generic one, meaning Enlightened, from the root *budh*, to know, answering somewhat to the Hebrew "Prophet." According to the Buddhist belief, one world has succeeded another from all eternity, following the earliest system of Evolution, and in each of these countless worlds and cycles of time, there have been Buddhas "enlightened" to teach mankind. In the present mundane system they believe that there have been seven great Buddhas, the last and greatest being the Buddha of history, Sakya-muni, Gautama Buddha. The first name, meaning monk or hermit of the Sakyas, was probably given to him in later life, as of course was the appellation of Buddha. The name Gautama he took from his clan, and another name, Siddhartha, is said to have been given to him in childhood, though its significance, "he whose desires are accomplished," seems to indicate a later origin. According to Buddhist legend, Gautama was born on the earth at least 550 times before he was born a Buddha, passing from the very lowest forms of existence up to the highest, by the force of unswerving moral purity, love, and charity. When, at last, he was to be born a Buddha, he is said to have selected his own parentage and place of birth. Oriental legend, always prodigal of its marvels towards heroes and saints, has surrounded his birth with every circumstance that could give it dignity and impressiveness in oriental eyes. Flowers lavishly blooming on all sides, ecstatic songs of miraculous birds, sweet strains of musical instruments played without hands, magical banquets undiminished by being

freely partaken of, splendours of gold and silver, and of an unearthly glory, brighter than sun or moon, were among the portents that glorified the palace and heralded the birth of the Buddha. How to disentangle the real history of the man from the accretion of myth and marvel has been a work of no small difficulty and delicacy. As Max Müller remarks, it is by no means a safe process to "distil history out of legend by simply straining the legendary through the sieve of physical possibility," since many things which are physically possible, may be invention, while others, which seemed impossible, "have been reclaimed as historical, after removing from them the thin film of mythological phraseology." The very existence of such a man as Gautama Sakya Muni has been supposed to be mythical, and the significance of the names of himself, his family, and his birth-place, been brought forward in proof of this hypothesis. Probably, we shall best approximate the truth as to the personal history of the recluse of Kapilavastu, by following mainly Max Müller in the brief and rational sketch he has given of the life of this wonderful man, as handed down by tradition, and committed to writing before the close of the First Century.*

The time which Max Müller holds to be the most probable date of the death of the Buddha is 477 B. C., which would place his birth about 556 B. C. It was a time when a splendid cluster of great minds shone together in the intellectual sky. Confucius, in China, and Pythagoras, Xenophanes, and Heraclitus, in Greece, were contemporaneous, or nearly so, with Gautama; while in Western Asia the Hebrew prophets, Daniel, Ezra, Nehemiah, Habakkuk, Obadiah, and Zephaniah lived and taught, during some part of the life of the great Indian reformer. Kapilavastu, his birth-place, was the capital of a province of the same name at the foot of the mountains of Nepaul, north of the present Oude. Its site and ruins were visited by Fahian in the fifth century, and by Hiouen T'sang, the great Chinese Buddhist, two centuries later. Suddhodana, the father of Gautama, was King of Kapilavastu,

* In the sketch which follows, the writer has followed—as well as Max Müller—the interesting life of Buddha given by Mr. C. D. Mills, an American writer, in his "Buddha and Buddhism," as this is in some respects fuller.

and of the family of the Sakyas, which belonged to the clan of the Gautamas—a part of the great Solar race—very famous in the early annals of India. Mâyâdevî, his mother, was a king's daughter, extremely beautiful in person, and highly endowed in mind and soul. She died seven days after the birth of the young prince, who was entrusted to the care of a maternal aunt, also the wife of his father. His childhood as well as his birth were, according to tradition, marked by marvellous events. The old Brahmin Asita, dwelling in Himavat, came down to greet the child, and declared that he bore the marks which should distinguish the coming Buddha. This much appears to be certain, that great personal beauty and high intellectual power early marked him out for distinction. His masters soon declared that he knew more than they could teach him; and, true to the instinct of all contemplative minds, he was wont to escape frequently from the luxurious splendour of his father's court to meditate alone in the leafy solitudes of a neighbouring forest. Here, on one occasion, after a prolonged absence, he was found by his anxious friends sitting under the shade of a bamboo tree, lost in meditation.

Apprehensive lest this irrepressible tendency to contemplation should make a mere dreamer of the lad, Suddhodana resolved to secure his early marriage. When this was proposed to him, Gautama demanded seven days for reflection, after which, being convinced that even marriage could not disturb his mental tranquillity, he consented that a wife should be sought for him, on the single condition that, whatever might be her caste, to which he was indifferent, she should be noble in mind and pure in heart. The beautiful Gopa, daughter of King Dandapani, also of the family of the Sakyas, was selected as the worthy bride. In order to win her from her father, and remove the impression that too much thought had made him effeminate and unfit for active life, the beautiful youth with eastern eyes and raven curly hair, showed himself as accomplished in all athletic exercises as distinguished in intellectual qualities. The marriage was happily consummated, the bridegroom being but sixteen years of age; and life seemed to offer the fullest happiness to the beautiful and youthful pair.

Amidst all the luxurious enjoyments of an oriental palace, and the new delights of con-

nubial happiness, it might well have been thought that Gautama's troublesome tendency to solitary meditation would have passed away. But the "divine unrest" of a noble nature was too strong for the blandishments of a court, which seems to have offered all that could minister to the gratification of every sense and taste. Gautama's was not one of those natures that can sink the burden of thought in the sense of present satisfaction—can lose the sense of the mystery and travail of human life as a whole in its own little sparkling pool of transient happiness; nor yet of those that, acutely sensitive to the woes of others, can still throw off the otherwise overburdening weight in the active pursuit of worthy objects. This latter type, indeed, is born rather of the energetic West than of the dreamy, contemplative East. Gautama was still haunted by the insoluble mysteries of life and death, by the oppressive sense of the transitoriness and the miseries of life, and by the feeling that *somewhere*—could he only find it—there must lie a path to rest and relief. In words which recall the recorded language of a king of ancient Britain, and express what must have been the voiceless feeling of uncounted millions, he was wont to say: "Nothing is stable on earth—nothing is real. Life is like the spark produced by the friction of wood. It is lighted and is extinguished—we know not whence it came or whither it goes. It is like the sound of a lyre, and the wise man asks in vain from whence it came and whither it goes. There must be some supreme intelligence where we could find rest. If I attained it, I could bring light to man; if I were free myself, I could deliver the world."

While still pursuing this train of thought in his lonely forest meditations, three very commonplace incidents, as they might well have seemed, proved, in connexion with another which immediately followed them, the turning point in his life. Driving out of the city one day on a pleasure excursion to one of the royal parks, he met an aged man, shrunken, bowed, and decrepit, covered with wrinkles, with veins and muscles prominently visible, bald head, chattering teeth, and leaning with trembling joints on the staff that supported his tottering limbs.

"Who is that man?" said the Prince to his coachman. "He is small and weak, his flesh and his blood are dried up, his muscles stick to his skin, his head is white, his teeth

chatter, his body is wasted away ; leaning on his stick he is hardly able to walk, stumbling at every step. Is there something peculiar in his family, or is this the common lot of all created beings ?" "Sir," replied the coachman, "that man is sinking under old age, his senses have become obtuse, suffering has destroyed his strength, and he is despised by his relations. He is without support and useless, and people have abandoned him, like a dead tree in a forest. But this is not peculiar to his family. In every creature youth is defeated by old age. Your father, your mother, all your relations, all your friends, will come to the same state ; this is the appointed end of all creatures." "Alas !" replied the Prince, "are creatures so ignorant, so weak and foolish, as to be proud of the youth by which they are intoxicated, not seeing the old age which awaits them ? As for me, I go away. Coachman, turn my chariot quickly. What have I—the future prey of old age—what have I to do with pleasure ?" And he returned at once to the palace.

On another occasion, as Gautama was proceeding to his beautiful pleasure-garden of Lumbini, he encountered a poor fever-stricken wretch lying alone, parched, wasted, covered with mud—hardly able to breathe, and expecting with terror the approach of death. This sight, also, sent him back with sadness to his palace, with the exclamation, "Where is the wise man who, having seen what he is, could any longer think of joy and pleasure ?"

Once again, he was met on his way by the sight of a dead body borne on a bier by sobbing and lamenting friends. Finding this also to be the common lot of humanity, he broke out into the exclamation—"Oh ! woe to the youth that must be destroyed by old age ! Woe to health, which must be destroyed by so many diseases ! Woe to this life where a man remains so short a time ! If there were no old age, no disease, no death ! If these could be made captive for ever ! Let us turn back," he added. "I must think how to accomplish deliverance."

The course he was to pursue was determined by another meeting. This time it was a religious mendicant who, calm, restful, and dignified in his bearing, as, clad in his distinguishing robe, he plodded on his way, attracted the attention of the Prince. "Who is this man ?" he asked. "Sir," replied the coachman, "this man is one of those who are called *bhikshus*, or mendicants. He has re-

nounced all pleasures, all desires, and leads a life of austerity. He tries to conquer himself. He has become a devotee. Without passion, without envy, he walks about asking for alms." "This is good and well said," replied the Prince. "The life of a devotee has always been praised by the wise. It will be my refuge, and the refuge of other creatures ; it will lead us to a real life, to happiness and immortality."

Gautama's resolve was taken. His wife, to whom he first communicated it, finding dissuasion impossible, sorrowfully acquiesced. His father tried every means to turn him from his purpose—would have bribed him with promises of immediate and unlimited power. But one thing he could not give—the one thing Gautama sought. "Give me," he said, "that I may know the method of exemption from old age, disease, death ; or give me, at least, that I shall know no transmigration in the world beyond, and I will cheerfully remain with thee ever." But such assurance was beyond the king's power to give ; he was subject himself to the common doom.* Seeing that persuasion was fruitless, he sought by force to prevent Gautama from carrying out his purpose. Guards were set at the gates of the town, and the king himself, with five hundred young Sakyas, watched the palace. But one night, when sleep had overcome the watchers, Gautama bade his coachman saddle his horse. Taking one last look at his sleeping wife and child, he did not venture—says the legend—to remove the young mother's hand from the baby's face, lest by his awaking, his resolution might be weakened. "After I have become Buddha," he is reported to have said, "I will see the child ;" and the boy, as well as his mother, were afterwards numbered among his followers. Taking a last look at the palace and the town, he said, sadly and tenderly, "Never shall I return again to this city of Kapila, until I shall have attained the cessation of birth and death, exemption from old age and decay, and reached the pure intelligence." The saying was so far realized that he did not again see his birth-place until he returned, twelve years after, to preach the new faith. At twelve leagues from Kapila he dismissed his coachman with his horse and all his per-

*Some accounts say that the immediate cause of Gautama's abrupt flight was the disgust awakened by the exhibition of a troop of dancing girls, sent to entertain him in his apartments.

sonal ornaments, and set out upon his course as a travelling mendicant, a character as familiar in the East as was a mendicant monk in mediæval Europe. He is said to have been just twenty-nine when he thus broke with his old life. On the spot where he dismissed his favourite horse and his faithful attendant a monument was afterwards erected, which the Chinese pilgrim Hiouen Tsang found still standing in the seventh century of our era.

Having shorn his flowing black locks—symbol of his royal caste—and exchanged his silken robes for the yellow stag-skin of a hunter—the origin of the *yellow* robes worn by Buddhist priests to this day—Gautama first sought the Brahman teacher Arata, who taught some three hundred disciples near the city of Vaisâli. Here his beauty and wisdom excited the utmost admiration, and the Brahman teacher besought him to remain with him as his colleague. But he did not find what he sought, and went away unsatisfied. Passing on to the city of Râjagriha, where a son of his father's friend was king, and became his friend and protector, he sought the instruction of a still more celebrated Brahman, Rudraka, who had seven hundred disciples. Here he was received as before. But, still failing in finding the way to salvation and peace, he withdrew, with five disciples, to the seclusion of the forest of Uruvilvâ. There for six years he remained alone, and for some time practised with the utmost severity the ascetic austerities of the Brahmans; but finally, being convinced that not in these lay the way to deliverance and peace, he renounced them, and was deserted by his disciples as an apostate from the true faith. Left alone, he pursued his solitary meditations, plied, say the legends, by the fiercest assaults of evil spirits, whom he fought and overcame. Gradually, the great idea of the NIRVANA dawned upon his thoughts. Was there not some end to be found, somewhere, to the burden and pain of existence; to the dizzying, terrible round of birth and death, birth and death, which the Brahman doctrine of transmigration pitilessly taught? But this burden and misery of existence—did it not arise from the cravings of desire, with its despotic power, over the ever unsatisfied heart of man? Eradicate this tyrant desire. *Conquer thyself.* Here, surely, must be the only path to perfect peace, in the absolute extinction of all desire, all self-conscious longing! From the moment when he clear-

ly grasped this thought—as he believed—this true knowledge of deliverance, he claimed the appellation of the Buddha, the "Enlightened." Inanimate nature rejoiced, say the legends, over this discovery, as they had done over Gautama's birth. Rocks were rent, trees blossomed, mountains shone with unearthly radiance, the sea became fresh, the blind saw, the deaf heard, and the prisoners were set free. Every extravagance of oriental imagery is used to celebrate the momentous crisis in the history of humanity. The place itself where he first arrived at this conception was called Bodhimanda—the seat of intelligence; and the tree under which he sat while meditating it became an object of veneration, and even of worship.

But Gautama seems still to have hesitated whether he should teach this high doctrine to a possibly uncomprehending, insensible world, who might reject the doctrine and insult the teacher. But the needs of the weak and the perishing prevailed. Going to Benares, he first communicated his new light to his former disciples, who received it with all the enthusiasm of the teacher. They were the first of many converts at Benares. But, while crowds gathered to hear his earnest and burning words, others, turning away, scornful and offended, declared, "The son of the king has lost his reason!" A rich young layman of Benares, sick with the ennui of sensuous delights, was one of the first of many young men who embraced his teaching. When the number of his disciples had reached sixty, he sent them abroad to expound "the law," as he called his teachings, to all men without exception. "Go ye now," he is reported to have said, "and preach the most excellent law, expounding every point thereof and unfolding it with care. Explain the beginning and middle and end of the law to all men without exception. You will meet, doubtless, with a great number of mortals, not as yet hopelessly given up to their passions, who will avail themselves of your preaching for reconquering their hitherto forfeited liberty, and freeing themselves from the thralldom of passion." In this charge Buddha set at nought the whole Brahmanical teaching of exclusive and rigid caste, and proclaimed his mission to *entire humanity*. It was no wonder that the enmity of the Brahmans was deeply stirred, and that they left no means untried to crush this new and formidable heresy.

From place to place, however, undaunted by their bitterest hostility, the Buddha journeyed, preaching in groves, from mountain tops; making many converts, and calling all men alike to hear his doctrine of deliverance. In Uruvilva, in Rājagriha, in Kāsala, Buddha preached, taught, and founded monasteries for the numerous disciples and preachers of the new faith. At last, after twelve years of absence, he revisited Kapilavastu, and saw once more his father, who had repeatedly in vain implored the return of his wandering son. His teaching was speedily embraced by all the Sakyas, including his young son, Rahula; while his wife Gopa, with five hundred noble ladies, assumed the monastic robe. The last moments of his father were soothed by the exhortations of Gautama, who held him in his arms while he breathed his last, in his ninety-seventh year. Throughout all northern India, the Buddha seems to have extended his pilgrimage. There is a legend of him on the banks of the Indus, feeding a hungry tigress with the flesh of his own arm—a somewhat extravagant expression of the tenderness for the brute creation which was one of the most striking characteristics of Buddha and Buddhism. Singhalese legends say that he repeatedly visited Ceylon, and left in two spots the imprint of his sacred feet. Kindly offices of compassion, sympathy, and consolation clustered around his blameless public life, which was interrupted by occasional periods of silence and seclusion, possibly necessitated by the bitter enmity of his enemies, times which he probably used for preparing in silence the teachings which he left with his disciples, and which form part, at least, of the Buddhist scriptures.

One of the most beautiful of the stories that cluster around his life is the legend of Kisāgotami, which is given here as rendered by Max Müller from a collection of the parables of Buddhaghosha, a follower of Buddha, translated from the Burmese by Captain Rogers. It is as follows:—"Some time after this, Kisāgotami gave birth to a son. When the boy was able to walk by himself he died. The young girl, in her love for it, carried it from house to house, asking if any one would give her some medicine for it. When the neighbours saw this, they said 'Is the young girl mad that she carries about on her breast the dead body of her son?' But a wise man, thinking to himself, 'Alas!

this Kisāgotami does not understand the law of death, I must comfort her,' said to her, 'My good girl, I cannot myself give medicine for it, but I know of a doctor who can attend to it.' The young girl said, 'If so, tell me who it is.' The wise man continued, 'Buddha can give medicine, you must go to him.' Kisāgotami went to Buddha, and doing homage to him said, 'Lord and master, do you know any medicine that will be good for my boy?' Buddha replied, 'I know of some.' She asked, 'What medicine do you require?' He said, 'I want a handful of mustard seed.' The girl promised to procure it for him, but Buddha continued, 'I require some mustard seed taken from a house where no son, husband, parent, or slave has died.' The girl said, 'Very good,' and went to ask for some at the different houses, carrying the dead body of her son. The people said, 'Here is some mustard-seed, take it.' Then she asked, 'In my friend's house has there died a son, a husband, a parent, a slave?' They replied, 'Lady, what is this that you say! *The living are few, but the dead are many.*' Then she went to other houses, but one said, 'I have lost a son;' another, 'I have lost my parents;' another, 'I have lost my slave.' At last, not being able to find a single house where no one had died, from which to procure the mustard seed, she began to think, 'This is a heavy task that I am engaged in, I am not the only one whose son is dead!' Thinking thus, she was seized by fear, and, putting away her affection for her child, she summoned up resolution and left the dead body in a forest; then she went to Buddha and paid him homage. He said to her, 'Have you procured the handful of mustard seed?' 'I have not,' she replied; 'the people of the village told me, "*The living are few, but the dead are many.*"' Buddha said to her, 'You thought that you alone had lost a son; the law of death is, that among all living creatures there is no permanence.' When Buddha had finished preaching the law, Kisāgotami was established in the reward of the novice; and all the assembly who heard the law were established in the same reward.

"Some time afterwards, when Kisāgotami was one day engaged in the performance of her religious duties, she observed the lights in the houses, now shining, now extinguished, and began to reflect, 'My state is like these lamps!' Buddha, who was then in the

Gandhakuti building, sent his sacred appearance to her, which said to her, just as if he himself was preaching, 'All living beings resemble the flame of these lamps, one moment lighted, the next extinguished; those only who have arrived at Nirvāna are at rest.' Kisāgotami, on hearing this, reached the stage of a saint possessed of intuitive feeling."

Max Müller gives these legends of Buddha as a specimen of the true Buddhism, "intelligible to the poor and suffering, which has endeared Buddhism to the hearts of millions"—"the beautiful, the tender, the humanly true, which, like pure gold, lies buried in all religions, even in the sand of the Buddhist Canon."

At last, after forty-five years of public teaching and laborious wanderings, the time drew near for his full entrance into the *Nirvāna*, which had borne so large a part in his teaching. Attended by a large number of disciples, he paid his last visits to the cities where he had taught. Near the city of Kusinagāra, he felt that the end had come. He asked to have his couch laid between two tall Sāla trees in a neighbouring forest. Having been carried thither with difficulty, he spent his last hours in giving his parting counsels. The most remarkable words ascribed to him at this time are said to have been addressed to his cousin and favourite follower, Ananda: "Be not much concerned about what shall remain of me after my Nirvāna—rather be earnest to practise the works that lead to perfection. Put on those inward dispositions that will enable you to reach the undisturbed rest of Nirvāna." "Believe not that then I shall have disappeared from existence and be no longer among you. The law contained in those sacred instructions which I have given shall be your teacher. By means of the doctrines which I have delivered to you, I will continue to remain among you." As the day broke, he passed away into the undiscovered lands his human eyes had vainly sought to explore.

No one who has studied the character and life of Buddha, in so far as we are able to disentangle it from encompassing fable, can fail to be struck by its blamelessness and beauty, which have drawn forth, alike from French academicians and German philosophers, from Roman Catholic bishops and Protestant missionaries, candid and enthusiastic admiration. Bishop Bigaudet says:

"In reading the particulars of the life of the last Buddha Gaudama, it is impossible not to feel reminded of many circumstances relating to our Saviour's life, such as it has been sketched out by the Evangelists." And M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, one of the most graphic and faithful biographers of Buddha, declares his belief that, "except Christ alone, there is not among the founders of religions a figure purer or more touching than that of Buddha. His constant heroism equals his conviction; he is the finished model of all the virtues that he preaches; his self-denial, his charity, his unalterable sweetness, seem not to fail for a moment. . . . He silently prepares for his teaching by six years of seclusion and thought; propagates it by the sole force of persuasion during more than half a century; and when he dies in the arms of his disciples, it is with the serenity of a sage who has practised the right all his life, and who is assured of having found the true."

If such words can be written by Christian men who clearly see wherein he failed to find the true, it is no wonder that his followers venerated him with a fervour which ended in idolatry. Notwithstanding his caution to them to be little concerned as to his remains, these were honoured with the most magnificent obsequies, and his ashes, carefully collected from the funeral pyre, were divided among his friends, and afterwards distributed through the whole of India.* To this day any supposed newly-found relic of the great Buddha is honoured with a costly temple, and becomes an object of adoration to thousands of prostrate worshippers.

Concerning some of the "circumstances" which "remind us of the life of Our Saviour," however, the parallelism is far too complete and striking in all its details to be mere coincidence. According to the statements of the Buddhist Canon, there was a miraculous conception, lights beaming from Heaven to announce his birth, an acknowledgment of the child as a deliverer, by an old Brahman, a presentation in a temple, a baptism of water and fire, a temptation in the wilder-

* Over each of the eight portions of his relics was erected a *stupa*—a bell-shaped building raised over relics. In Ceylon exist the most celebrated relics of Buddha—a supposed *tooth* of the Saint, and an ancient tree, said to have been a branch of the tree under which he became Buddha.

ness, a transfiguration ; a repetition, in fact, of almost every characteristic incident in that still more wonderful life which began five centuries and a half later, except only the tragedy which closed it.* This is easily accounted for, however, by the circumstance that no part of the Buddhist Canon was committed to writing till some time in the first century, A.D., while many portions of it were much more recent, and that Eastern compilers of the Buddha's life, writing after a considerable knowledge of the life of Christ had pervaded the East, by means of Nes-

torian missionaries and in other ways, would deem it no imposture, but simply due honour to Buddha, to supply all that other sources suggested to add to his dignity, and to the veneration with which he was regarded. "It can be proved," says Ernest J. Eitel, in his lectures on Buddhism, "that almost every single tint of this Christian colouring, which Buddhist tradition gives to the life of Buddha, is of comparatively modern origin. There is not a single Buddhist manuscript in existence which can vie, in antiquity and undoubted authenticity, with the oldest codices of the gospels. Besides, the most ancient Buddhistic classics contain scarcely any details of Buddha's life, and none whatever of those above-mentioned peculiarly Christian characteristics. Nearly all the above-given legends, which claim to refer to events that happened many centuries before Christ, cannot be proved to have been in circulation earlier than the fifth or sixth century *after* Christ."

FIDELIS.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

* As an instance of the parallelism which exists between some of the Buddhist legends and the Christian narratives, take the following anecdote of Ananda, Buddha's favourite disciple. "After a long walk in the country, he meets with Matangi, a woman of the low caste of the *Kandalas*, near a well and asks her for some water. She tells him what she is, and that she must not come near him. But, he replies, 'My sister, I ask not for thy caste or thy family, I ask only for a draught of water.' She afterwards becomes herself a disciple of Buddha." As the incident of asking water must have been a common one in the East, this may have been simply a coincidence.

REFLECTIONS.

A PLACID water 'tween the willow trees
Has made a mirror wherein we behold
A perfect image of the beauteous earth,
Now flushing 'neath the sunset's parting glow.
There are the water-lilies yellow, white ;
The fleecy clouds which move in silence by ;
The long lithe grasses sleeping on the wave,
Or lisping a low greeting to the wind ;
While solitary, and with kingly grace,
An aged elm o'erlooks the quiet scene.

There is a medium other than the stream ;
A light compared to which yon orb is pale ;
A beauty fairer than the lily's bloom.
Awaking it to seek the life divine
A spiritual ray illumines the soul,
Whose image is upon the ages cast,
And brightens with the steady flow of years.
O Time ! stupendous mirror of the race !
Revealer of the beautiful and true !
In Thee how clear th' eternal glory shines !

GOWAN LEA.

REGINALD HARLAND :

INCIDENTS IN A GOLD HUNTER'S LIFE.

III.

OUR mules were stolen. This fact meant that we should either have to remain where we were, or else abandon our heavy luggage—a serious consideration. “There’s no use in crying over it,” said the Doctor, “gone our animals are, and we must make the best of it. By Jove, our locker is not particularly well supplied though. How are we going to live?”

“We can’t live here,” I answered lugubriously; “that’s plain enough to be seen. Our best plan, I think, would be to strike off to the north-west, where some of the miners said they were going. Very likely we shall come across the fellows with our mules, for in all probability they have gone in that direction likewise.”

“If you’re set upon that plan,” said the Doctor, “why all right, but I don’t like the idea of it. Let us shoulder our portables and go another way, instead of attempting to follow the thieves to the North Fork. They’re a parcel of scamps—let them go. I vote we do a little prospecting on our own account to the southward, where nobody has thought of going. If we strike upon a rich placer, we can return, buy animals and provisions at the first town, and go back and work by ourselves.”

To this I assented, and we accordingly set off due north about ten o’clock, journeying over a high table land, almost destitute of trees and covered with chaparral, through which, however, we made our way pretty rapidly.

To tell the truth, we were heartily glad of the change, for the toil of the preceding months had been long and severe—too severe for me, as I was wholly unused to physical toil, and I welcomed the respite with pleasure. The Doctor was hardier, and seemed little affected by the difficult work. Towards evening we left the table land behind us, and entered a broken country covered with a noble forest of pine and red-wood.

As it grew dark, we descended into a slight hollow, through the middle of which

bubbled a little spring, and thinking the place suitable for a night’s encampment, set to work and kindled a fire, and soon had a cup of tea ready to wash down our supper of dried meat and biscuit. Then we piled more wood on the fire and sat down to the frugal repast as cheerfully as if we had been in the heart of civilization. Yet, as the fire leaped up in a bright flame, reflecting the weird and solemn ranks of pondrous tree-trunks until they were lost in the dark heart of the forest, a feeling indescribably lonely came over us. What unknown dangers might lurk in the gloomy fastnesses we knew not, but none the less our fears were real enough for a time.

However, nothing disturbed us during the night, and early in the morning we started off, over a difficult road, farther to the south. The country was heavily timbered generally, though in places it was very broken and mountainous. During the day we passed many small streams, but none gave any indications of being rich in gold, and we kept on. Late in the afternoon we came to one which appeared to be an insuperable obstacle to our progress, as the cañon through which it ran was very deep and precipitous.

We stood on the edge of a sheer descent of one thousand feet or more, cut through the solid rock. The perpendicular wall offered no means of descent; only a few lichens grew here and there from crevices. Half way down was a narrow ledge of rocks, but it could not help us, for it would be impossible to get down to it, even if the remainder of the distance were easier. Far below the ledge, in the dusk, flowed the little stream, rippling over its pebbly bed on its way to the distant San Joaquin.

“It seems we are done for in this direction,” remarked the Doctor lugubriously, as he crept to the edge of the gulf and peered over into its depths; “it would need a parachute to take us down to the bottom of that hole. It might almost be the doorway to the infernal regions, if that little river down there, with its pleasant chattering, didn’t take away the notion.”

"We can do nothing now until morning," I answered, "for it is nearly dark already; then we can examine the precipice at our leisure, and perhaps we may find a path down somewhere."

We passed the night anxiously like the preceding, minus the tea, for we had no water, and as soon as it was daylight began the search for a path down the steep sides of the cañon. We travelled some distance up-stream without finding much change in the precipitous cliff. A dark and sombre forest lined the edge of the chasm as far as the eye could reach, some trees obtaining a foothold even a few feet over the edge, where they must have obtained their substance of life from the elements of the atmosphere, for their roots had no soil from whence to derive nourishment unless solid granite be capable of imparting it. The opposite side was fringed with forest likewise, only the trees crowded farther down the steep. After skirting the edge for perhaps a mile, we came to a spot where we judged it might be practicable to get down. Here the cliff shelved slightly, and there appeared a trace for some distance down, of what might have been a zigzag path in some bygone time.

We resolved to make the attempt, though it seemed a hazardous undertaking, rather than run the risk of being obliged to go thirty or forty miles down the cañon before finding a likelier place.

Most of the rivers thereabouts have their sources high in the Sierra, from the melting of the snows, and running down the slope to the west, at length pour their clear, ice-cold waters into the fertile San Joaquin valley. Many of these have in the course of ages cut deep beds for themselves through the hard granite, forming long cañons which wind for miles down the slope, and are almost wholly impassable owing to the depth and precipitousness of the walls.

The spot we had chosen, although not quite so sheer as the rest of the cañon wall, was still very dangerous. So smooth were the rocks over which the path led, that a single slip, a false step, or a tumble would have been fatal; for once in motion down that inclined plane there was not a single impediment to stop the fearful slide straight to the bottom. The Doctor started first, jesting about the use of such fearful cracks in good old mother earth's bosom, and I followed soon after, picking my way very care-

fully along the remnants of the old pathway.

We made slow but steady progress, stopping at intervals to rest, until we had got probably half way, when we found slighter traces of the path and less of foothold. Sometimes I could almost feel my feet slipping down the side of the polished surface faster than was at all pleasant, yet still we kept on. The Doctor seemed, however almost as sure of himself as when we had first started. We were gradually leaving the daylight of the upper world behind us, and a strange weird feeling crept over me as cold gusts of wind came down the cañon, and fluttered my garments and hair. The babbling stream below, whose music began to be plainly audible, was the most comforting sound we could hear in the gloom, for it told us we should not have much further to go.

We went on toiling painfully over the slippery surface, in imminent danger of our lives, until the Doctor came to a dead halt, with a sharp exclamation, and looked around most pathetically.

"What's wrong?" I inquired, striving hard to retain a perpendicular position.

"We can't go down any farther," he said; "the path comes to an abrupt end, and the remainder of the distance—about thirty or thirty five feet I should say—is almost sheer. There's no help for it, we must go back."

Here was a cruel dilemma. We were then nearly a thousand feet from the upper surface, and about thirty only from the bottom, and yet unable to proceed farther. However, it was useless to waste time in deliberation; if it was impossible to descend we should have to return, if indeed it were practicable.

It did not take long to show us that if the descent thus far had been arduous, the ascent would be a thousand times more difficult. I turned and endeavoured to take an upward step, and in the act almost lost my footing. Cold drops of perspiration stood upon my forehead when the danger was over, and I then realized how hopeless a task it would be to retrace our steps to the top of the frowning cliff which towered far above us. Rendered almost desperate by our critical condition, I was about to make another attempt upward, when I was petrified by hearing a heavy fall, an exclamation, and a clatter as if a kitchen range had tumbled upon the rocks—the Doctor was gone. In attempting to turn as I had done, but less fortunately, his foot had slipped, he had tumbled

upon the slippery surface and slid to the bottom with fearful speed, the pack he had upon his shoulders producing the clattering sound as he went.

Before I had time to comprehend what had happened I felt my own feet to be yielding again, and before I could recover myself I too was down, and on the same rapid journey the Doctor had taken before me.

IV.

I ALIGHTED upon my feet, very fortunately, on a strip of gravel which ran along the margin of the tumultuous little stream, and beyond being somewhat shaken and stunned, I was little the worse for the mishap. I had fallen a little distance from the Doctor, and as soon as I recovered myself I proceeded to where he was lying, a horrid fear gathering around my heart as I observed how still and white he looked. He was lying prone upon his face—he had evidently pitched forward after he struck the bottom—with an ugly gash, from which blood was oozing, cut in his forehead. He was quite unconscious, and only for a slight fluttering around his heart I might have thought him dead.

Raising him in my arms I carried him to the edge of the stream, where I bathed and bandaged his cut temple, and then attempted, by the usual method, to bring him back to consciousness. I laboured for a long time without any result—so long that my heart sank within me for fear he was past all help. But at length my efforts proved successful, and I was overjoyed to see him slowly open his eyes. His recovery, however, was slower than I was prepared to see. He lay motionless, his head resting upon my knee hour after hour, until the afternoon was far advanced; his eyes were open, though he saw nothing, his lips moved slightly at long intervals, but I could catch no articulate sounds from them.

I had sat thus since the accident, not daring to move, fearful lest the slightest disturbance might forever extinguish the slight flickerings of life there remained to him. As the sun moved over towards the west and threw his rays against the top of the opposite wall, lighting up for a few moments the sombre granite, I was enabled to examine the char-

acter of the place into which we had so undesignedly fallen. But the scrutiny failed to bring much comfort. As nearly as I could tell from where I sat, the spot we had chosen for the descent was the only accessible one in the cañon; the whole of the opposite wall within view was nearly vertical; a hundred yards below, the cañon turned abruptly to the left, and at the angle thus formed was so extremely narrow that the stream filled the entire space between the walls and became a rushing torrent; upward both walls became vertical and increased in height very perceptibly. We were in a trap, there could be no doubt about it. When this became clear there suddenly flashed across my vision an imaginary but very probable scene in the years to come, when some exploring party should light upon this cañon, and stumbling over the whitened bones of our remains, almost so to speak, in the bowels of the earth, they would carefully gather them together, bear them swiftly out of the gloomy, dismal place where they had been found, to one of the great relic repositories of the nation, where sallow-visaged savants would speedily affix labels to them, assigning my poor friend and myself as belonging to some far distant geological epoch which had been buried ages before the dawn of history.

This likely fate was not very cheering under the circumstances, though probably the precarious condition of my companion did more towards influencing the depressed and anxious feeling in my mind which afterwards succeeded. It was nearly dark down in those depths ere the Doctor showed signs of re-animation. At last he moved slightly, and spoke a word or two, inquiring what had happened? I asked him if he was in much pain? He answered by slowly moving his arm and pointing to his right side with a grimace which was very expressive.

What was to be done? The Doctor could not be moved—even if I succeeded in finding a path leading to the upper air—for many days. Our provisions were very low and would not last above a day or two, and we should be in imminent danger of starving if our stay were prolonged. I clearly saw there was no hope for us, unless we could attract the attention of some wandering miner who might be passing along the margin of the cañon above. Yet I imagined there would be little probability of that, as we were in an

almost unknown region to which the miners had not penetrated, as far as I could tell.

Raising the Doctor again in my arms, as tenderly as I could, though with all my care the movement seemed to give him infinite pain, I bore him to a little alcove which had been scooped out from the side of the wall, evidently by the action of water, and laid him down, covering his body with my serape to protect him from the dampness and chill air, and then left him for a few moments to gather some drift-wood which I had perceived deposited along the edge of the water, as I had resolved to kindle a fire to dispel the gloom and impart some warmth to our chilled limbs. Before I was half through with the task I heard the Doctor's voice over the sounds of the waters, calling me. Dropping quickly the wood I had collected, I hurried to his side, under the impression that he had missed me and was wondering where I had gone. Bending over him, I inquired if he wanted me? Not heeding in the least, rolling impatiently to and fro, he continued at short intervals to call in a low, mournful cadence, which, in the impenetrable gloom of the alcove, sounded inexpressibly sad. I knew at once the injuries he had received had affected his brain. Abandoning now the idea of the fire, I sank down by the side of my poor friend, taking his burning hands within my own, trying as best I could to quiet his ravings, which were violent at times, and praying that the hours might fly quickly until morning.

I felt sad and helpless; I would willingly have risked my own life to have afforded him relief, but what relief could I bring? What sacrifice could I make? Penned up a thousand feet below the surface, miles from human aid, I was utterly and absolutely helpless. Indeed had San Francisco been within half a mile of the cañon's brink it could have made little difference, for without wings nothing human could rise out of that abyss to the world above. Yet I felt dissatisfied and ill at ease to enact so inconsiderable a part as I was obliged to do. During that vigil in the lonely cañon a revelation was made to me—a revelation so unexpected and strange as to cause me almost to doubt its actual occurrence and attribute it to some vagary of my own mind under the influence of approaching illness rather than to veritable reality. Yet the events of its disclosure are

too deeply graven upon my memory for me to entertain a doubt about its having taken place, though the very character of it might well cause me to question the evidence of my senses.

For some hours the Doctor had talked incessantly, though not intelligibly as a rule, often jumbling words of the most opposite meanings together so that no sense could be made of them whatever; at other times he had intermingled some episode of our camp life with other scenes of which I knew nothing, making a curious medley. At length, however, it suddenly occurred to me that his disjointed sentences were approaching a coherency as strange as it was inexplicable.

In order to give you a complete understanding of what the nature of this was, I shall be obliged to revert to an incident which took place many years ago in Bristol, some time before I came to this country.

My father had but two children, myself and my brother Henry, who was some eight years my junior and as wild a lad as could be found, though withal generous and good-natured. Our mother having died shortly after Henry's birth, we were sent to an aunt who resided at Glastonbury, to be taken care of, and the homestead at Bristol was given up. Our father visited us once a month, though rarely staying above a day or so, owing to the pressing requirements of his business in Bristol. Our aunt being an easy-going, good-hearted soul, with far more affection than brains, allowed us to do pretty much as we pleased, and, I suppose, thoroughly spoiled us, for when our father again married, and we were recalled home, one of us was eternally in some scrape or another. Henry, being younger and of a livelier disposition than myself, was the more frequent delinquent. One day, Henry, by some foolishness or other, brought upon himself from our father a severe reproof which he thought was undeserved, and he consequently retorted in a sufficiently rash and inconsiderate tone, I fear, whereupon he was instantly ejected from the house, and told never to show his face there again.

Henry, being a proud, high-spirited boy, did go, and thenceforward never showed his face within the precincts of home. A few weeks after, we heard he had taken passage for New York in a vessel from Liverpool, and a year afterwards a letter came from that

city, penned by a stranger, telling that my brother had met with an untoward death—had been shot at a brawl in a saloon.

Soon after Henry's departure my step-mother died without issue, and my father soon followed her, after the receipt of the news respecting Henry, and I thought I was left alone in the world without kith or kin, as my aunt was then dead too.

So minutely and truthfully did the Doctor detail the part which Henry had taken in this domestic drama, that I could scarcely believe my ears, and was petrified with astonishment. From whom had he heard this? Not from me, for I had not breathed it to living soul. Surely not from Henry himself, for he was not a likely one to tell of his disgrace. Then from whom? I was lost in wonder and could not conjecture farther—it was an enigma beyond my powers to solve. The Doctor had obtained the history from some source or another, and had related it in his delirium, that was an indisputable fact, and one that staggered me. However, a few moments after, the injured man wandered off to another theme, which appeared to be, although somewhat confused, a reminiscence of some bygone painful period of his life. He pictured at first an angry sea, whose high, storm-crested waves rose on every side to the horizon; then came the terrors of a wreck—the insane rush for the boats, the tumultuous crowding and shouting while the boats were being manned and loaded with their terror-stricken freight; then the tossing in the over-laden boat with the breakers dashing over it; then a long pause; then again, in a softened, pitiful tone, he called a woman's name—called it over and over again with a pathos that drew the tears from my eyes. Then another pause and some uneasy turning before taking a fresh start, which began in an entirely different tone—a sort of self-congratulatory chuckle. "Who will know Henry Harland? Ha, ha! Do they think of him at home? I guess not—he was always a wild dog—it was good riddance you know—but he will go back some day—rich! With Marie and plenty of money. Then they'll wish they hadn't turned him away—poor Marie! she must be very lonely," and he came to a halt with almost a sob. What was this? Henry Harland? What reason had the poor wandering wretch beside me to laugh and chuckle over my poor brother's disgrace? And who was this Marie? Doubtless

some lady, I thought, for whose favours my brother and the Doctor were rivals—hence the eagerness to have a pick at him? But stay! might not my brother and the Doctor be one and the same individual? If so, he must have been addressing himself in the third person. Still the inference had good grounds. I thought this, however, too good to be true. To have made a mistake would have been terrible.

All doubt upon the point, was, however, soon swept away by what followed—every word I shall remember all my life, for they are carved on my memory with letters of fire. They were the last my brother had spoken to me before he left England. Turning again, slightly and painfully, the injured man clearly and distinctly articulated the following words: "Reginald, never grieve for me when I am gone, for I shall do better away from home, but do not forget me." These words had been ringing in my ears for ten years, mournfully enough. Great Heaven! this must be Henry himself—there could be no doubt about it. The revelation bewildered me—Henry alive and in my arms, when I had for years mourned over his imaginary remains, mouldering in the silence and gloom of the grave. Could it be true? Was I really awake? Was it only a glorious dream, fated to vanish, by and by, forever into the chill and darkness of the terrible cañon? In my great joy I scarcely knew whether it was or not.

When I had recovered from the bewilderment sufficiently to realize what had happened, I cared to hearken to nothing farther. I was filled with one exultant idea alone—Henry was alive and near me, and my heart went out to him, as hearts only can when they welcome back near friends, as from that far off and unknown shore laved by the dark river of death.

I lay upon the granite bed beside him, and enfolding him in my arms, breathed a prayer of thankfulness to God for what He had restored.

Soon after, poor Henry grew quieter, and did not move or speak for a long time. During this interval, I lay thinking over the disclosure, and planning in a feverish sort of way many schemes to scale the cañon's walls, all of which I doubt not would have proved futile upon trial.

I could not conceal from myself the painful fact that there was little chance of any other

alternative than to die together ; yet hope was strong, and I eagerly awaited the dawn to make some desperate attempt for Henry's sake.

Our evil star, however, was still in the ascendant, and the almost hopelessness of our position was to be still further increased.

Several times during the preceding twenty-four hours I had been admonished by certain signs, of approaching illness, but trusting it would pass by I had paid little heed. Towards morning, however, I grew rapidly worse, and before the sun rose over the outer world, fever had seized me in its burning folds, and I writhed upon my hard bed in agony. After bearing this excruciating torment until I could bear it no longer, nature happily relieved me, and to the throbbing temple, fierce thirst, and racking pains, there succeeded an interval of quiet, in which the gurgle of the river and gloom of the cañon were intermingled with the sunshine and pleasant voices of home. At length these too faded away, and I knew no more.

V.

WHEN I came back to consciousness, it was a long time ere I could muster sufficient energy to think. The world and all its sorrows and cares seemed to be an infinite distance away, buried in the forgotten past, and from which I was forever alienated. In a dreamy, half-stupid languor, begotten of extreme weakness, I lay for hours revelling with fancies ethereally light, which came and departed without an effort of volition. I existed, and I was conscious of the fact, but it was a mere passive existence, expressive of neither pain nor pleasure. Sometimes dim forms hovered over or near me, but I possessed no interest in them—I did not desire a nearer acquaintance ; I was all in all to myself—I only wanted to lie quiet.

Often, in severe struggles for the mastery with disease, the physical powers are left so inert and exhausted, that the patient lies midway between life and death, so that the mere weight of a feather almost, of advantage, will turn the scale either one way or the other. I was left by the fever in just that condition. For the time being it was a drawn battle, neither side having won the victory. Gradually, however, my naturally sound con-

stitution prevailed, and I drifted slowly back once more to the world.

Towards evening of the day of my convalescence, I opened my eyes, and became for the first time during a fortnight, cognizant of things mundane. The first object that met my view was a mild, benignant-looking, elderly lady clad in dark garments, who stood close by my couch, watching me. As she saw I was conscious, she said gently, with a slight Spanish accent : " You feel better, Señor. I am very glad ; " and signing me not to answer, she turned and silently left the apartment.

I did not recollect then the circumstances which had happened in the cañon, nor had I the remotest idea as to where I was, or how I had been succoured.

My eyes, with weary lassitude, wandered from object to object which the room contained, but as everything was strange and unfamiliar, I was fain to close them again. I knew nothing of those heavy, black, queerly carved pieces of furniture placed about the room, nor of that effigy of the dead Christ with the crucifix beneath it, nor of the dark, rich hangings at the end of the apartment—no, these were not old acquaintances, but were part of a long dream that would close by and by, and leave me where it began.

Everything the room contained was old and sombre, and had evidently seen better days. The apartment itself was low, void of ornament, and lighted from one window, which opened to the west and let in the last melancholy glory of sunset.

The hangings parted after a short space, and the lady again appeared. She said, in her broken English and gentle manner, I was not to talk or disturb myself, and I would soon be better. I had been very ill, she went on, and for two days she had despaired of my life ; but the fever took a turn then, and henceforth I began to mend. After saying this, she continued silent until she again departed.

I was attended all through my illness by this lady—the widow of a Spanish gentleman as I afterward learned—and had I been her brother, rather than a forlorn, helpless stranger, she could not have been more kind, or more attentive to my wants. When I was sufficiently recovered to bear the recital, she informed me that I was then at a ranche on the banks of one of the tribu-

taries of the San Joaquin River, and that I had been carried thither by a party of rough miners, who entreated that I should be cared for and have medical attendance, or the fever would soon carry me off, offering to pay any price if consent would only be given. She promised them she would do all she could for me, stating at the same time, that the only medical attendant I could have was herself, for the only doctor in the neighbourhood had gone to the diggings. This kindness on her part seemed to give them vast relief, and one man as he was leaving, in his gratitude, threw down a heavy bag of gold-dust, saying it was for my expenses.

She could tell me, however, little about them; they had not told her where they belonged, or when they would return—they only mentioned that they had come a long way down the mountains.

Although eager to be gone, to revisit the cañon, and ascertain, if possible, what had become of Henry, I bade farewell to my kind hostess with regret. She had fulfilled her promise well.

I went first to Grizzly Bear Mines, where Henry and I had worked for nearly a year, unsuspecting our close relationship, and then started alone over the same tract of country we had traversed in company two months previously, until I arrived at the cañon into which we had fallen. Retracing our track along the margin, I soon came to the spot where we had commenced our descent, and looking over the brink, I saw no signs of the miners, or indeed anything living. There were the same gloomy depths—the same quiet gurgle of the stream below, as if the dark abyss had never been disturbed since the creation. Knowing that there must of necessity be an easy path somewhere, leading down to its bottom, or I could never have been carried from thence, I proceeded farther up the slope towards the mountains, for some distance, until I reached a lateral cañon, which entered the one I had been following, at right angles. The mystery was solved.

Turning to the left, and following the new one for about half a mile up, I came to a spot where it was practicable to get down. The lateral cañon, although just as deep and abrupt at the point of confluence with the other, was here not more than two hundred feet in depth, with gently sloping sides. Going eagerly to the bottom, I found evi-

dences enough that a party of miners had been at work there, and had turned over the bottom of a dry river-bed for nearly two hundred yards.

It was very probable that some of these miners, when prospecting, had wandered down the lateral cañon to the main one, and entering that, and following its windings some distance, had lighted upon Henry and myself at a most critical moment. But where were these miners now, and where was Henry? I searched the neighbourhood in every direction, but could obtain no tidings of them—they had all departed.

After leaving this spot, unsuccessful in my search, I visited every mining camp, I believe, in California, in succession, without hearing aught of Henry or those who had so opportunely come to our assistance. They had disappeared as utterly as if the earth had swallowed them up.

* * * *

When I saw that farther search was useless, I started once more to digging, and being very successful, lighting upon several very rich placers, I felt myself, in a comparatively short time, to be in a position to return home. While on my way—as you know I returned *via* Panama and New York—I searched Sacramento and San Francisco, very loth to leave the country without learning something of Henry. But it was all futile, and I gave up the quest, and went on board the steamer which was to carry me away.

In due time I learned what God had in store for me, and, with almost a broken heart, I proceeded to fulfil the duty which I had deemed urgent enough to cause me in the beginning to start for the land of gold; and then I purchased this property on the banks of the river, far away from the bustle and noise and tumult of the busy town, and taking you, my child, we have lived a peaceful and quiet life since.

Nothing farther was heard of my brother Henry as the years rolled on, and I was almost beginning to believe the episode of the cañon to have been a mere chimera, when you directed my attention to a Dr. Henry Harland's advertisement in a St. Louis paper, which your husband had received. I felt at once that Henry was found. The answer which came to my letter of inquiry corroborated this, and my long-lost brother will be here, thank God, to-night or to-morrow.

The old man ceased, and remained for

some time without speaking. Doubtless, the resuscitation of by-gone scenes gave him pain. His two companions were silent likewise.

This lull within the room made the fury of the storm outside more apparent. The wind howled, the trees groaned louder, the snow fell in blinding drifts.

In a few moments, over the noise of the tempest, came startlingly clear, the sound of sleigh bells. Nearer and nearer they came, jingling gaily, until the sounds were nearly opposite the dwelling, when they suddenly stopped.

"There's Joseph," exclaimed Mrs. Kirby, running to open the street door, to be the first to welcome her long lost uncle.

A few moments after, the bells ring out again, as the sleigh is driven around by the serving-man to the stables, and two muffled, white figures hurry up the garden walk, shake the snow from their garments on the steps, and briskly enter the house.

Henry Harland and his wife find a cordial reception awaiting them, and that night, while the storm raves and moans itself to rest in the darkness, lights could be seen gleaming brightly from the windows of the house upon the hill until a very late hour.

We shall anticipate what the doctor related to his brother the following day after his arrival, and give the substance in as few words as may be.

Filled with resentment at what he considered his father's injustice, he had left his native city for the New World, by the first outward-bound steamer. Arriving in New York without means, he picked up a precarious livelihood, sometimes in one way, sometimes in another, but latterly as a billiard marker in one of the large saloons, for nearly a year, when one night, entering a rival establishment kept by a passing acquaintance, he discovered therein a friend who had given him assistance at various times, sadly intoxicated, and recklessly playing Faro. He soon perceived his friend was being fleeced by as arrant a set of black-legs as ever fingered the ace of spades, and he angrily interfered and endeavoured to get his friend away. Before he knew what had happened, there was a sudden flash in his face and a loud report, immediately succeeded by a burning pain in his shoulder from a pistol bullet; and he knew nothing further.

The friend for whom he had risked his

life, now thoroughly sobered, could do nothing (as the villains had decamped) but have the wounded man conveyed to his own home, and being himself a young medical practitioner, he sedulously attended upon him until he recovered.

In the meantime the lodging-house keeper with whom Henry had been staying, hearing a much exaggerated account of the fracas, and seeing no more of his boarder, concluded that Henry was defunct; and as there happened to be a small balance for lodging in his favour, he took charge of the deceased's effects in lieu thereof, quieting his conscience by writing to the missing man's friends in England informing them of the untoward event. To do this, he had doubtless found Mr. Harland's address in an old waste-book which was in Henry's trunk. Howbeit, Henry could account in no other way for the letter having been sent. After he recovered from the effects of the wound, his friend advised him not to return to his former vocation, nor to go near his former haunts at all, and in his gratitude offered to pay his expenses if he would enter college and study medicine. Henry consented, and soon after began the course. In due time he received his diploma and left the college with bright prospects before him. He soon received an appointment to accompany a scientific expedition to South America. After some months' struggling with a sickly climate, he was taken seriously ill, and was advised to return by the first steamer, as the only chance to save his life. Sadly disheartened he complied, and sailed for New York a few days after. Once on the sea, he speedily recovered, and all went well until the vessel encountered a storm in the gulf stream. The steamer became a wreck, the passengers and crew being obliged to take to the boats. Only one of these arrived safely to shore, the remainder having succumbed to the violence of the cyclone, and gone down with all on board. Among the passengers of the remaining boat was a singularly beautiful girl of seventeen, the daughter and only child of a Cuban planter, who had been separated by some fatality from her father when the first rush was made for the boats. This young maiden fascinated Henry Harland, and after they landed, learning from her own lips that now her father was dead she was left alone in the world, he brought her to New York, winning her gratitude by his kindness and delicacy. Here, his

means being low, he was obliged to place her under his friend's protection, who was then married and had forsaken his evil ways ; and as the quickest way to better his own fortune he bade her good-bye, promising to return within a year and a half, and left for California.

How he fell in with his brother Reginald at Independence, and accompanied him across the plains, and mined with him through the following fall and winter, leaving with him on their ill-starred prospecting tour which ended in their falling into the cañon, we already know. It remains to be told, how, after lying at the bottom of the cañon nearly twenty-four hours, a couple of red-shirted miners had passed that way by chance, wandering down the cañon looking for gold, and finding them and being unable alone to give them succour, one hurried back to camp to bring help, while the other remained until his companion returned. An hour after, a numerous party of miners arrived on the scene, and carefully lifting them from the alcove where they were lying, conveyed them up the cañon, whose lofty walls grew loftier as they proceeded, until they came to a halt where a lateral cañon opened its tremendous jaws upon them. Then, fording the little stream which emptied into the main cañon, they slowly moved up the slope until the walls decreased in height and gradually fell away until a little valley opened out before them, covered with a carpet of variegated flowers, where two or three white tents could be seen, forming the miners' camp. The next day, after a consultation had been held, it was agreed that one of the two who had been discovered under such peculiar circumstances, should be taken to the nearest ranche, or he would certainly soon die. And so Reginald was carried down the mountains by three stalwart men, who had kindly volunteered for the duty, and Henry was left to take his chances in the camp.

Assisted by a good constitution, he gradually got round again, but it was very long ere he recovered his usual strength. The miners were very kind to him, for these men, rough and uncouth and wild as many of them were, had hearts as tender as their brothers of civilization. As soon as Henry was able to be moved they changed their camp, going about ten miles to the eastward, where they had discovered a very rich gulch, and here they remained until Henry was well. After fully recovering he entered with zest into the absorbing work of digging like the rest, remembering his promise to be home by a certain time, which he resolved should be kept to the letter.

He was very successful, and before the time was ready to return to the States. Not forgetting his companion, however, and wishing to see him ere he returned, he inquired the position of the ranche to which he had been taken. He easily found it, but learned to his regret that Reginald had started off as soon as he got better, and had never returned.

Thinking it a hopeless task to attempt to find him, he left the country for good, and returned to New York, where he arrived safely with sufficient wealth to enable him to marry Marie, for whom he had so early forsaken the land of gold, and to buy a respectable practice in the city of St. Louis, where he lived comfortable and happy until his brother Reginald's letter reached him from Canada. Filled with wonder, he immediately set off, accompanied by his wife, although it was midwinter, arriving at his brother's home, as we have seen, late one night in the midst of a snow-storm.

After remaining two weeks with Reginald in Canada, the Doctor was obliged to return home, but he was accompanied by his brother, who spent the remaining years of his life alternately between Brantford and St. Louis.

R. W. DOUGLAS.

THE WITCHES OF WARBOYS.

ABOUT four miles from the monastic town of Ramsey, in Huntingdonshire, at the northern edge of the fen district, stands the pretty village of Warboys. With its ancient church, and its clay-built and reed-thatched houses, its general appearance, notwithstanding the existence of a few modern dwellings, is probably much the same as when Sir Henry Cromwell, the uncle of the Protector, used to pass through it on those stately progresses between his mansion of Hinchinbrook House and Ramsey Abbey, which earned for him the title of the Golden Knight.

In 1589, there lived in Warboys a wealthy landowner of ancient family, named Throckmorton, who, with Sir Henry Cromwell, the lord of the manor, owned nearly the whole of the parish. About fifty years before, the manor of Warboys, with possessions of the rich Abbey of St. Mary, Ramsey, had been granted to Sir Richard Williams, nephew of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, whose name he took on inheriting such portions of the plunder of the monasteries as escaped the greedy clutch of Henry and his ministers, when his uncle paid with his head for the homely face and too portly figure of the King's German bride. Sir Henry Cromwell, grandson of Sir Richard Cromwell, or Williams, appears to have been on friendly and intimate terms with his neighbour Throckmorton, whose family at the date of our story consisted of his wife, five daughters—of ages from ten to eighteen—and about a dozen servants. In the same parish there also lived John Samuel, an old man, who, with his wife and daughter, Alice and Agnes Samuel, cultivated a small farm.

Into the minds of this quiet rural community there entered, on November 10th, 1589, a cruel delusion which resulted in the frenzied terror of two households, and the shameful death on the scaffold of an entire family.

We cannot introduce the subject to our readers in better words than those of the pamphlet before us, which was published in 1593, and is entitled "The moast Strange and Admirable Discovery of the Three

Witches of Warboys, arraigned, convicted and executed at the last Assizes, at Huntingdon, for the Bewitching of Five Daughters of Robert Throckmorton, Esquire, and divers other persons with sundrie Divellish and Grievous Torments; and also for the Bewitching and Death of the Ladie Cromwell. The like hath not been heard of in this Age! London, 1593."

After giving some particulars of the family history of the Throckmortons, we are told, that "About the 10th November, 1589, Mistress Jane, one of the daughters of the said Master Throckmorton, being neere the age of ten years, fell upon the sodaine [sudden] into a strange kind of Sicknes, the manner whereof was as followeth: Sometimes she would neese [sneeze] very lowde and thicke for the space of halfe an houre, and presently, as one in a great Trance and Swoune, lay quietly as long. Soone after she would begin to toss about her Limbs and Body, so as none was able to keep her down: Sometimes she would shake one Leg and no other Part of her, as if the Paulsie had been in it: Sometimes the other or one of her Armes: and soone after her Head, as if she had been inflicted with the running Paulsie."

In this way she had continued to be affected for several months, without any witchcraft being suspected, when old Alice Samuel called to pay a visit of neighbourly inquiry, and was taken into the room where the sick child lay. The old woman wore a black knit worsted cap, and the child, observing it, said to her grandmother, who was present, "Grandmother, looke where the old witch sitteth: did you ever see one more like a witch than she is? Take off her black thrumbed cap, for I cannot abide to looke on her."

This foolish fancy of a child, rendered irritable by illness and long confinement, was the first germ of the monstrous suspicion which was to cost three innocent lives. However, for the present it passed unnoticed; and it was not till after Dr. Barrow of Cambridge, "a man well known to be excellent skilful in Phisick," had been consulted re-

specting the child's disease that her parents remembered her words. This gentleman, finding that the various medicines prescribed by him had no effect, attempted to conceal his ignorance of the disease and its remedy, by suggesting "that he had had some experience of the malice of some witches, and that he verily thought there was some kind of sorcerie and witchcraft wrought towards this child." For the age in which they lived the Throckmortons do not seem to have been superstitiously inclined, for even this suggestion of the doctor made very little impression till, "one month after, at the very same day and house," two more of their daughters were seized with the same malady, and complained in the same manner of Mother Samuel. Soon afterwards the youngest daughter was seized, and then the oldest, whose sufferings were much more severe than those of her sisters. The disease then attacked the female servants, six of whom were at different periods afflicted in the same way. All agreed in declaring that the painful and violent symptoms were greatly increased by the presence of old Alice, to whose malign influence they ascribed all their sufferings. Such a concurrence of testimony could not fail, in that age, to convince the most sceptical, and the parents—and indeed the whole neighbourhood—became seriously alarmed.

In the following February, Gilbert Pickering, Esq., a brother of Mrs. Throckmorton, visited his Warboys relatives. The particulars of the mysterious illness were soon communicated to him, as well as the charges made by his nieces and the servants against Mother Samuel. Mr. Throckmorton, who was evidently a just and kind-hearted man, was reluctant, even then, to believe a charge so foul against his poor old neighbour. But he yielded at last, and consented that his brother-in-law should go to her house and persuade or compel her to visit the sick-room, so that his guest, in whose opinion he placed much confidence, might be able to judge of the truth of the circumstances.

The old woman at first refused to go, but gave in to a threat of compulsion, and, accompanied by her daughter Agnes and one Cicely Rawder, a suspected confederate, entered the hall. No sooner had she done so than three of the sisters, who had been affected but had quite recovered, "fell down on the ground, strangely tormented, so that

if they had been let lie upon the ground they would have leaped and sprung like a quick [living] pickerel, newly taken out of the water." Then one of them—Jane—having been taken up-stairs and laid on a bed, began to scratch the counterpane, repeatedly crying, "Oh, that I had her! Oh, that I had her!" On this her uncle Pickering fetched poor old Alice, "who came as willingly as a beare to the stake," to the child's bedside, and desired her to put her hand to Jane's, which, however, she steadfastly refused to do, though he and others set her the example, whose hands "the child would scarce touch, much less scratch."

The terrified old woman was not, however, allowed to evade this crucial test of her guilt. "Without any malice to the woman, but only to taste by this experiment, whereto the child's words would tend, Master Pickering did take forcibly Mother Samuel's hand and did thrust it into the child's hand, who no sooner felt the same but presently she scratched her with such vehemence that her nayles brake into pieces with the force and earnest desire she had for revenge." Mr. Pickering then covered the old woman's hand with his own, yet the child would not scratch his hand, "but felt eagerly for that which she missed, and mourned bitterly at the disappointment." All this time her eyes were closed, and her face turned from Mr. Pickering and the old woman, and pressed against the bosom of a servant who held her down on the bed. "How then," our author triumphantly asks, "could she possibly distinguish the hands presented to her except by the directions of the evil spirit which possessed her?" A dull prosaic person might reply that even a child of ten could tell by touch alone the shrivelled fingers of an old woman from the smooth, plump palm of her elder sister, or the masculine hand of her uncle.

But this was far from being the only proof given by the evil spirit of its presence and agency. As might be expected it was especially rampant at prayer-time, or when grace was said or the Bible read. It was evidently a spirit of a bold and daring nature, and, unlike most of its congeners, who disappeared at the invocation of a holy name or the making of a sacred sign, it scorned to fly even from a long sixteenth century sermon. It was not afraid of being catechised, and answered readily, by signs, all the ques-

tions put to it. When Jane was asked, "Love you the Word of God? she became so excited that two women could hardly hold her; but at, Love you witchcraft? she seemed pleased. Love you the Bible? again it shook her. Love you papistrie? it was quiet. Love you prayer? it raged. Love you the masse? it was still. So that whatsoever good thing you named it disliked; but at whatsoever concerned the Pope it seemed pleased and pacified."

We are not surprised at the intimate connection between the Pope and Satan in the minds of these honest people, when we remember the date. Little more than a year had elapsed since the Armada, equipped by the most powerful monarch on earth, and blessed by the Pope, had sailed from Spain to re-enact if possible on our English shores those truly satanic deeds, which sixteen years before had dyed French soil with the blood of thousands of her noblest sons. No wonder that in small matters as well as great ones our ancestors of that generation were apt to suspect a close friendship between Pope and Belial, and to think that where one was present he would surely speak a kind word for his absent friend. In French and Spanish witchcraft trials of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, we find the compliment returned. The Devil is always represented as the chief ally and supporter of heresy, and the victories of Drake, Hawkins, and Raleigh over the soldiers of the true faith, are invariably ascribed by contemporary Spanish historians to his direct assistance.

When the extraordinary occurrences in the Throckmorton household had been for some months the talk of the neighbourhood, Sir Henry Cromwell and his family returned from London, and in due course Lady Cromwell visited her Warboys friends. "She had not been long in the room when, *as they were wont to do when any came to see them*, they all fell into their fits and were so grievously tormented that it pitied that good ladie's heart to see them, whereupon she caused Mother Samuel to be sent for; taking her aside, she charged her deeply with this witchcraft, using also some hard speeches to her, but she stoutly denied them all, saying 'that Master Throckmorton and his wife did her much wrong so to blame her without cause.' Ladie Cromwell, unable to prevail with her by good speeches, sodainly pulled off her kerchief and taking a pair of sheeres clipped off

a locke of her hair and gave it privily to Mistress Throckmorton, willing her to burn them. Whereupon the witch, perceiving herself so ill-used, said to the ladie, 'Madam, why do you use me thus? I never did you any harm *as yet*.' The same night Ladie Cromwell was strangely tormented in her sleep by a cat, which cat Mother Samuel had sent unto her, which cat offered to plucke off all the skin and flesh from her arms and bodie." Considering how the lady had been engaged during the day the real wonder would have been for her to have passed a dreamless night. But events graver than troubled dreams were to follow the meeting, memorable both for Lady Cromwell and Mother Samuel. "Not long after the Ladie fell very strangely sicke, and so continued until her dying day which befell in the space of a year and quarter after her being at Warboise. The manner of her fits being much like to the children's, and that saying of Mother Samuel, 'Madam I never hurt you as yet' would never out of her mind."

The fits of the girls still increasing in violence and frequency, the Throckmorton family began to urge the old woman to confess herself guilty. This she steadfastly refused to do, though the girls said the spirits told them that by this means alone could they be restored to perfect health, and although their parents promised forgiveness and threatened prosecution if she remained obstinate. "Also Master Donington, Doctor of Divinity, and parson of the parish of Warboise, did moast lovinglie and painfullie entreat her to have mercie upon her soule and bodie, now in danger of moast grievous punishment in this life and after death." All was in vain. The poor old creature's only answer was, "That she would do for the children all the good she could, but for confession of this matter she would not, for it was a thing she never knew of nor consented thereto."

The inevitable catastrophe of this miserable medley of superstition, ignorance, and imposture was now at hand. The girls were tired of playing a part which, while it gratified to the fullest extent their love of deception and notoriety, must have been a constant physical and mental strain of the most wearisome character; while the poor old victim of their wickedness, harassed by solicitations, alternately soothed by promises and alarmed by threats, at length gave way, and fell on her knees, entreating Mr.

Throckmorton to forgive her, and confessing that she was the cause of his daughters' sufferings. Scarcely had she uttered the words when three of them, "who were then in their fit, and had so continued for the space of three weeks, wiped their eyes and instantly stood upon their legges, being as well as ever they were in their lives."

The next day, being Sunday, the old woman repeated this confession publicly in Warboys church. Here the matter might have ended, for Mr. Throckmorton appears to have been a humane man, and by no means desirous of imbruing his hands in the blood of his old neighbour—aggrieved though he must have been by the thought of his daughters' sufferings for the last three years—had she not given fresh cause of offence and released him from his promise by retracting her confession next morning. He immediately went to her and threatened her with arrest if she did not renew her confession. Threats and entreaties were alike unavailing, and he at last, with much reluctance, gave the two Samuels, mother and daughter, in charge to the constable, to be taken before the Bishop of Lincoln, in whose diocese Warboys was then situated, and who was then residing a few miles from Huntingdon.

They were examined by the Bishop and two justices, but poor old Alice, being now thoroughly alarmed, told a strange story about a spirit called Landglod, who had no dwelling, but was then "beyond sea," confessing that he appeared to her in the form of a dun chicken. After this she was committed for trial at Huntingdon Assizes.

The two women remained in prison, without being admitted to bail, till January 9th, when Mr. Throckmorton, entertaining doubts as to the guilt of the daughter, applied to the quarter sessions for permission "to baile out the maide, and to have her home to his house, to see if such evidences of wicked dealings with evil spirits would appear against her as had before appeared against her mother."

After some demur his request was granted, and Agnes Samuel accompanied him home. A few days later the girls "fell all of them afresh into their fits, and then the spirits did begin as plainly to accuse the daughter as ever they did the mother, and did tell the children that the old woman had sent over her spirits to her daughter, and that so she had bewitched them all over agayne."

In one respect poor Agnes was treated

worse than her mother, being subjected to severe scratchings from each of her supposed victims. This was considered an indubitable proof of supernatural agency, but for which we might find a more commonplace explanation. These scratchings were always foretold by those who inflicted them. The eldest girl also predicted that the fits would cease whenever Agnes Samuel should say, "I charge thee divel, as I love thee, I am a witch and guiltie of this matter, that thou suffer this child to be well at present." This, we are told, was repeatedly tried before a variety of witnesses, and was always attended with instant success, though the words had no effect when spoken by any other person.

Agnes appears to have been induced to confess with much less difficulty than her mother. Probably the experience she had had of the scratching powers of six vigorous young vixens assisted greatly in overcoming any obstinacy. By employing the same arguments, they persuaded her to confess, not only that she was a "worse witch than her mother," but that since her mother's confession she had bewitched Mrs. Pickering of Ellington, a married sister of Mr. Throckmorton.

Last of all the spirits began to accuse John Samuel, the father. Precisely the same charges were made against him; but, in his case, no amount of scratching, threats, or cajolery could wring a confession from him.

On April 5th, 1593, John, Alice, and Agnes Samuel were arraigned before Mr. Justice Fennel "for bewitching of the Ladie Cromwell to her death, and for bewitching of Mistress Joane Throckmorton and others." Against them appeared as witnesses, Dr. Donington, parson of Warboys, Thomas Nut, M.A., Vicar of Ellington, the father, uncle, and aunt of the Throckmorton girls, several female servants, and one or two neighbours. Truly a cloud of witnesses by whom, says our author, "the before related proofs, presumptions, circumstances, and reasons, with many others too long to write, were at large delivered, until both the judge, justices, and jury said openly that the cause was most apparent, and that their consciences were well satisfied that the sayd witches were guiltie and deserved death."

As to John Samuel, ocular proof of his guilt was exhibited in court, "For Joane Throckmorton, happening at the time of his

trial to be seized with a fit, she was brought into court and set before the Judge, who was told that there was a charm, which if old Samuel would but speake, the sayd Joane would presently be well." The prisoner was therefore ordered by the judge to repeat the charm, but this he positively refused to do, till threatened that if he persisted in his obstinacy, the court would hold him guiltie of the crimes whereof he was accused." In other words, after being permitted by law to plead "not guilty," he was compelled by the judge to confess his guilt.

Seeing it useless to contend against this determination to convict him, the poor old man at last complied, and repeated the formula, "As I am a witch, &c., which words were no sooner spoken by Samuel than the said Joane, as was her wont, wiped her eyes and came out of her fit. The judge immediately observed, you see, all, she is now well, but not with the musicke of David's harpe."

We must not forget that the spirit had previously told Jane Throckmorton that she should have this fit in court, and that she should not come out of it until old father Samuel had pronounced these words.

At the place of execution Alice Samuel confessed her guilt, and that her husband had assisted her in the invocation of the spirits. Agnes warmly asserted her own innocence, which her mother stoutly maintained, though seemingly quite indifferent to her own and her husband's fate. John Samuel resolutely denied all complicity in the crimes laid to his charge, and showed much indignation against his persecutors, saying that his wife "was an olde simple woman, and that one might make her by fayre or foule words confess what they would." Posterity will agree with this stout-hearted victim of the ignorance and credulity of bishops and judges.

As lord of the manor of Warboys, the goods and chattels of the Samuels were forfeited to Sir Henry Cromwell. They amounted in value to £40., a considerable sum at that time for persons of their rank. But Sir Henry, dreading possibly the existence of some diabolical infection in the property of such felons, and forgetful of the good

old maxim, "Non olet nummus," gave them to the corporation of Huntingdon, on condition "that they should pay forty shillings yearly to a Doctor or Bachelor in Divinity, of Queen's College, Cambridge, to preach a sermon against witchcraft, in the All Saints' Church, Huntingdon, on the Annunciation of the blessed Virgin, and to teach the people how to discover and frustrate the machinations of witches and dealers with evil spirits."

This sermon continued to be preached till within the last fifty years; but for more than a century before its discontinuance, as the belief in witchcraft died out among the educated classes, it became an address against superstition and credulity.

Such are the particulars of three of the most cruel murders ever perpetrated under legal forms in any country. We cannot recall another instance in our own history of a whole family being put to death for this imaginary crime.

What cannot but strike a nineteenth century observer is, the deliberate manner in which all the rules of evidence were constantly violated by all concerned in these trials. In all ordinary cases, these rules were probably as well understood and practiced then as now. Had the crime of which the Samuels were accused been larceny or burglary, they would, no doubt, have found as just and careful judges under Elizabeth as under Victoria. But as soon as this imaginary offence is imputed to them, the silliest tests, the most absurd presumptions, and the most malicious and self-contradictory statements are accepted as evidence; and to crown all, a judge on the bench compels a man being tried for his life to repeat a confession of his guilt. What a hold must this absurd belief have had on all classes when men of judicial habits of thought, and accustomed all their lives to weigh evidence and balance probabilities, could not see that a crime, demanding from its investigators such a constant suspension and perversion of the usual tests, and evidences of guilt, could from the very nature of things have no existence.

A. SPENCER JONES.

SUCH A GOOD MAN.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

Authors of 'Ready-Money Mortiboy,' 'The Golden Butterfly,' 'By Celid's Arbour,' etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE CITY DINNER.

THE Master and his two Wardens are in the anteroom receiving the guests. They are surrounded by a Court consisting of officers, chaplain, and the Livery. It is not an ordinary Company dinner, but one of their great banquets. A foreign ambassador is present; a cabinet minister, who will give the dinner a political significance, and perhaps drop a hint in the matter of Eastern politics; there is the latest thing we have to show in the way of a soldier who has seen service, and actually commanded an army; there is one of the oldest extant specimens of the ancient British admiral, bluff and hearty; there is a bishop of pronounced Evangelical opinions, he of Bam-borough; and there is a dean, who is declared by his enemies to have no opinions at all. There are also two or three of the City clergy, who perhaps rejoice to make of these banquets an occasion for fasting and mortification of the flesh. There is a man of science, on whom the clergy look askance, because he has lately uttered opinions which as yet they do not see their way out of; there are many rich men; there are no artists and no representatives of literature, because the Lord Mayor works off both these classes of humans in two dinners, which is, the Lord knows, sufficient honour for them, and City Companies know nothing about literature or art. There is a full gathering of the Livery; there are servants in gorgeous costumes; there is a lavish abundance of costly flowers; there is the brightness of innumerable gas-jets, playing in wood carvings on picture frames, losing itself in massive furniture and heavy carpets of triple pile. Everything is solid, magnificent, and rich. To be one of the guests standing in the semicircle round the Master and Wardens is to feel for the time that you have hitherto lived in a dream,

that your balance at the bank, whose supposed exiguity has frequently given you so much anxiety, is in reality a splendid sum of five figures at least—else, how could you be in such company? that the suburban villa has no existence, and the pre-matrimonial dinginess of Gray's Inn, never, in plain fact, existed; that your whole life has always been spent in and naturally belongs to such palaces as this abode of the City Company; that your every-day dinner, your plain cut of mutton with a glass of thin claret, as you have always supposed it, has really been from the very beginning such a banquet as you are about to assist at; and that doubt, insecurity, anxiety, necessity for work have no real existence at all in the order of things. Because the air that you breathe, the aspect of the guests, the sonorous names which ring like massive gold coins, and the place you are in fill you with the sense of the fatness which is stable and abiding.

Guest after guest, they come crowding in singly and in pairs. His Highness of Hyderabad, Ek Rupiya Dao, ablaze with diamonds. His Excellency the Minister for the Republic of El Dorado: did his smiling and courteous Excellency, in his own tropical retreat beneath the palms of that much borrowing country, ever dream in his wildest moments of such a dinner as he is about to put away? and does he feel that his presence, recorded in the daily papers, will assist the new loan? The Ambassador of Two Eagle Land, said to be the most courteous minister ever sent to London—also said to be the greatest of—but that is calumny. The Archbishop of Kensington: doth monseigneur seek for new converts, or doth he desire to make up for the rigours of Lent, now happily finished and got through? and would he mind repeating for the general benefit that capital story which he told his companion just before his carriage stopped, its last smile still playing round lips too solid for austerity? The Lord Bishop of

Bamborough, our own prop, stay, and comfort in matters spiritual, regards his Roman Catholic Brother-Father (is that quite a correct way of putting the relationship?) with eyes of distrust, as if he feared to be converted on the spot by some Papistic trick and so be disgraced for ever. The Rev. Cyprian Chancel, who is about to suffer martyrdom through the new Act. He has prepared his face already, walks with his head on one side and his hands up, like a figure out of a church window, and looks as if he was about to go straight to a red-hot fire and blaze cheerfully, though slowly, round an iron stake. "I remember when they plucked Chancel at Cambridge for classical honours," whispers a voice at my right. His Reverence hears the remark and he winces. Touch a Ritualist on the subject of intellectual distinction, and you revive many old griefs of pluckings sore, which many times he bore, and a lowly degree taken ignobly among the common herd. This is a sad memory for one who has become a leader of—women, old and young. Mr. Gabriel Cassilis. The figure seems familiar to me. He is tall and rather bent; he carries a gold *pince-nez*, with which he taps his knuckles. The great financier, said to be worth, in the delightful metaphor of the last century, a couple of Plums at least. Happy Gabriel Cassilis! Was there not some talk about his wife and a man named Lawrence Colquhoun? To be sure there was; and she married the old man after all, and now Lawrence has come back again to London. Wonder if there will be any scandal? Who is that with him? Mr. Gilead P. Beck—hush—sh—sh! thin tall man, with lanky legs, shrewd face, full of curiosity. Lucky American who struck "ile" in Canada: owner of Petroleaville: said to be worth a thousand pounds a day: goes where he likes: does what he likes: might marry whom he likes: some nonsense about selling himself to the devil for a lucky butterfly. What a thing—of course without the bargain with the Evil One, which no well-regulated mind would approve of or consent to—to have a thousand pounds a day! If nothing else, it makes a man a law unto himself: he can do what he likes. Wonder why it can't do away with the laws of nature? With a thousand pounds a day, a man ought to be able to live, in youth and vigour, till he grew quite tired of things and became ready to re-

visit the dead and gone generations of his early centuries. Think how delightful it must have been for Methusalem to see again in the Champs Elysées the friends of his youth, remembered after so many hundred years. Even Old Parr must have had some such strange welcoming of long-forgotten friends and playmates who had been turned into dust, ere he began to feel old. Three hundred and sixty-five thousand pounds a year! And all got out of "ile," you said? Dear, dear! Really the atmosphere of this Hall is Celestial—Olympian. We are among pinnacles—Alps—of Greatness.

A buzz of expectation: a whispering among the guests: a murmur which at the slightest provocation would turn into applause and shouts of acclamation: a craning forward of necks: a standing up on tip-toe of short-legged guests in the background: a putting up of eye-glasses. Hush! here he comes.

SIR JACOB ESCOMB.

The Master and the Wardens bow low: lower than when they received the Secretary of State for Internal Navigation: lower than for the Ambassador of Two Eagle Land: lower than for him of El Dorado: a great deal lower than for any bishop or clergyman: lower even than to that light and glory of the earth, the successful striker of Canadian "ile."

SIR JACOB ESCOMB!

He is a man of a commanding presence, tall, portly, dignified in bearing; he is about fifty-five years of age, a time when dignity is at its best; he has a large head, held a little back; hair still abundant, though streaked with grey; a big and prominent nose, great lips, and a long square chin. His eyes, you might say, did you not know him to be such a good man, are rather hard. Altogether, it is the face of a successful man, and of a man who knows how to get on in the world. The secret of that man is the secret which that other philanthropist, Voltaire, discovered pretty early in life and published for the benefit of humanity—it is that some men are anvils and some hammers, that it is better to be a hammer than an anvil; or, leaving the metaphorical method, that those who make money cannot pile it up fast unless they make it out of the labours of other men.

Sir Jacob knows everybody of any distinction. He shakes hands not only with the Bishop of Bamborough, but also with

him of Kensington; he is acquainted with Mr. Cassilis and already knows Mr. Gilead P. Beck. Sir John Sells, Sir Solomon Goldbeater, Sir Samuel Ingot, the Indian prince, Ek Rupiya Dao, and the Rajah Jeldee Ag Lao are all known to him, and the clergy are to a man reckoned as his private and intimate friends. Therefore, for the brief space which remains before dinner is announced, there is a general press to shake hands with this greatest of great men. Those who cannot do so feel small; I am one of the small.

Dinner! Welcome announcement.

I am placed at the lower end of the hall, the end where those sit who have least money. Sir Jacob, naturally, is near the Master. In the open space between the two ends of the great horse-shoe table is a piano—a Grand, of course. In the corner of the hall separated from us, the aristocratic diners, is a screen behind which you may hear, perhaps, the sounds of more plates and the voices of other guests. They are, in fact, the four singers and the pianoforte-player, who are, after dinner, to give us a small selection of ballad and glee music (printed for us in a little book in green and gold) between the speeches. They dine at the same time as ourselves, that is allowed; but not, if you please, in our sight. We all draw the line somewhere. In the City the line is drawn at professional musicians, people who play and sing for hire.

Grace, with a gratitude almost unctuous, from the chaplain.

Turtle, with punch. My next-door neighbour is a thin, tall man. From his general appearance, which suggests insatiable hunger, I am convinced that he is going to make a noble, an Enormous dinner. He does. He begins magnificently with three plates of turtle soup one after the other, and three glasses of iced punch. He has eaten and drunk enough at the very commencement of his dinner to keep an English labourer going the whole of one day, an Italian for two days, a Syrian for an entire week. What a great country this is where the power of eating expands with the means of procuring food! After the third plate of turtle he turns to me, and begins talking about Sir Jacob Escomb. "There is a man, sir," he says, "of whom we have reason to be proud. Don't talk to me of your lords—hereditary legislators: your bishops—ah! backstairs influence: and

your foreign counts and excellencies—counts and excellencies! A beggarly lot at home, no doubt. Our great men, sir, the backbone of wealthy England, are such men as Sir Jacob Escomb. Self-made, practical, with an eye always open for the main chance, full of energy, the director of a dozen different concerns."

"What are they, then?" I asked in my innocence, for though I had heard of this man, I knew not what soldiers call "his record."

"He is an ironmaster at Dolmen-in-Ravendale, he has the principal share in a coal-mine, he has a great office in the City, he is a gigantic contractor, he has built railways over half Europe."

"Pardon," said a foreigner opposite: "you are speaking of Sir Jacob Escomb? Would you point him out to me, this great man?"

We indicate the distinguished Englishman with not unnatural pride in our country. "A—ha!" said the foreigner, putting up his glasses. "That is the Sir Jacob Escomb who made our railways for us. *C'est très remarquable.*"

"Good railways, sir, no doubt," said the thin man. "You were very glad, I suppose, to get the great Sir Jacob?"

"Good? I do not know." The foreigner shrugged his shoulders. "They carry our troops, which was what we wanted. The cost was not many millions above the contract price. We borrowed all the millions for those railways from England. It is good of England to lend the world money to help carry troops, very good. I am glad to have seen this man—great in England."

"And with all his wealth," the thin man went on, helping himself largely to salmon, "such a good man!" He shook his head with an expression of envy. Who could aspire to so much goodness? It was more than one man's share.

I got no more conversation out of that thin man, because for two hours and a half he continued to eat steadily, which gave him no time for talk. And to drink! Let us do him justice. He drank with as much zeal as he ate, and with equal impartiality put down champagne—the Hammerers' champagne is not too dry—sauterne, chablis, madeira, hock, and sherry—they gave us manzanilla. A glass of port with the cheese—the port at the Hammerers' is generous and

fruity. More port with the desert: claret after that. Then more claret. He was indeed a truly zealous defender of City privileges, and ate and drank enough for twenty. I thought of poor old Ebenezer Grumbelow (whose history I have already narrated elsewhere), and how he would have envied this great and splendid appetite.

Presently the end of dinner actually arrived. Then the harmonious Four came out from behind their screen, having also well eaten and much drunken, and began to tootle, and we all talked together. The thin man on my left looked much thinner after his enormous dinner than before. This is a physiological peculiarity with thin men which has never been explained. Fat men expand with dinner. Thin men contract. He seized a decanter of port, and, with a big bunch of grapes, settled down to quiet enjoyment. The foreign person with the eye-glasses looked about him and asked who the illustrious guests were and what each had done.

"The Queen." There is no doubt about the Hammerers' loyalty. We are ready to die for our Sovereign to a man.

The harmonious Four chant "God save the Queen."

"The Army and the Navy." There is no doubt about the efficiency of both, because both the General, who has commanded an army, and the Admiral, who has hoisted his flag in the Mediterranean, both say so, and we receive their assurances with acclamation. "But your army is so very small," urges the person of foreign extraction, "and as for your fleet—why there are torpedoes. When you can put 500,000 men into the field, we shall begin to be a little afraid of you again. But, pardon me, nobody is afraid of England's little toy which she calls an army." Very odd that some foreign persons think so much of large armies and have such small belief in money.

"Her Majesty's Government." Cabinet Minister—Secretary of State for Internal Navigation—in reply, assures us that all is going on perfectly with the best of all possible Governments. Never anybody so able as the Chief, never any man so adroit as the Foreign Office man, never anything managed with such diplomatic skill as the Eastern Question. War, unfortunately, could not be prevented, but we are out of it—so far. British interests will be maintained with a

strong hand. Of that we may be quite sure. Meantime, we are preparing for the worst. Should the worst occur, which Heaven forbid!—he is perhaps revealing a State secret, but he may tell us that the forces are to be strengthened by five hundred men, and two new gunboats are now upon the stocks. (Rapturous applause.) We hammer the table, sure of our country. Says the foreign person, "The British interests mean, I think, whatever you can get people to give you without going to war. How long will you keep what you have got unless you fight for them. Two gunboats. Bah! Five hundred men. Bah!" The odd thing about foreigners is that they never appreciate the British belief in the honesty and generosity of their neighbours. That comes of being too civilised, perhaps. Other nations have to be educated up to the English level.

"Our illustrious guest, the Ambassador for Two Eagle Land." Nothing, it appears, is more certain than the firm friendship which exists between England and the illustrious guest's own country. That is most reassuring. "Friendship between two nations," says the absurd foreign critic opposite me, whose name is surely Machiavelli, "means that neither thinks itself strong enough to crush the other. You English," he goes on, "will always continue to be the friend of everybody, so long as you kindly submit everything to arbitration, because the arbitrators will always decide against you." It is very disagreeable, after dinner too, to hear such things spoken of one's country.

The musicians give us, "All among the Barley."

"The Church." The Bishop of Kensington bows courteously to him of Bam borough, as to an enemy whom one respects. The Bishop of Bam borough assures us of the surprising increase in the national love for the Church of England. We are overjoyed. This is a facer for Monseigneur of Kensington. Foreign person listens admiringly. "He is what you call 'Ritualist?'" he asks. "No; he is Evangelical." Ah! he does not understand these little distinctions. The Church does not interest him.

"The industries of England." Applause is rapturous, when Sir Jacob Escomb slowly rises to reply, and solemnly looks round the hall.

"So rich a man," says my friend on the left, who has eaten his grapes, cleared off a

plateful of early peaches, and is now tackling a dish of strawberries with his second decanter of port. He is thinner than ever. "So rich : and such a good man !"

"England," begins Sir Jacob, after a preamble of modesty, "is deservedly proud, not only of her industries, but also, if I, an employer of labour, be permitted to say so, of the men who have built up the edifice of British wealth. . . . And if this is so, what, I ask, is England's duty? To civilise, by means of that wealth ; to use that gold in doing Good." (Hear, hear !) "And how can the rich men of England do Good?" He lays tremendous emphasis on the word *good*, so much emphasis that it must be printed in capitals. "Are they, for instance, to go up and down the lanes and by-ways seeking for fit objects of relief? No. That, my lords and gentlemen, were to make an ironclad do the work of the captain's gig. Their business is, as I take it, to distribute cheques. Are people, anywhere, in suffering? Send a cheque. Are soldiers lying wounded on a field of battle? Shall we go to war with the lying and hypocritical Power which has caused the war, and prevent, if we can, a recurrence of the wickedness? No ; that is not the mission of England. Send a cheque. Is a society started for the Advancement of Humanity? I am glad to say that such a society is about to start, as I read in the papers,—for I have not myself any personal connection, as yet, with it,—under the presidency of that distinguished philanthropist, Lord Addlehed, whom I am proud to call my friend—send a cheque. The actual work of charity, philanthropy, and general civilisation is carried out for us, by proper officers, by the army of paid workmen, the secretaries, the curates, the surgeons, and such people. The man of wealth directs. Like the general, he does not lead the troops himself ; he sends them into battle. I go even farther," Sir Jacob leans forward very solemnly, "I say that the actual sight of suffering, disease, poverty, sorrow, brutality, wickedness, hunger, dirt, want of civilization generally, is revolting—simply revolting—to the man of wealth. His position must, and should, secure him from unpleasant sights. Let him hear of them ; and let him alleviate—it is his mission and his privilege—by means of his cheque."

There is so much benevolence in this as-

semblage that Sir Jacob's philanthropic speech is loudly applauded. Only the dreadful foreign person lifts his hands and shakes his head.

"By his cheque !" he repeats in admiration. "He will advance humanity—by his cheque. He will prevent wars—by his cheque. He will make us all good—by his cheque. He will convert nations—by his cheque. He will reconcile parties—by his cheque. He will make the priest love the Voltairean—by his cheque. *Enfin*, he will go to heaven—by his cheque. He is very great, Sir Jacob Escomb—a very, very great man."

"Sir," said the thin man on my left, who had now entered into the full enjoyment of his third decanter—this wine is really very generous and fruity, as I said before—probably wine of fifty-one—"he is more than great. There is no philanthropic, religious, or benevolent movement which is complete without Sir Jacob's name. There are many Englishmen of whom we are proud, because they have made so much money ; but there is none of whom it may be said, as is said of Sir Jacob, not only that he is so rich, but that he is SUCH a good man."

CHAPTER II.

GLORY AND GREATNESS.

THE breakfast-room of Sir Jacob Escomb's town house, one of the great houses on Campden Hill which stand in their own gardens, set about with trees, like houses a hundred miles away from the City, was a large and cheerful apartment, whose windows had a south aspect, while a conservatory on the east side intercepted the wind from that hateful quarter. It was furnished, like the whole of the house, with solidity. No new-fashioned gewgaws littered the rooms in Sir Jacob's house ; nor did the pseudo-antique rubbish carry the imagination back to the straight-backed times of Queen Anne. There were heavy carpets, heavy chairs, heavy tables, very heavy pictures of game and fruit, a massive mirror, in an immense and richly-chased gold frame, and a sideboard which looked like one mass of solid mahogany, built up out of a giant trunk

cut down in the forests of that Republican synonym for financial solidity and moral strength, Honduras.

Although the furniture is heavy, the sunshine of May—actually a fine day in May, without any east wind—streaming through the windows, the bright colours of painted glass and exotic flowers dazzling enough to be painted too, the small clear fire in the grate, and the white breakfast cloth, make the room cheerful by itself. It would be cheerful, you feel, even if it were weighted by the presence, the solitary presence, of the great Sir Jacob himself, portly, important, self-sufficient.

It is nine o'clock in the morning, and there are already two in the breakfast-room, Julian Carteret, Sir Jacob's ward, and Rose Escomb, Sir Jacob's niece. Stay; not two people; only one, as yet. Only Julian Carteret, reading the paper at one of the three windows.

There were once two Escomb brothers. The name of the elder was Jacob, that of the younger Peter. They were the children of a factory hand; they were put into the mill as soon as they could be of any use. They were, by some accident, a little better educated than most of the children round them. There was not much book-learning for them, to be sure, but they learned something; perhaps their father was a man with ambitious tendencies, whose development was checked by drink; perhaps they had a mother who cared for her boys beyond the care of most Lancashire factory women; this point in the history of the two Escombs is obscure, and has never been cleared up by any voluntary revelations on the part of Sir Jacob. "I have made my own way in the world," he is not ashamed to own. "I began with nothing, not even a good education. My father was a poor man; my grandfather and all before him are unknown to me." That was the general confession which any Christian might make. To go into particular confession, to poke about in one's memory for the details of forgotten poverty, the squalid house, one of a row of wretched red brick monotonous houses; the evenings, when the men were in drink and the women all speaking together on the curbstone, in that Shrews' Parliament, or Viragos' Convention, which met on every fine evening; the days in the factory, where

"All day the wheels are droning,
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn—our heads with pulses
burning,
And the walls turn in their places."

The absence of education, the rough words, rough food, harsh treatment—it is not pleasant even for a wealthy and respected baronet to recall these things. Therefore, and not, I believe, with any desire to hide his former poverty and its depths, which indeed only enhanced his present greatness, Sir Jacob did not go into details when he spoke of his childhood.

The most important thing about their education was, they both learned a lesson which our boys are more and more in all classes of society learning. Forty or fifty years ago it was not even understood. Consider the importance of it. It was the great, the precious, the never-to-be-sufficiently-impressed-upon-a-child Duty of Discontent. That the present position was a hard one; that it might be improved; that in this fair realm of England there is a career open to every one provided he is discontented with his lot—that was the lesson which the two brothers learned. It stimulated one to study, to work, to invention, to enterprise, as he grew older; it only fell upon the other like a dull clog round his neck, making him uneasy under his burdens, and unable to shake them off. In a word, the elder, Jacob, advanced in life; the younger, Peter, save that he became a foreman, remained where he was. That is generally the way with things; the same teaching produces entirely different effects. What made Jacob rich, only made his brother unhappy.

Both brothers married. Peter led to the altar a woman in the same station of life as himself. He imparted to her his grand secret of discontent, and they both lived in great unhappiness together for twenty years. They had several children, but what with bad smells and bad milk, the infants all died except one, a girl, whom they named Rose. Rose was a bright, healthy girl, who at thirteen or so was rather a hoyden, which mattered little in those circles; fond of playing with John Gower, who was two or three years older than herself, whenever John could find time to play with her; not plagued with much learning, but sharp and clever. Before she was fourteen, something—say those bad smells—carried off both her pa-

rents, besides a whole batch of friends. In fact, half the street migrated to the other world as if with one consent. Those smells were really too overpowering. Anything was better than a continuation of such a nuisance ; so they all went away, leaving their children, husbands, wives, and friends behind. Old and young went away together. Among those who stayed behind was little Rose Escomb, whose uncle, the grand and prosperous Jacob, sent for her to be educated under his own superintendence, and to be adopted by him. Jacob, now exalted to the rank of baronet, married a good deal later than his brother Peter. In fact, it was not till he was past forty that he began to think of the step at all. He was already a wealthy and well-considered man, with plenty of that Discontent hanging about him still. He chose his wife for prudential rather than for amatory considerations. He found a certain widow with a property, all her own, of thirty thousand pounds in the Funds. She was his own age, of good family connections, of good temper, with an extremely high opinion of herself, and with excellent manners ; just the woman to put at the head of his table. The money was all settled upon herself.

Lady Escomb took a great fancy to her niece, this half wild uneducated girl from Lancashire. She sent her to school, the best school she could find. She was kind to her in the vacations ; and had the good sense when she died, which unhappy event took place a year or two before the time of my story (that is, about the year 1874), to leave all her money to Rose, on the sole condition that she married with the consent of Sir Jacob. If she failed to keep that condition, the thirty thousand pounds were all to go back to her husband.

All this brings me back to the breakfast-room on Campden Hill, and we will take the opportunity, Julian Carteret being there alone, of looking at him.

A strong face, you would say ; a face with regular features, and those not weak ; clear-cut nostrils, square forehead, firm lips, and a square chin, which is perhaps a little too long ; the hair curly and short, after the fashion of the time, a heavy moustache and shaven chin, with short, square whiskers ; dressed in the regulation style, which is that of the last year of grace, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six. A good-natured face, too, brimming over with peace and con-

tentment, and just now full of *malice*, which is French for fun, because the owner hears steps in the room, and knows whose the steps are, and waits for what acrostic readers call more light, that is to say, for information of what the owner of the steps has done, where she has been, and what she thinks about things in general. The steps are, in fact, those of Rose. She wears a riding-habit, because she has just returned from her early ride in the Park. A pretty girl, a very pretty girl, indeed ; a girl calculated to make the hearts of young men to dance, and the pulses of fogies to quicken ; a girl of nineteen, the age when womanhood and girlhood meet, and one feels the charms of both ; the innocence and freshness of the one, with the assurance and self-reliance of the other.

It is Rose Escomb's second season. I do not know what hearts she broke in her first campaign, but I do know that she came out of it scatheless herself. Perhaps Julian Carteret, who went through it with her, knows the secret of her escape. Not that they are lovers ; not at all ; but they have been a good deal together for the last year and a half or thereabouts. Julian belongs to the house, in a way ; it is a great thing for him to sleep in the house when he pleases, to dine there if he pleases, to feel that luncheon is spread for him as well as for Rose and Mrs. Sampson, who is Rose's chaperon in ordinary ; also, it is not unpleasant to feel a kind of protectorate over the girl, acquired by this constant companionship. But in love ? Rose would be the first to laugh at such a notion ; to laugh first, and to become a little thoughtful afterwards, because, when you come really to think of it, Julian is very nice, much nicer and cleverer than most young men. But then Julian is—well, nobody at Campden Hill even looks on Julian Carteret as a marrying man. He is Sir Jacob's ward, too ; and it matters nothing, of course, to Rose whether he marries or whether he does not.

Julian became Sir Jacob's ward through a second-cousinship, or something of that kind, with Lady Escomb. He is, like Rose, an orphan, and Sir Jacob is his guardian and sole trustee. By the terms of an uncle's will he has an allowance of five hundred pounds a year until his twenty-fifth birthday, when he is to come into full possession of the very handsome fortune of seventy thousand pounds which his father was good enough

to save up for him. The extension of the period of wardship until five-and-twenty is explained in the will. "And whereas it is my desire that my nephew and heir, Julian Carteret, shall not have the excuse of extreme youth to plead should he waste his patrimony in debauchery or folly, and because I hope he will use the four years between twenty-one and twenty-five in the acquisition of sound and useful knowledge in gaining experience and prudence, and in laying down a plan for the future conduct of his life, I will that his fortune should be held in trust for him by Sir Jacob Escomb, Baronet, and shall not be handed over to him until the day when he arrives at his twenty-fifth birthday. And until that date he shall receive the sum of five hundred pounds a year, paid quarterly, from the said Sir Jacob Escomb, Baronet."

As a student, perhaps, Julian Carteret has not been an unqualified success. He went through Cambridge quietly and without any kind of distinction: he was called to the bar two years after taking his degree, but he did not propose to practise, and had but a limited acquaintance with the English law: he had travelled a good deal: he had a great many friends, and very few enemies, which is the general rule with good-natured men: his aims, if he had any, lay in the direction of personal ease and comfort: he abhorred trouble or worry: he despised benevolence as he saw it in Sir Jacob Escomb: and he would fain have lived in a land where there were no poor people, no noisy people, no canting people, no active people: where the servants should move noiselessly: where there should be plenty of Art accessible: and where he could set up his lathe and work quietly. For the one thing this young man cared for in the way of work was mechanism. He was a born mechanic. Reuben Gower, Sir Jacob's secretary, often compared his hand, which was broad and strong, with his own. Both, he said, were the hands of mechanics. And he could do cunning things with his lathe.

Rose sees him sitting in the window, and steals softly so that he shall not see her—but he does see her, or rather feels that she is in the room and near him—and throws her handkerchief over his eyes. "I know that is Rose," said Julian, lazily, behind the handkerchief. "No one but Rose could have the impudence to blind my eyes."

"Tell me, blindfold, what you have been reading," says Rose. "Repeat the leading article by heart."

"That is very easy, because, in this paper, it is always the same thing. England is to be swallowed up by the Russians first, the Germans next, and the French afterwards. What little remains of us will be taken by the Japanese."

"That is rubbish," said Rose, taking the handkerchief from his eyes. "Do you like this rose? I just picked it in the conservatory."

"The manliness is gone out of Englishmen," Julian went on in a sing-song tone, "the honesty out of English merchants, the enterprise out of English brains, the fair day's work for a good day's pay can no longer be got out of English workmen, and—ah! this is more dreadful than anything else—the beauty of English girls is a thing of the past."

"I wonder if it pays to write that kind of thing?" said Rose; "because, you know, it is too desperately silly. And yet some people must believe it; otherwise, I suppose, the very clever men who write for newspapers would not have written it. Tell me, sir, is the beauty gone away from—me?"

There was no need to reply. If there was any exception wanted by which to prove the rule of the pessimist paper, Rose Escomb would have furnished that exception. She has thrown off her hat, and her light hair, blue eyes, sunny face, and slender figure are well set off by the black riding-habit, which becomes her so well. In her hand she carries a rose-bud, which she is "trying on" in her hair, at her neck, in her waist, wherever a girl can stick a rose.

Julian rises slowly—he is a very lazy young man—and surveys his guardian's niece with indolent gratification. Perhaps if he did not see her every day there might be a little more vivacity in his tone:

"For a picture, Rose," he says, "for a single picture of a young lady, I don't know where to find a better study than you. You would do for one of those things which they sell in shops—young lady—you know—coloured photograph. You might be tapping at a door with a letter in your hand; or standing on a chair, with gracefully trailing skirt, to feed a bird; or musing in a garden, also with a letter in your hand—'Yes, or no?' or in a field, blowing off the petals of a daisy—'Is it he?' or in any of the attitudes

which you see in the shop-windows. A girl might win fainter praise than that, Rose. You would look well in a picture, but I like you out of a picture best."

"Thank you for so much," said Rose. "How is it you are up so early, Lazy Lawrence?"

"Woke," he replied, with a faint yawn. "Remembered, all of a sudden, that you would be going for your morning canter; thought I would go too—sunny day—breezy in the Park—freshen a man; got up—came down. Thought better of it when I was down—thought of the fatigue. Been reading the paper instead."

"You are really a Lazy Lawrence. What are you going to do all day—sit on the sofa and think about what the paper says?"

"Fulfil the condition of my uncle's will," he replied solemnly—"I am going to study."

She laughed.

"His uncle gives him all his fortune on the condition that he studies until he is five and twenty."

"And he does study."

"In order that he may choose his career at a comparatively mature age."

"He has chosen his career," says Julian, sitting down again.

"Have you really, Julian?" She is surprised by the announcement. "What is it? Are you going to be a great statesman, I wonder, or a great lawyer, or a great—no, you can't be a great theologian!"

"No," said Julian, "no; I do not think I shall be a great theologian."

"A great philanthropist, perhaps, like—"

"Like your uncle, Sir Jacob? No, no; I hardly think I should look well on a platform spouting to the waxy faces of Exeter Hall. Why are good people always wax-and-putty-faced? You shall guess my career, Rose."

"I cannot, Julian. Give it me by weekly instalments in double acrostics, with a prize at the end of the quarter, and a big dictionary to guess the words with, and I will try."

"Listen, then; maiden, hear my tale."

Julian sat as dramatically as the position allows. "I was to prolong my studies till twenty-five. It wants three weeks to my twenty-fifth birthday—you know how hard I have studied—then I come into my fortune—which does not look, by the way, nearly so big now as it did when one was further off—and I choose my career."

"What studies!" laughed Rose. "Oh, wicked pretender!"

"My uncle did not specify my studies, so I chose them to please myself. From eighteen to twenty-one I studied at Cambridge: there I learned how men look at things, and how they talk about them; also I learned how to play whist, racquets, tennis, and loo—all athletic and valuable games; learned to row—a most useful accomplishment; learned to bet—a safeguard against rogues and turf-sharpers; and forgot what I had learned at school, down to examination-point—that was a good deal of useless information well got rid of. I also learned how to get into debt."

"Go on, most industrious of students."

"At twenty-one I came up to town. I have since learned very little, because the University of Cambridge, rightly and intelligently used, as I used it, really does, as they say, finish one's education. After three years there, I had no more to learn. But one can put into practice what one has learned. To satisfy the clauses of the will I became a law-student, and have never since opened a law-book; and, to get through the time, I have been globe-trotting—all round the world in a hundred and twenty days. Now the time has come, and with it the career—the Time, the Man, and the Career."

"Well?"

"The Career, Rose, is—to do nothing—a Nothing-doer—a Waster of the golden years—an Idler by profession. Other men may become members of Parliament, and sit up all night listening to dreary talk, and for their pains get abused by the papers—not Julian Carteret; other men may waste their time writing books, and for their pains get down-cried and misrepresented by the critics—not Julian Carteret; other men may wade through dull law-books and wrangle in courts of law, and for their pains scrape money together to spend after the time of enjoyment has gone by—not Julian Carteret; others may work and pile up money in trade for their children to spend—not Julian Carteret. And then, there is the new profession—that of the man who goes about doing good—"

"Julian, you must not sneer at philanthropy."

"Doing good: standing on a platform to talk; getting up after dinner to talk; giving money and supporting societies; mixing

with the snuffy women who want to 'hel-lup,' as they call it; talking their cant with the broken-down adventurers who live on the charitable world; content to enjoy such a reputation as that kind of thing can give—pah! the unreality of it, my dear Rose, the unreality of it!"

"But there are exceptions, Julian—my uncle, for instance——"

"Oh, your uncle, of course." Julian laughs a little short laugh. "Everybody knows what a good man he is. But I cannot follow him, even at a distance. No, Rose; my career will be, to do good to myself alone. I shall have a town house—not a very big one—one of the houses, say, in Chester Square; and I shall go away every winter to Sicily, to Southern Italy, to some of the places where there is no winter, but, instead, a season where the sun is only pleasantly warm and the flowers are sweetest. There I shall live undisturbed by cackle, cant, or care, amid such art as I can afford, and such artistic people as one can get together, and so by their help gather from every hour its one supreme rapture. I shall live for pleasure, Rose; all the rest is a flam—a humbug—a windbag—whatever you like!"

"Julian, that is a selfish life. You must not forget the duties. I won't say anything about doing good, Julian, if you dislike the phrase; but there are the poor, whom we have always with us."

"Yes," he replied irreverently, "that is just what I dislike. The poor! They belong to a different world: *they* work, *we* play; they wake up tired and go to bed more tired, we wake up refreshed and go to bed happy; they toil for their masters, we neither toil nor spin. We are like the lilies of the field. There is but one life in this world for all of us, rich or poor. Make the most of it: you who are rich, get what you can out of every moment; let there be no single day unremembered for lack of its distinctive joy; keep your heart shut to the suffering which you do not see and did not cause; never think of the future——"

"Oh, Julian," Rose interrupted him, "is that the creed of a Christian?"

Julian shrugged his shoulders.

"*Je suis philosophe*," he said. "Well—but there is one thing wanting in my life, Rose. I have planned it all out, and I find that

it won't do without one little alteration. You see, Rose—you see—you see, it never does do to live alone—not good for man, as you have often read—and I want, to complete the ideal life—a partner!"

Rose was startled.

"I must go and take off my riding-habit," she said.

"Not for a moment, dear Rose. How long have you been staying with your uncle? Six years since you came here—wild-eyed, timid Lancashire lass of fourteen; and since your last home-coming from school a year and a half. We have been together, you and I, pretty well all that time. Do you think you know me well enough, Rose—well enough for me to put one more question to you?"

She was silent, and he took her hand.

"One more question, dear Rose. You know what it is going to be. Could you be my partner in that ideal life?"

She hesitated; then she looked at him with frank, clear eyes, which went straight to his heart.

"Julian, I *could* not live that life that you have sketched—a life without either sympathy or duty."

"You would not be happy with me—and with love? Speak, dear; tell me the truth."

"I should be—O Julian!"—he drew her gently to himself, and her head fell upon his breast—"I should be too happy; I should forget the people from whom I sprang. You know who my father was, Julian—a poor mill-hand once, and never more than a foreman. I belong to the poor: I must do what I can for my own class. I am only a jay dressed in borrowed plumes—only half a lady."

"Is that all, dear Rose? You are afraid of the ideal life? Why, you could never, never go back to the old Lancashire days; you have grown out of them; you no more belong to the people now than I do."

"But still I am afraid of your ideal life—all enjoyment."

"Then I give up my ideal life. Let it all go—art, pictures, sunny slopes of Sicily, vineyards, villagers dancing, flowers, and *contadine*. Rose and love are worth them all. We will live in England if you like, even through the east wind, and I will give you a cheque for your poor people every day. That is what Sir Jacob says is the only way to practise

charity. See, here is his speech at the dinner last night of the Hammerers' Company, with a leading article on the subject."

But she shook her head.

"You may give them money, and ruin their self-respect. What you must give them, if you want to help them, is—yourself."

"Dear Rose! I will even do that, if you will give—yourself—to me."

She made no reply, but she made no resistance when he drew her closer and touched her face with his lips.

Then he let her go, and they started asunder guiltily.

Ten o'clock strikes as a big footman brings in breakfast. They are not early people at this town-house, but they are punctual. At a quarter to ten, prayers, read by Sir Jacob to all the household; at ten, breakfast.

Steps outside. Lovers like a peaceful solitude. When they hear steps they start asunder, like a couple of spooning turtle-doves.

Ten o'clock is striking as a footman brings in breakfast. He is a very big footman, and of majestic deportment. We are not early people at Sir Jacob Escomb's, because there is so much to do at night that we get to bed, as a rule, late. But we are punctual. Prayers at a quarter to ten, conducted by the chief, no other; breakfast at ten.

Perhaps, when Charles Plush, the big and solemn footman, opened the door, he saw something which awakened his suspicions; perhaps it was an accident. In either case, the fact remains that the fall and smash of a cup and saucer caused that couple to separate hastily. Rose thought she had been discovered, when Charles opened the door, arranging flowers in a vase; Julian, that he had been found reading the morning paper. The best of us are but purblind mortals.

In a certain hotel in a certain watering-place, whither newly-engaged and newly-married couples do much resort, and where, such is the contagion of the atmosphere, people often get engaged, it is said that the waiters have strict orders *always, and without any exception whatever*, to announce their presence outside the door, and before opening it, by dropping a plate. It is a thoughtful rule, and has saved many a blush to the cheek of the young person. Perhaps Charles had been a waiter at that establishment. If not, the expedient did equal credit to his head and to his heart. The damage done to the crockery in the hotel of which I speak

is always charged in the bill, and no objection has ever been raised to the item, except once, by a Scotchman, who was dining with an aged aunt. He paid it, however, after grumbling, with the remark that it was "just too rideeculous."

Breakfast brought in, Sir Jacob and Mrs. Sampson followed.

"Not at prayers, Rose?" says the good man severely, as she salutes him.

"Not at prayers my love?" echoes Mrs. Sampson, her companion and chaperon.

"No, uncle, I came in from my ride, found Julian here, and did not know it was so late."

"Good morning, Julian. You, too, might have remembered the hour for family worship."

Julian said nothing.

Sir Jacob looked through the papers during breakfast often, to see whether his own speeches were properly reported. This morning he was gratified in finding his remarks at the Hammerers' Dinner reported in full, with a leading article on "English Benevolence." There were no debates, and the columns were open to philanthropic outpourings, to correspondence, and to general palaver. The papers despatched, he turned to the letters, of which a pile of thirty or forty lay at his elbow. Those which related to business he laid aside, to be taken into the City; those which were concerned with the "doing of good," he kept before him, and read one by one, with verbal comments.

"We take holiday, Mrs. Sampson," he says—"thank you, a slice of toast—but the good work never ceases. Always demands for money—money—money. Lady Smallbeer, her Nursing Institute. General Screw-loose, his Home for the Healthy. A lady once in easy circumstances, a new church, new organ for old church, surplices for choristers. Pensions for Evangelical Parish Clerks' Society; the Beadles' Benevolent Building Society; Protest of the Aborigines Protection Act against the thrashing of a Fantee by a serjeant, during the late Ashantee War—. Well, well, these are the daily letters of a philanthropist. The luxury of doing good is tempered by its labours. I have a platform at twelve, a luncheon at two, a committee at four, a dinner, unless I can get off it, at seven."

"We all know, Sir Jacob, the enormous, the incalculable claims upon the time of a public man, who is also a philanthropist."

"It is true, Mrs. Sampson," said Sir Jacob, laying his hand heavily on the table, partly, perhaps, to attract the attention of Rose and Julian, who were talking in low tones at the other side of the table, "most true, Mrs. Sampson; and yet, you would hardly believe it, madam, I was yesterday solicited to stand for Parliament."

"Nay, Sir Jacob," said Mrs. Sampson, "not the Lower House? I trust you know your own worth too well to become a member of the Commons."

The compliment went home. The Baronet bowed, because he had nothing to say, and was, indeed, too much pleased to find immediate words. He returned to his tea and toast and letters. The Lower House! The Upper House! Why not? Sir Jacob Escomb, Baronet, owner, nay, creator, of the great works of Dolmen, in Ravendale. Why should he not become Baron Dolmen of Ravendale? The thought was new, and for the moment bewildering. Jacob, first Baron Dolmen of Ravendale! with, unfortunately, no sons to inherit. But the title might be passed on to Rose and her husband, and their children.

He looked at Julia Carteret and smiled.

"Your speech of last night, Sir Jacob," said Mrs. Sampson, glancing through the paper, "has given rise to much comment."

"Ay, ay; and yet a simple speech."

"There is a leading article upon it here, I see. Respectful in its tone, even if hardy, or rather, audacious, in its criticism. For the kind of thing, Sir Jacob, perhaps it might amuse you."

Mrs. Sampson spoke as if the paper which would venture to criticise Sir Jacob was presumptuous beyond expression, and as if the only right thing was for writers of leading articles to receive humbly the crumbs of wisdom which might fall from such a great man, and to go lowly, upon hands and knees, before this Golden Calf and other Golden Calves.

Sir Jacob took the paper from her, and read the article.

Mrs. Sampson, the lady who occupied the position of—not housekeeper, not matron—say, President of the Domestic Department to Sir Jacob, was a person apparently about forty years of age, young-looking for her years, with a soft voice, bright eyes, and a full, comfortable figure. She was doubly a widow, having lost two husbands, and she

looked as if she was ready to imperil the life of a third. A pleasant, good-natured, happy-tempered widow. She thought, quite honestly, that Sir Jacob was the best and wisest man in all the world.

Before breakfast was finished, a card was brought to Sir Jacob.

"Mr. Bodkin," heread, through his double eye-glasses; "'Mr. Theophilus Bodkin.'" Helaid wondering emphasis on the Christian name.

"Henry Theophilus Bodkin, Sir Jacob," said Mrs. Sampson, with a sigh. "You have seen my old friend, Henry Bodkin—his second name is Theophilus—an admirer, from a distance, of your philanthropic devotion."

"Henry Bodkin? I believe I do remember him. Charles, I will see Mr. Bodkin here."

If any one, that morning, had been asked to describe Mr. Bodkin, he would begin by comparing his face with that of Swift's mute, who, the more his master raised his wages, the jollier he looked. There was an enforced and compulsory gravity, battling with a strong, natural disposition to laugh and be happy, which showed that something good, something unexpected had happened to the man. He was dressed in a suit of solemn black, of almost clerical cut, and looked a clergyman very nearly, save that he wore a black tie. He was apparently between forty and fifty; his face was clean shaven, and his hair was turning a little grey.

He made a deep bow to the philanthropist.

"Sir Jacob Escomb," he began, with a voice of great solemnity, "I have come thus early in the hope of seeing you without wasting your time." Then he saw Mrs. Sampson. "Lav——, I mean, Mrs. Sampson, I hope you are well. Miss Rose, I am your most humble servant. Mr. Carteret, I trust you, too, are in good health."

"Have you taken orders, Bodkin?" asked Julian. "The last time I saw you, I think you were——"

Mr. Bodkin waved his hand with a deprecatory gesture.

"Never mind the last time, Mr. Carteret; we must not waste Sir Jacob's moments. He is not interested in the circumstances of that interview."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Sampson. "Let me give you another cup of tea, Sir Jacob."

"I come here, Sir Jacob," Mr. Bodkin began again, "as a delegate. I am, in fact, commissioned by Lord Addlehedeh—you know his lordship?"

"Surely; we all know that excellent nobleman."

"He is the President of our new society—my new society," he looked at Mrs. Sampson with something like a wink, "for the General Advancement of Humanity. Of this noble society I have the honour to be the secretary. Lord Addlehedeh came to the office early this morning—in fact, before canonical—I mean, office hours. Fortunately I was there. He held in his hand, Sir Jacob, a copy of this morning's paper, in which is reported your speech at the Hammerers' Company."

"Ay, ay?" asked Sir Jacob. "Yes: they are reported. And yet my words were hardly intended to go beyond the circle of their hearers."

"Sir Jacob's words," murmured Mrs. Sampson, "are too precious to be lightly heard and tossed away. They must be treasured up."

"You are very good to say so, Mrs. Sampson. Pray go on, Mr. Bodkin. Will you not take a chair?"

"Thank you, Sir Jacob. As a Delegate or Deputation, it is perhaps more fitting that I should stand. Lord Addlehedeh called my attention to the startling fact that you had actually alluded to the newly-formed Society. 'You must instantly, Bodkin,' said his lordship, 'secure Sir Jacob. Go to him with my compliments. Catch him before he starts for the City. He must be had before we move a step further.' So, Sir Jacob, I am here —"

"Yes," Sir Jacob spoke slowly. "To give the weight of my name, if indeed it has any weight"—here he smiled, while Mrs. Sampson and Mr. Bodkin murmured. Julian and Rose, breakfast finished, were standing among the flowers in the conservatory—"since, then, it *has* some weight, is a serious and even a solemn thing. You propose a Society for the General Advance of Humanity—an advance along the whole line, I suppose. But you will have to select points at which to commence."

"Lord Addlehedeh has suggested the British Cabman. We are to begin the improvement of humanity by improving the cabman."

"Yes." Sir Jacob still spoke thoughtfully. "Who are on your committee?"

"At present, Lord Addlehedeh only; but here is the general prospectus, with a few suggested names." Mr. Bodkin drew a paper out of a well-stuffed pocket-book.

"Yes—yes. The Bishop of Cackle and Mull—a good man. Sir Chirpington Babbie, a sound speaker. The Hon. Gushington Gatheral—I have frequently stood on the same platform with Mr. Gatheral. Major Borington—I think you have made a mistake here, Mr. Bodkin," said Sir Jacob. "Major Borington is a man who uses, I fear, philanthropy for purposes of self-advancement. He has pushed himself into a—a certain kind of notoriety by platform oratory."

"Indeed, Sir Jacob—really—had Lord Addlehedeh only known it. But it is not yet too late. The Major has not been formally invited. Lord Addlehedeh thought he was a leader among the philanthropic world."

"It is not too late," said Sir Jacob, thoughtfully. "There are many men, I am afraid, like Major Borington, who climb the ladder of reputation by an assumption of benevolence."

"Surely, Sir Jacob," Mrs. Sampson expostulated, "there cannot exist such men. Pray take another cup of tea."

"Ladies, madam, are not versed, naturally, in the arts of ambitious men." He spoke as if his own reputation for philanthropy were founded on a solid and disinterested basis quite beyond suspicion of selfish ends. "However—about the management of the Society, Mr. Bodkin."

"We have secured a first floor in a commanding position in Queen Victoria Street. Lord Addlehedeh has signed the agreement. We have furnished our two rooms solidly. Lord Addlehedeh has bought the furniture. We have had our brass plate put up at the door. Our prospectus is in the press. We begin with a hundred thousand, and keep the type standing: and while I am here five-and-twenty girls are writing addresses for us on wrappers at sixpence a hundred."

"That looks well. And what will your own salary be?"

"I am to begin with—ahem!—with five hundred a year, paid quarterly, in advance. Lord Addlehedeh has advanced the first quarter's stipend."

Mr. Bodkin slapped his pocket with a

cheerfulness which was undignified, but which he could not wholly subdue.

"Ah! It is moderate for an energetic man. And are there any other—advantages in the position?"

"We *have* agreed, Lord Addlehed and myself," Mr. Bodkin replied, with a little hesitation, "on a commission—merely nominal—of seven and a half per cent. on all donations. We expect very large support. It is nothing less, Sir Jacob, than an organized attempt to civilise the world. Nothing like organisation in all charitable and benevolent attempts. As you yourself said, Sir Jacob, in your admirable speech of last night, 'Let the men of wealth assist the good cause—with a cheque.' To you, no doubt, it would be revolting to witness the depths from which we propose to rescue the British cabman. You, Sir Jacob, could not be expected, as our agents will have to do, to follow the cabman from the mud of the rank to the—the mire of the mews: from the mire of the mews to—alas!—to the public-house: from the public-house to his stably home above the mews."

"Certainly not," said Sir Jacob, with dignity.

"And therefore, Sir Jacob, I am deputed by Lord Addlehed to invite you to join him in forwarding the Society."

"You may put down my name, Mr. Bodkin."

"Certainly, Sir Jacob." The secretary produced his notebook and pencil. "Certainly, Sir Jacob. For how much?"

"As one of the Vice-Presidents, Mr. Bodkin." Sir Jacob gathered up his papers. "I shall perhaps not return to dinner, Mrs. Sampson, unless I can escape my engagement. Good-morning, madam. Good-morning to you, Mr. Bodkin."

"Lavinia!" escaped from the impassioned lips of the secretary, almost before the door was closed.

"Henry, is this real?"

"Real, Lavinia! Is this prospectus real? Is this cheque—pay to the order of Theophilus Bodkin, Esq., one hundred pounds—on Coutts and Co.—signed Addlehed—is that real? Look at the cheque. Observe the Coutts and Co.—Coutts and Co.—Coutts and Co. in small writing all over this delicious and artistic piece of paper."

"Oh, Henry!" There was a languishing

softness in Mrs. Sampson's tones which suggested bygone passages.

"You look younger, Lavinia"—Mr. Bodkin stood a little way off, looking at the lady with a critical air—"younger than ever. There are some women who improve, like Stilton cheese, by keeping. Others, again, go off like—like beer kept standing in a mug."

"And there are some men, Henry——"

"You think so, Lavinia? Do you really think so? To be sure, I am not getting bald, like some young fellows of five-and-forty. And I'm not very grey, considering."

"Henry Bodkin, you are looking better and stronger than you did ten years ago when I saw you just before I——" Here she put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Before you married your second, Lavinia. It was a cruel blow. I always looked forward to being your second."

"We must blame fortune, Henry. It was just then that you failed in the coal agency line."

Mr. Bodkin shook his head.

"Pardon, Lavinia. The coal failure was before you married your first. On the last occasion, if you remember, I had just become bankrupt in my select Commercial Academy. Ah! that scholastic institution. There, indeed, the corporal punishments were like Cook's Tours, because they were personally conducted, and always by the principal. It is an ennobling thought. But it is all real, Lavinia. The Society is as safe as the Bank. Lord Addlehed is good for the salary and the rent. *Ritolo de rol*——. If need be, I will hire a cabman, the most profligate of cabmen that can be found, and pay him by results, as he improves. We shall have the gratitude of all the Bishops on the Bench. And now, Lavinia, the obstacles are removed. For the first time in my career there is a permanent income before me. The first and the second are both gone—pardon my abruptness. Sensitive being! My Lavinia weeps. We will take a cottage on the banks of the silver Surrey Canal. There will our lives glide away——"

Mrs. Sampson rose to meet the ardour of her glowing love, and fell, hiding her blushes, upon his shoulder.

"Do you remember," he said, "when you heard my first declaration of love—when I was twenty-four and you were twenty-two!"

"Eighteen, Henry. You are thinking of the second."

"We were sitting by the edge of the canal, near the coal wharf of your late lamented papa, and the setting sun was streaking with rays of red and gold, like a mixture of beetroot and yellow lettuce, the cordage and sails of your papa's fleet, five splendid barges lying at anchor on the bosom of the pellucid stream."

"I remember," murmured Mrs. Sampson. By this time she had resumed her seat and wonted tranquillity, though she allowed her lover to hold her hand. "It was the sweetest moment of my life."

"We compared the barges to the Spanish Armada. It was when I was beginning life, after a romantic and agitated youth, as travelling agent for Pipkin's Compound Patent Pills. 'Pipkin,' I said, when we parted—Pipkin was in temper, I remember. 'Pipkin,' the worst your worst enemy can wish for you is that you may take a box of your own pills."

"I thought you were in the self-opening umbrella business at the time?"

"Afterwards, my dear Lavinia. At the moment I was saturated with pills; I breathed pills; I dreamed of pills. If I made poetry, it was in praise of Pipkin's pills. You had to throw me over—your faithful Bodkin—and accept old Mr. Chiltern, with his five hundred a year—took the Chiltern Hundreds."

Mrs. Sampson sighed gently, and wiped away a tear to the memory of the defunct.

"Poor dear Mr. Chiltern! He was the best, the gentlest of souls. We always helped him to bed, the cook and I, every night, after his fourth tumbler of gin and water. I shall never see such a man again."

"I hope not, my dear. And when he was gone, when I was manager of the company for making new bricks out of old, you pledged me your hand again—and again the cup was dashed from my lips—for the company smashed up, and you married—Sampson."

Again the pocket-handkerchief.

"Poor Augustus!" she sighed. "He had bad temper, it is true. We all have our faults."

"Temper!" echoed Mr. Bodkin. "Was there a chair with four legs left when he broke a bloodvessel in a rage and went off? Did a week ever pass without his being summoned

for assaulting somebody, or breaking the peace somehow? But we will not talk of Augustus Sampson, Lavvy; we will name the day—the blushing morn—that makes you mine."

"Always the same—impetuous—eager—Henry. Shall we say—when your Society is established and your position secure?"

Love in a woman who has been twice a widow is never superior to prudential considerations. I believe that is a maxim held by all who know the sex.

"That is already secure, Lavinia," he said.

But she shook her head.

"With my own two hundred settled on me by thoughtful Mr. Chiltern," she said, "and your five hundred, we could live in a fairly comfortable way, though the change from this abode of luxury would be a great loss at first. Still, for your sake, Henry—And, besides, our dear Rose might marry—indeed, I think that Mr. Carteret is here too often unless he means honourable proposals."

Phrase of the more *banales*, as the French would say. But then Mrs. Sampson was not by birth, education, or marriage lifted above the phrases of vulgarity. And, indeed, Julian Carteret and Rose returned just then to the morning-room. It is well known that the gardens on Campden Hill are like the gardens of country-houses for extent and beauty. No doubt they had been talking botany among the flowers. That is a science, it is well known, which brightens the eyes, puts colour in the cheeks, and lights the smiles that lie in dimples round girlish lips. At least it had that effect upon Rose.

"He's gone," said Julian, irreverently. "How did you get on with him, Bodkin? Screwed a ten-pound note out of him for a new Society, Rose?"

"Mr. Bodkin was just beginning when we went into the garden."

"You see before you," Julian went on, "the secretary of the new Society for the General Advance of Humanity. Formerly —"

"Never mind the formerly, Mr. Carteret," interposed Mr. Bodkin, hastily. "We all of us have our ups and downs. This is an up. Yes, Miss Rose, behold the secretary—at your feet, metaphorically—of the new Society, of which Sir Jacob is one of the vice-presidents. Fellowship open to ladies—one guinea per annum. Will you become a Fel-

low? You can write on your cards, Miss Escomb, F.S.A.H., or at full length, Fellow of the Society for the Advancement of Humanity. The letters will be much coveted; Sir Jacob Escomb, Baronet, V.P.S.A.H., will look well, I think."

"If my uncle is a vice-president," said Rose, laughing, "the least I can do is to become a Fellow. One guinea?" She took out her purse. "Will you take the money now, Mr. Bodkin?"

Out came note-book and pencil.

"Certainly, Miss Escomb, certainly; with the greatest pleasure. Lord Addlehedede will be much gratified. One guinea, Miss Escomb—commission seven and a half per cent.—one shilling and sixpence three farthings. There have been days with Bodkin when that sum would have represented his dinner bill. Those days are gone by, happily; and yet their uncertainties were not without a charm. Thank you, Miss Escomb. Receipt—signed, H. Theophilus Bodkin."

"Theophilus!" said Julian; "it used to be plain Henry. Why have you changed your name with your trade? When I knew you before—"

"Never mind before, Mr. Carteret; we live in the present. What is the past? Gone—phew!—blown away. Let it be forgotten. We live entirely in the present. To be sure, Lav—I mean Mrs. Sampson—remembers me as Henry; that is a name of childhood. We grew up together, Miss Escomb, Mrs. Sampson and I, among the violets and primroses of the Surrey Canal. I was Henry—she was Lavinia. I was Paul—she was Virginia. Excuse these early romantic recollections." He looked at his watch. "Half-past twelve; and I have to meet Lord Ad-

dlehedede at a quarter past one at the office—our office—the new office in Queen Victoria Street, where five and twenty girls, all of them young, some of them beautiful, are at present addressing our wrappers at sixpence a hundred. I sit among them like the Sultan in his seraglio."

"Henry!"

"Lav—I mean Mrs. Sampson."

"Remember that you are a Christian."

"I do; I always shall, now that the Society is started. Good-morning, Miss Rose, lately elected Fellow—F.S.A.H. Good morning." He bowed cheerily. "Mrs. Sampson—Lavinia," he whispered, "I may see you again—when?"

"I will walk with you, Bodkin," said Julian. "Au revoir, Rose; I shall see you this afternoon—at five?"

"Were I a married man, Mr. Carteret," said Bodkin, outside, "I would not bring a boy up as I was brought up; I would make him learn a trade or profession. I grew up, sir, a gentleman of general intelligence; I have lived on my general intelligence ever since. Sometimes I have gone bankrupt on it. I should have shone, I believe, as a lawyer or a divine. My talents have been frittered away in coal offices, wine agencies, travelling on commission, commercial academies, and such vanities, which hold out delusive hopes of large and permanent income. However, I am landed—I believe for life—and, if I may be allowed to impart a profound secret to you, Mr. Carteret, I think I may say that I have landed on the island of Conjugal Felicity. Mrs. Sampson—"

"Say no more, Bodkin; but come and let me drink your happiness at the nearest bar, and over a glass of bitter beer."

(To be continued.)

FALLEN IDOLS.

BY M. E. MUCHALL.

"FOND Mother, an idol surely reigns
Secure in that heart of thine."

"Come with me quickly," she whispered low,

"And you shall look upon mine."

She led me up to a darkened room ;
Quietly, softly we trod,
Till I stood by a sweet child coldly fair,
Whose spirit had flown to God.

"There lies my idol," she sadly said,
"No other my heart has known ;
Lifeless and cold in the stillness of death,
While I am left childless alone."

"What idol is thine ?" I asked a bride,
With flowers on her radiant brow ;
The loving eyes, turned on her bridegroom's face,
Said, "He is my idol now."

The years rolled o'er and we met once more,
But her sunny eyes were dim,
And her brow so fair was stamp'd with care ;—
Her idol, "Oh ! what of him ?"

Living, alas, in the sunny past,
A memory of long ago,
His light love changed with the tide of time ;
Her idol had fallen low.

"What is thy idol ?" I asked a man,
In manhood's proudest hour ;
"My idol," he answered, "is glittering gold,
For all things bow down to its power."

I saw him again when his laboured breath
Spake loudly of Death's solemn hour,
And he wail'd in despair, for the Angel of Death
Now mocked at his gold idol's power.

Idols of earth that spring to the birth,
Wherever man's footstep hath trod,
Let us humbly pray to thrust them away,
As usurping the true rights of God.

SOME RAMBLING NOTES OF AN IDLE EXCURSION.

IV.

THE early twilight of a Sunday evening in Hamilton, Bermuda, is an alluring time. There is just enough of whispering breeze, fragrance of flowers, and sense of repose to raise one's thoughts heavenward; and just enough amateur piano music to keep him reminded of the other place. There are many venerable pianos in Hamilton, and they all play at twilight. Age enlarges and enriches the powers of some musical instruments,—notably those of the violin,—but it seems to set a piano's teeth on edge. Most of the music in vogue there is the same that those pianos prattled in their innocent infancy; and there is something very pathetic about it when they go over it now, in their asthmatic second childhood, dropping a note here and there, where a tooth is gone.

We attended evening service at the stately Episcopal church on the hill, where were five or six hundred people, half of them white and the other half black, according to the usual Bermudian proportions; and all well dressed—a thing which is also usual in Bermuda, and to be confidently expected. There was good music, which we heard, and doubtless a good sermon, but there was a wonderful deal of coughing, and so only the high parts of the argument carried over it. As we came out, after service, I overheard one young girl say to another,—

"Why, you don't mean to say that you pay duty on gloves and laces! I only pay postage; have them done up and sent in the Boston Advertiser."

There are those who believe that the most difficult thing to create is a woman who can comprehend that it is wrong to smuggle; and that an impossible thing to create is a woman who will not smuggle, whether or no, when she gets a chance. But these may be errors.

We went wandering off toward the country, and were soon far down in the lonely black depths of a road that was roofed over with the dense foliage of a double rank of great cedars. There was no sound of any kind, there; it was perfectly still. And it was so dark that one could detect nothing but sombre outlines. We strode farther and farther

down this tunnel, cheering the way with chat.

Presently the chat took this shape: "How insensibly the character of a people and of a government makes its impress upon a stranger, and gives him a sense of security or of insecurity without his taking deliberate thought upon the matter or asking anybody a question! We have been in this land half a day; we have seen none but honest faces; we have noted the British flag flying, which means efficient government and good order; so without inquiry we plunge unarmed and with perfect confidence into this dismal place, which in almost any other country would swarm with thugs and garroters!"—

'Sh! What was that? Stealthy footsteps! Low voices! We gasp, we close up together, and wait. A vague shape glides out of the dusk and confronts us. A voice speaks—demands money!

"A shilling, gentlemen, if you please, to help to build the new Methodist church."

Blessed sound! Holy sound! We contribute with thankful avidity to the new Methodist church, and are happy to think how lucky it was that those little coloured Sunday-school scholars did not seize upon everything we had with violence, before we recovered from our momentary helpless condition. By the light of cigars we write down the names of weightier philanthropists than ourselves on the contribution-cards, and then pass on into the farther darkness, saying, What sort of a government do they call this, where they allow little black pious children, with contribution-cards, to plunge out upon peaceable strangers in the dark and scare them to death?

We prowled on several hours, sometimes by the sea-side, sometimes inland, and finally managed to get lost, which is a feat that requires talent in Bermuda. I had on new shoes. They were number 7's when I started, but were not more than 5's now, and still diminishing. I walked two hours in those shoes after that, before we reached home. Doubtless I could have the reader's sympathy for the asking. Many people have never had the headache or the toothache, and I am one of those myself; but everybody has worn

tight shoes for two or three hours, and known the luxury of taking them off in a retired place and seeing his feet swell up and obscure the firmament. Few of us will ever forget the exquisite hour we were married. Once when I was a callow, bashful cub, I took a plain, unsentimental country girl to a comedy one night. I had known her a day; she seemed divine; I wore my new boots. At the end of the first half hour she said, "Why do you fidget so with your feet?" I said, "Did I?" Then I put my attention there and kept still. At the end of another half hour she said, "Why do you say, 'Yes, oh yes!'" and 'Ha, ha, oh, certainly! very true!' to everything I say, when half the time those are entirely irrelevant answers?" I blushed, and explained that I had been a little absent-minded. At the end of another half hour she said, "Please, why do you grin so steadfastly at vacancy, and yet look so sad?" I explained that I always did that when I was reflecting. An hour passed, and then she turned and contemplated me with her earnest eyes and said, "Why do you cry all the time?" I explained that very funny comedies always made me cry. At last human nature surrendered, and I secretly slipped my boots off. This was a mistake. I was not able to get them on any more. It was a rainy night; there were no omnibuses going our way; and as I walked home, burning up with shame, with the girl on one arm and my boots under the other, I was an object worthy of some compassion—especially in those moments of martyrdom when I had to pass through the glare that fell upon the pavement from street lamps. Finally, this child of the forest said, "Where are your boots?" and being taken unprepared, I put a fitting finish to the follies of the evening with the stupid remark, "The higher classes do not wear them to the theatre."

The Reverend had been an army chaplain during the war, and while we were hunting for a road that would lead to Hamilton he told a story about two dying soldiers which interested me in spite of my feet. He said that in the Potomac hospitals rough pine coffins were furnished by government, but that it was not always possible to keep up with the demand; so, when a man died, if there was no coffin at hand he was buried without one. One night late, two soldiers lay dying in a ward. A man came in with a coffin on his

shoulder, and stood trying to make up his mind which of these two poor fellows would be likely to need it first. Both of them begged for it with their fading eyes—they were past talking. Then one of them protruded a wasted hand from his blankets and made a feeble beckoning sign with the fingers, to signify, "Be a good fellow; put it under my bed, please." The man did it, and left. The lucky soldier painfully turned himself in his bed until he faced the other warrior, raised himself partly on his elbow, and began to work up a mysterious expression of some kind in his face. Gradually, irksomely, but surely and steadily, it developed, and at last it took definite form as a pretty successful wink. The sufferer fell back exhausted with his labour, but bathed in glory. Now entered a personal friend of No. 2, the despoiled soldier. No. 2 pleaded with him with eloquent eyes, till presently he understood, and removed the coffin from under No. 1's bed and put it under No. 2's. No. 2 indicated his joy and made some more signs; the friend understood again, and put his arm under No. 2's shoulders and lifted him partly up. Then the dying hero turned the dim exultation of his eye upon No. 1, and began a slow and laboured work with his hands; gradually he lifted one hand up toward his face; it grew weak and dropped back again; once more he made the effort, but failed again. He took a rest; he gathered all the remnant of his strength, and this time he slowly but surely carried his thumb to the side of his nose, spread the gaunt fingers wide in triumph, and dropped back dead. That picture sticks to me yet. The "situation" is unique.

The next morning, at what seemed a very early hour, the little white table-waiter appeared suddenly in my room and shot a single word out of himself: "Breakfast!"

This was a remarkable boy in many ways. He was about eleven years old; he had alert, intent black eyes; he was quick of movement; there was no hesitation, no uncertainty about him anywhere; there was a military decision in his lip, his manner, his speech, that was an astonishing thing to see in a little chap like him; he wasted no words; his answers always came so quick and brief that they seemed to be part of the question that had been asked instead of a reply to it. When he stood at table with his fly-brush, rigid, erect, his face set in a cast-iron gravity,

he was a statue till he detected a dawning want in somebody's eye ; then he pounced down, supplied it, and was instantly a statue again. When he was sent to the kitchen for anything, he marched upright till he got to the door ; he turned hand-springs the rest of the way.

"Breakfast !"

I thought I would make one more effort to get some conversation out of this being.

"Have you called the Reverend, or are"—

"Yes s'r !"

"Is it early, or is"—

"Eight-five !"

"Do you have to do all the 'chores,' or is there somebody to give you a l—"

"Coloured girl !"

"Is there only one parish in this island, or are there"—

"Eight !"

"Is the big church on the hill a parish church, or is it"—

"Chapel-of-ease !"

"Is taxation here classified into poll, parish, town, and"—

"Don't know !"

Before I could cudgel another question out of my head, he was below, hand-springing across the back yard. He had slid down the balusters, head-first. I gave up trying to provoke a discussion with him. The essential element of discussion had been left out of him ; his answers were so final and exact that they did not leave a doubt to hang conversation on. I suspect that there is the making of a mighty man or a mighty rascal in this boy,—according to circumstances,—but they are going to apprentice him to a carpenter. It is the way the world uses its opportunities.

During this day and the next we took carriage drives about the island and over the town of St. George's, fifteen or twenty miles away. Such hard, excellent roads to drive over are not to be found elsewhere out of Europe. An intelligent young coloured man drove us, and acted as guide-book. In the edge of town we saw five or six mountain-cabbage palms (atrocious name !) standing in a straight row, and equidistant from each other. These were not the largest or the tallest trees I have ever seen, but they were the stateliest, the most majestic. That row of them must be the nearest that nature has ever come to counterfeiting a colonnade. These trees are all the same height, say sixty

feet ; the trunks as gray as granite, with a very gradual and perfect taper ; without sign of branch or knot or flaw ; the surface not looking like bark, but like granite that has been dressed and not polished. Thus all the way up the diminishing shaft for fifty feet ; then it begins to take the appearance of being closely wrapped, spool-fashion, with grey cord, or of having been turned in a lathe. Above this point there is an outward swell, and thence upwards, for six feet or more, the cylinder is a bright, fresh green, and is formed of wrappings like those of an ear of Indian corn. Then comes the great, spraying palm plume, also green. Other palm-trees always lean out of the perpendicular, or have a curve in them. But the plumb-line could not detect a deflection in any individual of this stately row ; they stand as straight as the colonnade of Baalbec ; they have its great height, they have its gracefulness, they have its dignity ; in moonlight or twilight, and shorn of their plumes, they would duplicate it.

The birds we came across in the country were singularly tame ; even that wild creature, the quail, would pick around in the grass at ease while we inspected it and talked about it at leisure. A small bird of the canary species had to be stirred up with the butt end of the whip before it would move, and then it moved only a couple of feet. It is said that even the suspicious flea is tame and sociable in Bermuda, and will allow himself to be caught and caressed without misgivings. This should be taken with allowance. for doubtless there is more or less brag about it. In San Francisco they used to claim that their native flea could kick a child over, as if it were a merit in a flea to be able to do that ; as if the knowledge of it trumpeted abroad ought to entice immigration. Such a thing in nine cases out of ten would be almost sure to deter a thinking man from coming.

We saw no bugs or reptiles to speak of, and so I was thinking of saying in print, in a general way, that there were none at all ; but one night after I had gone to bed, the Reverend came into my room carrying something, and asked, "Is this your boot?" I said it was, and he said he had met a spider going off with it. Next morning he stated that just at dawn the same spider raised his window and was coming in to get a shirt, but saw him and fled.

I inquired, "Did he get the shirt?"

"No."

"How did you know it was a shirt he was after?"

"I could see it in his eye."

We inquired around, but could hear of no Bermudian spider capable of doing these things. Citizens said that their largest spiders could not more than spread their legs over an ordinary saucer, and that they had always been considered honest. Here was testimony of a clergyman against the testimony of mere worldlings,—interested ones, too. On the whole, I judged it best to lock up my things.

Here and there on the country roads we found lemon, papaya, orange, lime, and fig trees; also several sorts of palms, among them the cocoa, the date, and the palmetto. We saw some bamboos forty feet high, with stems as thick as a man's arm. Jungles of the mangrove-tree stood up out of swamps, propped on their interlacing roots as upon a tangle of stilts. In dryer places the noble tamarind sent down its grateful cloud of shade. Here and there the blossomy tamarisk adorned the roadside. There was a curious gnarled and twisted black tree, without a single leaf on it. It might have passed itself off for a dead apple-tree but for the fact that it had a star-like, red-hot flower sprinkled sparsely over its person. It had the scattery red glow that a constellation might have when glimpsed through smoked glass. It is possible that our constellations have been so constructed as to be invisible through smoked glass; if this is so it is a great mistake.

We saw a tree that bears grapes, and just as calmly and unostentatiously as a vine would do it. We saw an india-rubber tree, but out of season, possibly, so there were no shoes on it, nor suspenders, nor anything that a person would properly expect to find there. This gave it an impressively fraudulent look. There was exactly one mahogany-tree on the island. I know this to be reliable, because I saw a man who said he had counted it many a time and could not be mistaken. He was a man with a hare lip and a pure heart, and everybody said he was as true as steel. Such men are all too few.

One's eye caught near and far the pink cloud of the oleander and the red blaze of the pomegranate blossom. In one piece of wild wood the morning-glory vines had

wrapped the trees to their very tops, and decorated them all over with couples and clusters of great blue bells,—a fine and striking spectacle, at a little distance. But the dull cedar is everywhere, and it is the prevailing foliage. One does not appreciate how dull it is until the varnished, bright green attire of the infrequent lemon-tree pleasantly intrudes its contrast. In one thing, Bermuda is eminently tropical,—was in May, at least,—the unbrilliant, slightly faded, unrejoicing look of the landscape. For forests arrayed in a blemishless magnificence of glowing green foliage that seems to exult in its own existence, and can move the beholder to an enthusiasm that will make him either shout or cry, one must go to countries that have malignant winters.

We saw scores of coloured farmers digging their crops of potatoes and onions, their wives and children helping,—entirely contented and comfortable, if looks go for anything. We never met a man, or woman, or child, anywhere in this sunny island, who seemed to be unprosperous or discontented, or sorry about anything. This sort of monotony became very tiresome presently, and even something worse. The spectacle of an entire nation groveling in contentment is an infuriating thing. We felt the lack of something in this community,—a vague, an undefinable, an elusive something, and yet a lack. But after considerable thought we made out what it was—tramps. Let them go there, right now, in a body. It is utterly virgin soil. Passage is cheap. Every true patriot in America will help buy tickets. Whole armies of these excellent beings can be spared from our midst and our polls; they will find a delicious climate and a green, kind-hearted people. There are potatoes and onions for all, and a generous welcome for the first batch that arrives, and elegant graves for the second.

It was the Early Rose potato the people were digging. Later in the year they have another crop, which they call the Garnet. We buy their potatoes (retail) at fifteen dollars a barrel; and those coloured farmers buy ours for a song, and live on them. Havana might exchange cigars with Connecticut in the same advantageous way, if she thought of it.

We passed a roadside grocery with a sign up, "Potatoes Wanted." An ignorant stranger, doubtless. He could not have gone

thirty steps from his place without finding plenty of them.

In several fields the arrowroot crop was already sprouting. Bermuda used to make a vast annual profit out of this staple before fire-arms came into such general use.

The island is not large. Somewhere in the interior a man ahead of us had a very slow horse. I suggested that we had better go by him; but the driver said the man had but a little way to go. I waited to see, wondering how he could know. Presently the man did turn down another road. I asked, "How did you know he would?"

"Because I knew the man, and where he lived."

I asked him, satirically, if he knew everybody in the island; he answered, very simply, that he did. This gives a body's mind a good substantial grip on the dimensions of the place.

At the principal hotel in St. George's, a young girl, with a sweet, serious face, said we could not be furnished with dinner, because we had not been expected, and no preparation had been made. Yet it was still an hour before dinner time. We argued, she yielded not; we supplicated, she was serene. The hotel had not been expecting an inundation of two people, and so it seemed that we should have to go home dinnerless. I said we were not very hungry; a fish would do. My little maid answered, it was not the market-day for fish. This began to look serious; but presently the boarder who sustained the hotel came, and when the case was laid before him he was cheerfully willing to divide. So we had much pleasant chat at table about St. George's chief industry, the repairing of damaged ships; and in between we had a soup that had something in it that seemed to taste like the hereafter, but proved to be only pepper of a particularly vivacious kind. And we had an iron-clad chicken that was deliciously cooked, but not in the right way. Baking was not the thing to convince his sort. He ought to have been put through a quartz mill until the "tuck" was taken out of him, and then boiled till we came again. We got a good deal of sport out of him, but not enough sustenance to leave the victory on our side. No matter; we had potatoes and a pie and a sociable good time. Then a ramble through the town, which is a quaint one, with interesting, crooked streets, and narrow, crooked lanes, with here and

there a grain of dust. Here, as in Hamilton, the dwellings had Venetian blinds of a very sensible pattern. They were not double shutters, hinged at the sides, but a single board shutter, hinged at the top; you push it outward, from the bottom, and fasten it at any angle required by the sun or desired by yourself.

All about the island one sees great white scars on the hill-slopes. These are dished spaces where the soil has been scraped off and the coral exposed and glazed with hard whitewash. Some of these are a quarter-acre in size. They catch and carry the rainfall to reservoirs; for the wells are few and poor, and there are no natural springs and no brooks.

They say that the Bermuda climate is mild and equable, with never any snow or ice, and that one may be very comfortable in spring clothing the year round, there. We had delightful and decided summer weather in May, with a flaming sun that permitted the thinness of raiment, and yet there was a constant breeze; consequently we were never discomforted by heat. At four or five in the afternoon the mercury began to go down, and then it became necessary to change to thick garments. I went to St. George's in the morning clothed in the thinnest of linen, and reached home at five in the afternoon with two overcoats on. The nights are said to be always cool and bracing. We had mosquito nets, and the Reverend said the mosquitoes persecuted him a good deal. I often heard him slapping and banging at these imaginary creatures with as much zeal as if they had been real. There are no mosquitoes in the Bermudas in May.

The poet Thomas Moore spent seven months in Bermuda more than seventy years ago. He was sent out to be registrar of the admiralty. I am not quite clear as to the function of a registrar of the admiralty of Bermuda, but I think it is his duty to keep a record of all the admirals born there. I will inquire into this. There was not much doing in admirals, and Moore got tired and went away. A reverently preserved souvenir of him is still one of the treasures of the islands. I gathered the idea, vaguely, that it was a jug, but was persistently thwarted in the twenty-two efforts I made to visit it. However, it was no matter, for I found afterwards that it was only a chair.

There are several "sights" in the Bermu-

das, of course, but they are easily avoided. This is a great advantage,—one cannot have it in Europe. Bermuda is the right country for a jaded man to “loaf” in. There are no harassments; the deep peace and quiet of the country sink into one’s body and bones and give his conscience a rest, and chloroform the legion of invisible small devils that are always trying to whitewash his hair. A good many Americans go there about the first of March and remain till the early spring weeks have finished their villainies at home.

The Bermudians are hoping soon to have telegraphic communication with the world. But even after they shall have acquired this curse it will still be a good country to go to for a vacation, for there are charming little islets scattered about the inclosed sea where one could live secure from interruption. The telegraph boy would have to come in a boat, and one could easily kill him while he was making his landing.

We had spent four days in Bermuda,—three bright ones out of doors and one rainy one in the house, we being disappointed about getting a yacht for a sail; and now our furlough was ended.

We made the run home to New York quarantine in three days and five hours, and could have gone right along up to the city if we had had a health permit. But health permits are not granted after seven in the evening, partly because a ship cannot be inspected and overhauled with exhaustive thoroughness except in day light, and partly because health officers are liable to catch cold if they expose themselves to the night air. Still you can *buy* a permit after hours for five dollars extra, and the officer will do the inspecting next week. Our ship and passengers lay under expense and in humiliating captivity all night, under the very nose of the little official reptile who is supposed

to protect New York from pestilence by his vigilant “inspections.” This imposing rigour gave everybody a solemn and awful idea of the beneficent watchfulness of our government, and there were some who wondered if anything finer could be found in other countries.

In the morning we were all a-tiptoe to witness the intricate ceremony of inspecting the ship. But it was a disappointing thing. The health officer’s tug ranged alongside for a moment, our purser handed the lawful three-dollar permit fee to the health officer’s boot-black, who passed us a folded paper in a forked stick, and away we went. The entire “inspection” did not occupy thirteen seconds.

The health officer’s place is worth a hundred thousand dollars a year to him. His system of inspection is perfect, and therefore cannot be improved on; but it seems to me that his system of collecting his fees might be amended. For a great ship to lie idle all night is a costly loss of time; for her passengers to have to do the same thing works to them the same damage, with the addition of an amount of exasperation and bitterness of soul that the spectacle of the health-officer¹ could hardly sweeten. Now why should it not be better and simpler to let the ship pass in unmolested, and the fees and permits be exchanged once a year by post?

MARK TWAIN.

¹ When the proof of this article came to me I saw that “The Atlantic” had condemned the words which occupied the place where is now a vacancy. I can invent no figure worthy to stand in the shoes of the lurid colossus which a too decent respect for the opinions of mankind has thus ruthlessly banished from his due and rightful pedestal in the world’s literature. Let the blank remain a blank; and let it suggest to the reader that he has sustained a precious loss which can never be made good to him.

M. T.

ODIUM THEOLOGICUM :

A REPLY TO SORDELLO.

IN the CANADIAN MONTHLY for December there was an article which began by putting this question—" *Odium theologicum* or charity ; which ? " " Bear and forbear," it proceeds, " should be the motto on both sides, nor can a national magazine like the CANADIAN MONTHLY engage in a holier work than that of using whatever influence it may possess to disseminate the spirit inculcated by that maxim, and to discountenance its opposite."

Let us examine how that " holy work " is carried out in that article.

It is for the reader of the CANADIAN MONTHLY to consider whether the writer of it has not fallen—much to their lamentation—into the opposite extreme ; whether such an article as that does not in fact turn the CANADIAN MONTHLY—not the organ of any religious body—into an arena of theological strife. It surely will not take long to determine whether such phrases as, " absolutely reeking with *odium theologicum* of the most malignant type," applied to a book—the *corpus delicti* in the case—written by a Methodist missionary ; " that ineffable air of lofty spiritual pride which sits so easily on certain self-sufficient preachers of the gospel of humility," applied to the editor of what is called " a mushroom religious journal ; " " for a journal such as this to be putting on *ex cathedra* infallible airs, setting itself up as an infallible judge of divine truth and an infallible interpreter of divine revelation, and dealing round cheap imitation thunder stolen from the Vatican " (is the thunder of the Vatican then cheap imitation ?) " when all the while it is merely showing its own ignorance of the commonest facts of ecclesiastical history, is a spectacle for the mirth of the gods—one to make the angels expire in peals of laughter." (We do not quite follow the association of " gods " and " angels," and do not feel altogether satisfied about angels breaking out into peals of laughter, and expiring). " It is too supremely ridiculous." " Once upon a time a frog tried to swell itself out to the size of an ox. The frog burst ;"—

whether such language as this is the best suited of all to carry out that " holy work." There may be added the following—" a church " (without a capital C, immediately following Church with one) " or rather a Provincial section of a church which is but a thing of yesterday." (Christianity was once " a thing of yesterday.")

Again the writer of that article asks, " Is there any adequate plea to be urged in justification of the Methodist publisher who has disinterred that work from the limbo of obsolete rubbish where it was buried, and brought it to light in this country, where of all places it is calculated, by inflaming the sectarian hatred which perennially smoulders among us, to do most harm ? " One would hardly have expected then to find, reprinted in that article and scattered broadcast through the Dominion for general readers, no less than twenty-five (if correctly counted) of the worst specimens of the style of that book, occupying more than a whole column of the CANADIAN MONTHLY. It is to be feared that, if little Jack Horner were permitted to put his thumb into the *Christmas* pie of this writer, he could pull out some more plums than those already tasted, by no means more deficient in flavour. But if he had pulled them out *before baking*, he might have said with good truth, and we would all pat him on the head, " *What a good boy am I !* " They could be reproduced here, but it is an example not tempting to follow.

It would appear from the general tenor of SORDELLO's article that he holds but one sole thing worthy of consideration—that is authority (a very good thing indeed if we have only not too much of it) ; the authority of individuals, of numbers, of duration of time, and so on. He says, " There is something which appeals to the imagination, something imposing in its grandeur, in the claim to infallibility by a Church hoar with antiquity, and hallowed by the stirring memories of nearly two thousand years ; a Church which, during that time, has been the solace in this life, and the guide to that be-

yond the grave, to thousands of millions of human souls." Then, in contrast to this, "A church, or rather a provincial section of a church, which is but a thing of yesterday, a little over a hundred years old, itself a creation of dissent, of the right of private judgment, and which, to-day, numbers as adherents the world over, only ten to twelve millions, all told—" (has SORDELLO had the curiosity to calculate that at the same rate of increase during another like period, they will amount to 121,000,000,000,000?) Then his pages bristle with authorities, and there are no less than twenty-eight foot-notes citing them, in support of transubstantiation. And yet, lo! after all, all this authority goes for nothing! The writer of all this declares himself a disbeliever in transubstantiation; asserts "the right of private judgment"; and says, "My belief respecting the Last Supper is, I fancy, the same as that of the editor of the *Guardian*. It is that of Zwingli, namely, that Christ instituted the sacrament simply as a memorial, and intended the bread and wine to be mere symbols." It is a little droll to find the *authority* of Zwingli adduced in support of a belief so indisputably true. Another fable here forces itself upon the memory; but, as that of the frog and the ox can scarcely be approved of in its application by SORDELLO, I will not quote it.

SORDELLO is a good deal excited over the phrase, "a piece of dough." It is hard to say what else it could be called, unless indeed it is baked (as to which I am not informed), when it would become a piece of bread. Does it undergo transubstantiation? Does it become anything else but a piece of dough or bread? "The change of water into wine, in the miracle at Cana," is cited as a case in point. With submission, there is no similarity. There, the water did undergo transubstantiation; it was changed into veritable wine; it looked like veritable wine; was drank as veritable wine; tasted like veritable wine; and was remarked upon with reference to its qualities as veritable wine. Now, does any one imagine that the bread and wine, which Christ took at the table and gave to His disciples, underwent a transubstantiation into actual, veritable flesh and blood?—that the disciples did—nay, I will go farther—could have eaten and drank them if they had been, as the guests at Cana drank the wine? Here is the one question:—was there at that time—at the

Last Supper—a like miracle performed, or was there not? And, if not then, *a fortiori* not now. Nor is it a little remarkable that the words uttered by Christ, on which alone any such modern miracles could be founded, are recorded by only one of the four Evangelists. This fact does not impugn the authority of those words, but it does exhibit the degree of importance attached to them by those other three writers who were present, who were witnesses of what took place, and from whom alone we must receive our impressions of what they saw and heard. The miracle at Cana is circumstantially related, and the evidence of it is of course quite sufficient; but it is found in one of the gospels only, which shows that the other three Evangelists did not look upon it as an event of any especial significance or importance. There is no circumstantial relation of any miracle at the Last Supper. In comparison with such evidence as this, direct and indirect, positive and negative, of the very disciples of Christ, who sat at the table with Him, eat from the same dish and drank from the same cup, what is any other "authority" worth?

"But," says SORDELLO's imaginary Roman Catholic, "Christ says, 'except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you,' and who am I that I should dare to give any other meaning to God's word than that which it naturally bears?" Now, unless I am misinformed, Roman Catholics do not take wine, bread only; how is this to be reconciled with the above?

SORDELLO makes his imaginary Roman Catholic behave with a saintly moderation; I have no objection to that, except by contrast with the editor of the *Guardian*, who is made what has been already repeated, and is represented as speaking "with an aspect of thunder" (the cheap imitation thunder of the Vatican) "and the voice of a Boanerges." But I have not found all Roman Catholics blessed with a saintly moderation any more than all Protestants. It happened to this present writer, a short time ago, to find a Roman Catholic priest publishing the following in a newspaper (proof, with the paper itself, is at hand)—"If Christ purposely used words which He foresaw would lead astray, in a matter of the last importance, the whole Christian world for fifteen hundred years, and the large majority of Christians for three

hundred years more, then this conclusion, blasphemous as it is, is unavoidable: Jesus Christ was a false teacher, Christianity is a fraud, its priesthood a sham." (!) Which is simply saying that all those who do not interpret Christ's words as this priest interprets them, including SORDELLO, according to what he has himself told us, and the present writer, are guilty of that horrible blasphemy. This is hardly saintly moderation. The present writer had the honour of accepting this audacious challenge, and of unhorsing his opponent; he never spoke again (of which fact also proof is at hand).

SORDELLO says: "A question here suggests itself which, simple as it is, seems never to have occurred to Luther. If he worshipped God when present in the flesh, why not when present in the bread?" When did Luther worship God when present in the flesh? When did any body? Then why worship Him in the flesh now, when He is not in the flesh?

SORDELLO tells us that Lord Cobham's belief was similar to Luther's. He expressed it thus: "I believe that in the sacrament of the altar is Christ's own body in form of bread; that it is Christ's own body and [it is] bread, the former being concealed under the latter, as the invisible Godhead was veiled under the visible Manhood." It will be perceived that since it is veritable bread to the sight, the smell, the taste, this is at least an ingenious—as it is perhaps the only—way of getting out of the difficulty. One would have thought at least a pardonable one. Not so. We are further informed that, "In England, in 1417, this did not go far enough in the direction of transubstantiation, and under the statute *De Hæretico Comburendo*" (has the Church the honour of having originated the punishment of torture and death by fire, and that for crimes not of deed but of thought only?) "Cobham was found guilty of heresy, and roasted alive over a slow fire—tolerably conclusive evidence as to what the doctrine of the Church of England was in those days." *We should rather think so, indeed.* But let us be historically correct. Let us make one small emendation, but one that, happily for England, makes a world of difference. For "of" read "in;" the Church in England. The Church of England had yet no existence, nor for another hundred years or more. If this was a slip of the pen, enough. If it was intentional, we

had rather not attempt the task of dealing with it. We all know that the Church of England is not free from the infamy of the faggot and the stake; it is a matter of history with every school-boy; still, if it was my place to advocate the Church which preceded it, I think that the last subject I should allude to would be the faggot—and that a green faggot—and the stake.

Then we find in the article under examination, a Mahommedan and a Unitarian (perhaps the association is not quite in the conciliatory spirit of which we hear so much) appear on the scene, and turning to him (the editor of the *Guardian*) say, "Your language, in calling Catholics idolaters, and worshippers of a piece of dough, besides being coarse, vulgar, and abusive [alas, for the poor Mahommedan and Unitarian!] is utterly inconsistent. By your own showing, you also must be an idolater, for you worship Christ, a man composed of flesh and blood and bones like yourself." The editor of the *Guardian* (with his permission) does not "worship Christ, a man composed of flesh and blood and bones," like himself. He never did. Nobody ever did. He worships Christ, when he is no longer "a man composed of flesh and blood and bones," like himself. Here would seem the astonishing inconsistency of the advocates of the dogma of Transubstantiation.

Then follows an "imaginary conversation" (perhaps not very Landor-like, but that is "neither here nor there") between the editor of the *Guardian* and a Roman Catholic. It is well for the editor that it is imaginary, for he is sorely buffeted—by SORDELLO. Still another fable which, as it has nothing offensive in its application, may be told at length. A man pointed out to a lion a marble group of a man strangling the king of beasts. "Aye," says the lion, "but if a lion had been the sculptor—"

SORDELLO speaks of the "steady increase of the numbers of Roman Catholics." No doubt of it. But is it *proportionate* to that of Protestants? There's the rub. We can only speak as we find. Facts are very stubborn things. In the township (a very small one) in which I live there have been built five churches, four Protestant and one Roman Catholic (a very small one). In an adjoining township there is only one Roman Catholic church that I know of (also a very small one), and there must be, by this

time, at least ten or twelve Protestant churches, some of them large.

As SORDELLO has told us what he is not and what he believes, I will do the same. I am not a member of the Methodist Church, but I rejoice that such a grand bulwark exists against the errors of Rome, and that it is making its way—the way of pure Christianity—all over the world, wherever the English language is spoken or can penetrate. I believe, with SORDELLO, if he will excuse the liberty, that “Christ instituted the sacrament simply as a memorial, and intended the bread and wine to be mere symbols.” But, in my ideas of what constitutes conciliation between Protestants and Roman Catholics, I differ from him *toto celo*, I cannot do better than quote the example of an intimate friend, with whom I entirely agree. He is strongly—nay, I am afraid he is bitterly—opposed to the whole Roman Catholic system, and he always says that he uses the word “system” advisedly. But, when he was school-superintendent in former years he never permitted any sectional or denominational favouritism. He has many Roman Catholic neighbours, and he lives on perfectly good terms with all of them; and he would be perfectly content to leave his character for Christian charity in their hands. When they built a church he made a donation to it, and received a letter from the priest thanking him for his “generous charity;” and he was told that the priest spoke of it “at the altar.” He receives, every autumn, a visit from some ladies, who wear a conventual dress, but who are not, he believes, actually nuns—that is, they are not “cloistered nuns”—and who are on a collecting tour for Roman Catholic charities. He was told the other day by a Roman Catholic neighbour that the constant prayer of these ladies is “that he may die a good

Catholic.” When he was mainly instrumental in building a church, all the Roman Catholics who were applied to subscribed towards the cost of it, and some without being solicited. He is not an Orangeman, but he fears that the institution is necessary. When the Orangemen of his township signified to him their desire to pay him a complimentary visit on the 5th of November, he begged to be permitted to decline the honour, taking good care to write a studiously civil letter, to be read at the next lodge-meeting, and to ask the pleasure of their company at dinner—at least, the officers and non-commissioned officers of the township company of loyal volunteers, which came to almost exactly the same thing—a week or two afterwards. Some persons were of opinion that he was overly scrupulous in this matter.

So much as between him and his Roman Catholic neighbours. If SORDELLO can improve upon it, he will, I am sure, from what I know of him, be most happy to take any hint.

When the Methodist Church was built he subscribed liberally towards it, and, by very particular request from the minister himself, he consented to preside at a large tea meeting, which was held about the time of the opening of the church, though feeling very uncomfortably out of his element in that position, being a shy man and a miserably bad speaker.

He is on the best of terms with the Presbyterian minister.

For all this I can vouch, from personal observation. I should be most ready and glad to hear of an equally good record of conciliatory Christian charity and forbearance from SORDELLO, and to congratulate him upon it.

C. E.

A REJOINDER.

THE foregoing criticism on my article of last month evinces so much misapprehension of the spirit and intent of that article as to call for some explanation from me, which the editor has permitted me to make now, in order that the discussion may not be dragged over to another month. Had my critic been as anxious to ascertain my meaning and purpose as he has been to find fault, he would most likely have saved himself the trouble of writing the greater portion if not the whole of his remarks. Very much of what he says is a notable example of that common logical fallacy known as the *ignoratio elenchi*. Few persons, I fancy, care less than I do for mere authority in matters of religious belief. On questions of doctrine, and their truth or falsity, authority is of secondary moment; on questions of fact it is all-important. The authorities referred to by me last month, were cited, not, as my critic absurdly supposes, to prove that transubstantiation is true, but to shew the wide extent and the antiquity of the belief in it. When a certain form of worship is stigmatized as "the most diabolical idolatry that ever appeared among men," and language is used which implies that every one who professes a belief of which that worship is the logical outcome, must be either a knave or a fool, it really does appear to me—my critic to the contrary, notwithstanding—to be a matter of relevance in estimating the worth of such utterances, to enquire as to the number and the intellectual and moral character of those who have held and who hold that belief, and who have practiced and who practice the worship so stigmatized.

It also seems to me that, in estimating the magnitude of an offence of this kind, it is an eminently relevant consideration, whether language, such as that animadverted upon, is addressed to one man or to a million men, and those our fellow-countrymen, with whom it is of the last importance to our national well-being to live on terms of peace and good-will. I firmly believe that, if language such as that used by Gideon Ouseley in his "Old Christianity," were to

be adopted in this country by Protestants generally, towards Roman Catholics, civil war, with a reproduction of the horrors enacted in Ireland in 1798, would be a mere question of time. A slight foretaste of what we might expect was given in Montreal in July last.

But to return to my critic's misapprehensions: "The change of water into wine, in the miracle of Cana" was *not* "cited as a case-in point" on the question of the truth or falsity of transubstantiation. It was cited simply to show, *as a matter of fact*, what the belief of a great Christian father—St. Cyril of Jerusalem—was on the subject in the fourth century; and the extracts from the other Christian fathers were cited for a similar purpose. As I had plainly indicated my disbelief in transubstantiation, it does argue some lack of intellectual apprehension not to have seen that I was not engaged in the suicidal, self-stultifying, and consequently idiotic task of attempting to prove a doctrine which I disbelieve in. The truth or falsity of transubstantiation was not really in question at all, for the simple reason that the *Christian Guardian* and myself are in agreement on that point. My contention was, not that the Roman Catholic belief is true, but that, whether true or false, no one—least of all a Christian missionary or a Christian journal—has any right to use grossly insulting language with regard to it or towards those who have held it and who hold it; especially so, when their vast number, and the high intellectual and moral character of very many of them, are taken into account. My contention was, further, that as no man or body of men is infallible, no one—certainly not a journal which has been in existence but a few years, nor a Church (that is, a body of men) which is but a little over a hundred years old, and itself the offspring of private judgment—has any right to assume, or to use language implying, that Roman Catholics are *infallibly* wrong in believing transubstantiation, and he is *infallibly* right in disbelieving it; the logical conclusion being, that Roman Catholics have as good a right to believe in it, if it appears to them to be

true, as others have to disbelieve in it. The like considerations, of course, apply equally to the interpretation of Christ's language, upon which Roman Catholics, as a *matter of fact*, base their belief. Roman Catholics have as good a right to use *their* private judgment in interpreting that language as Protestants have to use *theirs*.

The remark as to my being a good deal excited over the phrase, 'a piece of dough,' indicates a further misapprehension. My objection was not so much that a person should assert that the sacrificial bread is mere "dough"—which any one is at liberty to do if it pleases him to state his belief in a form as offensive as possible—but that Roman Catholics should be insulted, and their most sacred feelings outraged by being called "idolaters," and "*worshippers* of a piece of dough." Were the charge true, the language in which it is clothed could have no other effect than to engender bitter hatred. But, strictly speaking, the charge is false. Roman Catholics do not worship "dough;" they worship *God*, whom they believe to be present in the form (*species*) of "dough." My critic ought to be able to appreciate the feelings with which Roman Catholics must listen to such charges, when he himself gets "a good deal excited" and indignant at my very harmless assertion that Protestants "worship Christ, a man composed of flesh and blood and bones like themselves." In saying this I fancied that I was merely uttering a truism, and using it as a perfectly legitimate *argument ad hominem*. The argument was substantially this. To the outward senses of the Roman Catholic, the bread in the mass is nothing but bread. To the outward senses of the Protestant (or rather of the disciples, whose evidence Protestants accept), Christ was a mere man composed of flesh and blood. The belief that God is present in or under the form of bread, and the belief that God was present in or under the form of man, are both *inferences of faith*, resting upon a precisely analogous foundation. The charge of idolatry made by the Protestant then either falls to the ground or recoils on his own head. The *Guardian* attempted to meet this argument by assuming infallibility. It said the question between the two inferences was one of truth and falsity; as though God had not given to Roman Catholics reason and faith wherewith to judge as to questions of truth and falsity. It said, in effect: The Protes-

tant's inference is infallibly true; the Catholic's is infallibly false. My critic attempts to break the force of the analogy in another fashion. He dogmatically asserts that neither Luther nor anybody else ever worshipped Christ, "a man composed of flesh and blood and bones." With regard to Luther, the objection is merely verbal. There can be little doubt that had Luther, holding the views which he did, lived contemporaneously with Christ, and come into contact with Him while on earth, he would have worshipped Him. If, furthermore, my critic means to assert that no one worshipped Christ when on earth, I am afraid his knowledge of his New Testament is hardly as full as it might be. Out of a number of passages which might be cited, one will suffice: "Jesus . . . said unto him, Dost thou believe on the Son of God? He answered and said, Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him? And Jesus said unto him, Thou hast both seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee. And he said Lord, I believe. *And he worshipped him*" (John ix. 35-38). There is nothing in the context to show that the worshipper *saw* before him anything but a man composed of flesh and blood like himself. The words, "I believe," show that the worship was founded upon an inference of faith. Nor are the other assertions of my critic, that Christ "is not in the flesh" now, and that Protestants consequently worship Christ, "when he is no longer a man composed of flesh and blood and bones," by any means so indisputable as he appears to imagine. He needs here also to be reminded of the language of the New Testament. After His resurrection, Christ, speaking to the eleven, said: "Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; *for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have*. And when he had thus spoken he showed them his hands and his feet. . . . And they gave him a piece of broiled fish and of an honeycomb. And he took it and did eat before them. . . . And he led them out as far as Bethany, *and he lifted up his hands*, and blessed them. And it came to pass, *while he blessed them*, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven. *And they worshipped him*." (Luke xxiv. 39-52.) See also John xx. 20, 25, 27; and compare these citations with Acts i. 9, 11:—"And when *he had spoken* these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a

cloud received him out of their sight. . . . This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, *shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.*" Is it not an inevitable deduction from these passages, that Christ was taken up into heaven as "flesh and bones," bearing the marks of the wounds in His hands and feet, and in His side, and that He will so reappear. If so, will my critic assert that his belief is infallibly true, that Christ does not exist in that shape now? Is not the natural inference altogether the other way.

The upshot of the whole question is this: Protestants, being fallible mortals like the rest of mankind, may *possibly* be wrong in rejecting transubstantiation, and Roman Catholics may *possibly* be right in accepting it. Should it turn out that, after all, the Roman Catholic *is* right, what would become of the charge of idolatry? Is it not obvious that the worship of the host may really be worship of the true God? When will theologians learn, not merely to acknowledge verbally their fallibility, but to have such a living and operative sense of it as will give a modest colour to the language which they use towards opposing beliefs. My critic himself needs a lesson on this point, from which to learn how absurd is his own claim to infallibility, when he speaks of his view of the Eucharist as *indisputably* true. A belief "so indisputably true" as to be *disputed* by nine-tenths of Christendom, is a pleasing novelty. Has my critic forgotten that I pointed out last month that this belief which he considers to be "so indisputably true," was "held in abhorrence" by Luther, Calvin, and the Protestant world generally at the time of the Reformation, and that Luther in particular regarded it with greater aversion than even transubstantiation, and refused to hold communion with those who professed it?

When, in denouncing the explicit or implicit assumption of infallibility, I alluded to the comparatively small number of Methodists, and the youthfulness of their Church, I candidly confess that it never entered into my head to make any preposterous and wholly irrelevant calculations as to how many Methodists there might, could, would, or should be in the world in a hundred years from this time. Any one whose taste lies in that direction could, no doubt, easily prove, *on paper*, that in a few generations Mormons and Spiritualists will in number be like unto

the sands of the sea-shore, and that the earth will be so crowded with them that they will be obliged to stand on each others heads. My business was not with any such fanciful speculations with regard to the future, but with existing facts; and when an organ of a certain religious denomination seemed inclined to arrogate to itself the right to lay down the law to the rest of Christendom as to what is true and what is false in religious doctrine, it was perfectly in order to remind the adherents of that denomination that they number only something like one in forty of Christians generally. Still, as the subject of possible future increase has been referred to, I have no objection to state my own opinion. It is, that, in a hundred years' time, Methodism, along with a good many other "isms," will have ceased to exist as a distinctive Christian creed, or will have become so utterly transformed, that its best friends will scarcely recognize it. That Methodism is in any practical sense "a grand bulwark . . . against the errors of Rome," I altogether disbelieve. Protestantism itself is no longer such a bulwark. At least, it would be equally true to say that Roman Catholicism is "a grand bulwark" against "the errors" of Protestantism. The two rivals advance nearly *pari passu*. The line of demarcation between them remains about the same as it was at the close of the Thirty Years' War, in 1649. Countries which were Protestant then are Protestant now; those which were Roman Catholic then remain Roman Catholic still. Conversions from Romanism to Methodism or any other Protestant creed are rare—certainly not more numerous than conversions from Protestantism to Romanism. To cite a township of Ontario—and a very small one at that—as evidence of the relative rates of increase of the rival creeds is a rather innocent proceeding. Parts of the world might be referred to where Catholic churches are to Protestant ones as a hundred to one. If Protestantism is advancing at a greater rate in Canada—no doubt because the immigration is mainly Protestant—the reverse process seems to be taking place in the United States. There the Irish immigration is mainly Catholic; and Catholics, exultant at the rapid advance of their religion, openly boast that, before the year 1900, they will elect the President of the Union. If my critic will turn to an article, written by Mr.

Francis E. Abbott, an American Protestant, entitled "The Catholic Peril in America," which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* for March, 1876, he will find this statement borne out. Everything seems to point to the conclusion, that, as a force to make any headway against Romanism, the virtue has long since departed from Protestantism. But lovers of religious freedom need not therefore despair. The intellectual portion of Christendom is in the throes of a new and greater Reformation than that of the sixteenth century. A stronger power than either Romanism or Protestantism is making its unseen presence felt. Science is the mighty solvent which is dissolving out the *dogmatic elements* of both; and both are crumbling to pieces under the process. In the last number (December) of the *Fortnightly Review*, in a remarkable article on "Hell and the Divine Veracity," Mr. Lionel Tollenmache very aptly and forcibly says: "I expect the various orthodox sects, with their chronic civil war, to continue in a state of heedlessness not wholly unlike that which the Gospel attributes to the antediluvian world; they will preach, they will write, they will cavil, they will give into cavils, till science comes and destroys them all. Wherefore, of the Catholic and the orthodox Protestant it may be said, as of Lausus and Pallas, that neither is destined to overwhelm the other, but that *mox illos sua fata manent majore sub hoste*."

With regard to the tone of my last month's article, I differ from my critic *toto celo*. The occasion would have justified even stronger language than was there used. To hint that my practise violated my own precepts is another misapprehension. It is one thing to gratuitously insult the religious belief of nearly half your fellow-countrymen; it is a totally different thing to use fitting language in denouncing that insult. The one is without the shadow of an excuse; the other is not only justifiable, but may be a very urgent necessity, though, I admit, a very unpleasant one. Nor is there any country where the necessity is greater than in Canada. Moreover, abuse and insult are far more repugnant to any man of right feeling when adopted in his behalf than when used against him. When applied to himself he can treat them with the contempt which they deserve. When used on behalf of those who believe

with him, not to protest against them is in a manner to become *particeps criminis*. As my critic apparently believes that strong language is never justifiable, perhaps I may be permitted to refer him once more to the New Testament, and to remind him that Christ himself administered many a scathing rebuke when the occasion demanded it, being especially severe against the spiritual pride and intolerance of the Pharisees of his day. The following extract from Prof. Tyndall's recent Birmingham Address, on "Science and Man," seems to me as applicable on this side of the Atlantic as on the other, and it is certainly not deficient in force: "Most heartily do I recognise and admire the spiritual radiance, if I may use the term, shed by religion on the minds and lives of many known to me. At the same time I cannot but observe how signally, as regards the production of anything beautiful, religion fails in other cases. Its professor and defender is sometimes at bottom a brawler and a clown. These differences depend on primary distinctions of character which religion does not remove. It may comfort some to know that there are among us many whom the gladiators of the pulpit would call 'atheists' and 'materialists,' whose lives, nevertheless, as tested by any accessible standard of morality, would contrast more than favourably with the lives of those who seek to stamp them with this offensive brand."

My article was essentially a plea for religious liberty. To me it seems axiomatic that any one shall be at liberty to believe in transubstantiation, if to him it appears to be true. To deny this right is to cut away at a blow the whole foundation upon which freedom of conscience and the right of private judgment repose. The only justification for the claim of any one to worship God in *his* way, is that he shall concede to all others their claim to worship God in *their* way. If Protestants wish to enjoy perfect freedom of religious worship, they must accord the same freedom to Roman Catholics; if they wish Roman Catholics to respect their religion, they must respect the religion of Roman Catholics. The only ground upon which any one can claim that others shall refrain from insulting his religion, is that he shall refrain from insulting theirs.

SORDELLO.

ROUND THE TABLE.

"EVERY person," says Gibbon, "has two educations—one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives himself"—and he never spoke a truer word. But the question sometimes occurs to us, whether this self-education is more or less of an advantage. This is a point I have often heard ably discussed, and always without arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. It is argued that it is a mistake so far as the happiness of the individual is concerned, and there is certainly much truth in this. Self-culture is, of course, a synonymous term for self-education, viz., the elevation of one's mental self to the highest point, and it seems to me that much of the advantage or disadvantage of this elevation must depend upon the position in which the individual is placed. For a poor man to try to raise himself is, in nine cases out of ten, to make him discontented with his surroundings, and, consequently, unhappy.

To apply this, however, to another rank in life, to the upper ten, vulgarly so called—how does this self-cultivation benefit them? Do they not sometimes educate themselves above the desirable point, and create wishes and desires impossible of gratification without large means, and even then, in many respects, out of the reach of those on this side of the water. For at the present high rate of pressure the best of everything, of course, commands the highest prices, and goes to the best markets, which are certainly not in a new and rising country. Superior acting, superior singing, superior music, superior pictures, are only very exceptionally enjoyed. When a Neilson, a Patti, or a Rubenstein appears among us, to leave us in darkness, intensified only by the light that has shone upon it, does not the soul educated to appreciate only such, either pine in the desert of absolute sterility, or groan hopelessly in the sloughs of mediocrity. If taste is cultivated, how small the opportunity of gratifying it, how often are the eye and ear assailed and wounded in their most delicate perceptions at every turn. Undoubtedly the man who is unsusceptible to trivial external influences must be saved a great deal. In

the towns, even, of a new country, there is necessarily much that is rough and unsightly; in the country itself, until the primeval forest is attained, nature suffers grievously at the hand of man. Witness the hundreds of acres of newly cleared land, outraging the eye with their scarred and blackened stumps, and the endless lines of angular snake fences, and all the well-known signs of early cultivation, testifying, it is true, to the progress of the country, but carrying little solace to the unpatriotic mind of the self-cultivated one. We are presuming, of course, that the individual has been aided in his attempts at cultivation, that he has travelled and seen something of the world, and is able, therefore, to compare one thing with another, and discriminate the good from the bad, the very essence, so to speak, of cultivation. His mind, on these occasions, will infallibly revert to other lands and other scenes, and he will find himself thinking this would be pretty—if I only could get rid of the stumps, and if that square rough cottage and those hideous pumpkins were only out of the way; but they, alas, spoil it all. Again, he drives up to some country house, through park-like meadows and fine old trees; but the place is not well kept; cattle and horses wander over it at will, the road is full of grass and weeds, and an occasional log is an ugly blot upon the foreground. He has been told this is a pretty place, and knows it is so considered; looked at with impartial eyes, it undoubtedly possesses much natural beauty, but the old adage of comparisons being odious proves none the less true in this case, for the mind at once travels thousands of miles across the sea, and a vision rises before the eyes, of some old English home, with its miles of park land, its magnificent timber, its bracken and underbrush, with rabbits scudding across the road, or a pheasant whirring overhead, while down a distant glade is a herd of red deer quietly browsing—and Canada suffers by the contrast.

The same thing is applicable to theatres, concerts, exhibitions of all kinds, and it probably ends in the self-cultivated man shutting himself snail-like in his shell, and lead-

ing a kind of hermit life, of communion with himself alone. So far as society goes, he is equally at a disadvantage, for there is no doubt that ordinary people are largely in excess of the extraordinary, and he will meet ninety-nine who are uncongenial to the one hundreth who is really acceptable.

Thus he has become an epicure, and, unable to command what he really enjoys, prefers a void to mediocrity. Literature is probably the only field in which his overcultivated taste can find lawful gratification; there his soul can take its ease, for in this nineteenth century books are within reach of every one, and they become the apple of his eye, the sole mistress of his heart.

On the whole, I cannot honestly recommend self-cultivation to our young friends, though undoubtedly a mind is a great implement, and will make a garden out of which others would find a desert. Do not encourage self-cultivation; believe me, the oysters of the world have a great deal the best of it in the long run; if they have not the capacity for enjoyment, neither have they the capacity for suffering, and as the pain of this life greatly preponderates over its pleasures, that is in itself a recommendation. I cannot help believing that many self-cultivated men and women, looking down the vista of a long life, must acknowledge that their mental elevation has been rather a curse than a blessing, and that they have envied their dull neighbours, who, requiring less, have been satisfied with less, and with their hands in those of husband or wife, are going calmly and quietly down the shady side of the hill, which they are treading alone, in the barren solitude of old maiden or old bachelor-hood.

—As a rule clergymen refrain from giving counsel to men in the matter of their duty to the country. They excuse themselves on the ground that they "have no business with politics," it being assumed that politics and sanctity are not consistent with each other. But there is no reason why clergymen should not be interested in politics, although from *party* politics they had better keep aloof. A moment's consideration will show that our duty to the State should be as much a subject of importance to our moral guides as any other of the duties of social beings; and that ministers of the gospel should not hesitate to instil right principles of citizenship into the

minds of those whom they are able to influence. And they may do this without running any risk of being suspected of a desire to interfere in elections, or of trying to control men's judgments on the merits of the two parties, who, I admit, do a good deal to discredit the noble calling of politics in Canada. I am led to speak this way by observing that we have one Canadian minister of high standing who does not consider that the duty of patriotism is something beyond his sphere. The Reverend Principal Grant, in some of his late public utterances, has shewn himself to possess what is unfortunately rare in theologians, an ardent interest in what are called the "secular" affairs of the country, and is exerting his powerful influence in a way best calculated in my humble opinion, to promote the public welfare, by the warm and earnest advocacy of what may best be called "Canadianism." And what I mean by "Canadianism" will be seen from the following passages of a recent speech of Mr. Grant's, delivered in this city:—

"What does a 'home' mean? It brings back to us visions of the old roof-tree, the lowly kitchen, and the mother's knee. He had spoken to a rich Scotsman once on this subject. The party in question, after informing him that he had now a dozen servants to wait on him, added: 'I am no half sae weel off as when seven o' us lived in the same house wi' only yae little lassie to attend to us.' He would be a miserable creature indeed who would not think more of his home than of any other place. As one gets older the word 'home' takes a wider significance; it gradually extends over the parish, and then to the adjoining city. But, however far one leaves home behind, one cannot forget the dear spot. It is because of this love of home that there are so many of the inhabitants of Scotland who, when they die, leave endowments to their native parish or town, as the case may be, in order to keep their memory green in it. There is plenty of evidence of this love of home among Canadians. When away in distant parts this country gets to be very dear to them. This is evidenced in the fact that in South America and in the Old Country Canadian Societies are being formed. The man who does not have this feeling for his native land ought to be pitied. Such a man must be looked upon as a sort of maniac—

a moral idiot—a man without a healthy mind. What would be thought of a Scotsman who said that he had no love for his home? In this connection there occurred to him the words of Burns—

A wish I had, I felt its power—
A wish that to my latest hour
Will strongly move my heart;
That I for poor old Scotland's sake
Some useful plan or book might make,
Or sing a sang at least.

If such feelings dwell in the breasts of Scotsmen, what of Canadians? He would be a very flunkey in spirit who would not cherish such sentiments for the land which gave him birth. If Canadians have not this feeling it certainly is not for want of a glorious country to inspire it."

—The climate of Canada is often abused for its severity, but that of England also has its drawbacks, amusingly illustrated in the following extract from a letter lately received from a Canadian lady, describing her first experience of English autumn weather. She writes in a house in the vicinity of Bath, overlooking the Valley of the Avon, and the time of year is November:

"Monday, 13th.—To-day is nice and bright, the river is what they call 'out,' it looks so pretty; the meadows are partly flooded and Annie says they look like a great lake. All Sunday the rain came down in a good honest way and the wind blew with a steady howl. The papers are full of disasters on the coast and floods on shore.

"Wednesday.—Last night we read 'Rosa's pill' in the 19th century fairy tale. I am sure I wish English people were a little more lively; they have their little jokes in a business-like manner (I don't mean the book, that is grand), but of regular fun I have heard nothing. I opened my window this morning while dressing, and think the rollicking fun of our book last night must have done me good, for I got up to breakfast, and—oh horrors! to the English mind—I, who have not dared to look at an open door, and only once been outside the house for a fortnight—dressed with my window open. I feel that I cannot hope ever to be English in my ways, for they are an eminently reasonable race, and if I had their clear, cool sense, so delightful to those who have it and so supremely aggravating to those who haven't, my cough would be worse instead of better. When Harriet

came to my room she said the morning was cold and frosty, and as soon as her back was turned I opened my window and looked out; I saw the sun—who hardly ever gets a good look at England—making a little attempt to shine. The air was nice and frosty, and the sun was doing his best, but I had to retire and dress as quickly as possible, for there was a little mist. Will there ever be a bright, crisp day, or must I wait till I see Canada again?

"Thursday.—I cannot go out to-day as the rain is coming down in a mild but determined way. If it were not for the aggravating, self-sufficient pertinacity of this gentle rain, one might fancy the clouds were broken-hearted at being driven so far north and were crying their eyes out over England. If this country could only be hung up somewhere to dry it would be charming, and then if some arrangement could be made to let in a little more sun and air, nothing would be wanting; the people would unconsciously be a little more frolicsome and jolly and not so terribly business-like in their mirth.

"Nothing has impressed upon me the difference between the two countries more than the calm and indifferent way in which four cats are meandering about the garden in the rain. There is a rusty black kitten—when dry there could not be a more fluffy, ragged little kit—walking in that consciously unconscious way, peculiar to cats, with her tail perfectly erect, in the wettest part of the wettest path, looking up at the clouds with a critical air and the rain pattering upon her face,—fancy a Canadian cat walking for pleasure in the rain,—and she has been out so long that the poor little neglected thing looks almost sleek."

—The season for those public plagues, those ever untimely nuisances, Bazaars and Fancy Sales, is upon us.

Out of season, to our inclinations, they always are, for we feel at the very mention of their name that now we are going to be "taken in" and mulcted to any extent, under the pretence of furthering some just and holy cause. I cannot but believe that this mode of extorting money from good-natured friends and relatives is rotten at the core. It certainly has none of the elements of true almsgiving in it, none of the simplicity, none of the self-abnegation, none of the "doing good by stealth and blushing to find it

fame," which belong to properly administered charity. It is a sort of compromise with our consciences:—"Come now," say these bazaar promoters, "give a dollar to God with one hand, and you shall have the privilege of taking back at least twenty-five cents with the other." Thus saying, they secretly acknowledge that giving to God's work is really a dead loss, and that some little compensation is needed to encourage the donor. So, benevolent ladies, when a bazaar looms in the dim future and promoters become pressing, begin to think of some chair that would be all the better for an antimacassar, or a vase that would look nicer if placed on a wool mat. They are contented to give three times the value of the article they buy so long as they get a little something for their pains, and they go home with a comfortable sort of feeling that though they have been cheated, yet it was for a good cause, and "one ought to do what one can for the poorer brethren." As for men, a bazaar seems to them neither more nor less than an extortion practised on them by their young lady friends, and their principal concern is to plan how cheaply they can get off, and on the whole they would rather not have the bead watch-pockets and pin-cushions they are informed they have purchased. Do these good people really think they are promoting charitable feelings and enlarging the sympathies of those whose help they ask.

There are other considerations to be thought of, too, with reference to these sales—the taking away money from those who get their living by selling fancy articles, the immense waste of time in preparing for the bazaars, and the cultivating (where such cultivation is certainly most unnecessary) a greater love for those numerous detestable and unartistic knick-knacks that at present crowd our sitting and drawing-rooms to the exclusion of books and pictures, a taste for which is seldom developed in those houses where every shelf and table is loaded with useless work. But to people who are entangled in the network and meshes of this kind of fancy-work, reproof is idle and expostulation is vain. No doubt the devotees of the needle have often failed to find any sarcastic meaning in George Eliot's passage on the subject: "When a man is happy enough to win the affections of a sweet girl, who can soothe his cares with crochet, and respond to all his most cherished ideas with

beaded urn-rugs and chair-covers in German wool, he has, at least, a guarantee of domestic comfort, whatever trials may await him out of doors. What a resource it is under fatigue and irritation to have your drawing-room well supplied with small mats, which would always be ready if you ever wanted to set anything on them! And what styptic for a bleeding heart can equal copious squares of crochet, which are useful for slipping down the moment you touch them?"

—I am inclined to break a lance with my metrical friend who made a "Big push" at slang last month. Purity of language is all very well, but when driven to a fine point of "dictionary writing," the result is as colourless and insipid as distilled water, and very different from the well of English undefiled! Why, to the larger half of the English nation Chaucer was full of the worst kind of Norman-French slang, and to the refined portion of his contemporaries his Anglo-Saxon brutalities were simply disgusting! Chaucer had an inveterate habit of calling a spade a spade, which is, in effect, adopting the expressive and curt term of the vulgar in place of the polite and roundabout definitions that grammarians of every age are so ready to offer in place of that offensive instrument. I am inclined to think that the cutting allusion to the "Frenche of Stratford-atte-Bowe," was current chaff of the period, and that the purists of the day discoursed round the table with many a prosy period over the degrading tendency of poets to "pick up" (I beg pardon, assimilate) vernacular vulgarisms. Little did they think that Chaucer was welding the conflicting elements of our speech into one vigorous whole, and that his works would in time become a standard authority. Little, too, did Chaucer imagine that bloodless authors would arise to copy him and his language, with as much success as awaited those classical revivalists who out-Cicerod Cicero by denying themselves the use of a single word, or the turn of a single expression, however felicitous, which had not been sanctioned by Cicero's tongue or pen.

So long as a language develops slang it is alive. If I might venture on a metaphor, I would compare my slang-detesting friend to those benefactors of the race who, attacking the warning symptom instead of the hidden disease, offer their sick neighbour a specific

"Pain-killer." Such men should form an "Association for the Abolition of Danger Signals on Railways," based on a profound analysis of the intimate connection of red lamps and collisions. Slang is a painful evidence of growth. Some slang is unendurable; do not be afraid, it will pass away and be forgotten, like the pimples and blotches upon the face of a growing boy. But oftener it will harden, and take place and form; becoming, in time, the life and the sparkle of the pure well water of the future (if we *must* return to that temperate simile). Read over Henry IV., and you will find that plenty of the slang of Shakspeare's time has died a natural death. But if *none* of the slang of Shakspeare's time had ever been breathed over pottles of sack or bandied across the green-room, I trow our language would be the poorer now a-days! "J'aimerais mieux que mon fils apprint aux tavernes à parler," says Montaigne, "qu'aux escholes de la parlerie." Rabelais has *rather* more slang in him than Racine; life and vigour are present in the two authors in a similar ratio. Dickens had wonderful opportunities in this line, which he did not neglect, and the literature which he enriched will recompense him by declaring much of his slang classical. If any of our guests want to hear a sound lecture upon slang, and are open to receive some timely hints as to the risk of denouncing a word as a new coinage, without first exhaustively studying old English literature, let them turn up Lowell's Introduction to his second series of the "Biglow Papers." There they will learn that the slang that we should really strive to avoid is that highly correct style of journalistic writing, which is the reverse of the slang I have been striving to defend, and which turns such a sentence as "The man fell off the frightened horse", into "The individual was precipitated from the infuriated animal." Ten to one if you came across such a sentence in a paper, it would go on to say, with a plenitude of inverted commas, "again he hurried on his mad career," instead of "the horse trotted round the corner;" for free quotation and quotation marks are a sure symptom of this kind of slang. I will close with a delightful specimen I culled the other day, delightful alike in its "superior" language and the charming *naïveté* with which it couples greediness and the approval of Providence: "Bishop Stevens invoked the Divine Blessing, and

an hour and a half were consumed in discussing the edible attractions on the festive board!"

—One who sat with us last month was pleased to comment rather severely upon the Hon. Mr. Vice-Chancellor Blake's lecture on Professional Ethics, using it as a peg upon which to hang a little discourse concerning law and lawyers generally. I do not propose to argue the matter with him, for the principles of our law and the reputation of our lawyers are too well established to suffer from the strictures of one who does not seem to be intimately acquainted with the subject whereof he speaks. I freely admit, however, that there is much truth in the remarks made, and that there is much to be done for the science of law, and more for its practice, before that degree of completeness and utility can be reached which we all so earnestly desire. *A propos* of the lecture I am compelled, reluctantly enough, to make one or two observations of a nature other than I would like. On reading the report of it in the *Globe* of the 15th November (the accuracy of which I presume), I was struck with the presence in abundance of moral and religious principles, and the entire absence of any acknowledgement to the Hon. George Sharswood LL.D., of Philadelphia, for the essential part which his "Essay on Professional Ethics" played in the entertainment. That the lecture from beginning to end was an almost wholesale appropriation from Judge Sharswood's book, anyone who will take the trouble to compare the two can easily establish, even if the learned Vice-Chancellor's allusion to certain amazing advice to counsel and clients (see Sharswood's "Legal Ethics," 4th Ed., p. 66) which he had "found in an American writer recently" did not set the coincidence beyond a peradventure. If this be a "course of conduct honest and fair" from a lawyer's point of view—to say nothing of an Equity Judge—I think the less said in public about "elevating the professional standard" the better. Apart from this I was astounded to find the notorious breach of faith of the Council of Girard College commended to the student as a worthy example of "seeking earnestly to faithfully carry out the wishes of the generous donor." The council well knew the religious views of Girard, and that his plain intention was to exclude the Bible and all

sectarian teaching from the institution ; yet the introduction of both was sanctioned. The members did not even think it dishonourable to accept the permission to pray and preach there on occasions, under the flimsy disguise of lay brethren, though clergymen were expressly excluded by name. To such men and to those who indorse their conduct I would say with the learned lecturer : " Beware lest your example deteriorate your fellow men."

—I suppose that no one will question the right of our friend who made so valorous an attack upon law and lawyers at the Table last month to dislike law-studies if he will. But I wonder if the law is really to blame if he fails to see any "nobility" about it ; if he does not find the study thereof "mentally profitable or morally improving ;" if he is unable to acquire "a due reverence for it all !" I remember to have held just such gloomy views once about chemistry. It seemed to me a farrago of barbarous names and symbols, quite unprofitable mentally or morally, and unworthy of any reverence. But experience has led me to believe that chemistry cannot rightly be held responsible for such a judgment.

If the lecturer whom my friend takes to task took care to remind his hearers that they belonged to a "noble" profession, I do not feel inclined to carp at him for doing so. The more a lawyer is impressed with the dignity and nobility of his calling, the more likely is he to be scrupulously honourable in his dealings ; and if I thought a lawyer incapable of being so impressed, I should be slow indeed to trust him. The fact is, the law *is* a "noble" profession, whether we consider the duties with which its members are charged, or the way in which those duties have for the most part been performed by the men who are revered as the great names of the profession ; whether we consider the principles of liberty and order of which the law is the exponent and guardian, or the firmness with which those principles have been maintained by lawyers in evil times. I think one has only to read Coke's arguments in Parliament on the constitutional rights of the subject, Lord Mansfield's judgment in that case where he lays down the principle that "the air of England is too free to be breathed by a slave," Sir Alexander Cockburn's charge in the Governor Eyre

case, Erskine's and Curran's speeches at the bar, and such like legal literature, to admit the claim of law to be considered a "noble" profession. Whether or not the study of law is in itself "noble or elevating to a man as a rational being," my experience hardly enables me to say. I know a number of able and honest lawyers whom I would hardly call "noble," or "elevated" in character ; but, on the other hand, there are many who seem to have drawn from their law books the most lofty ideas of rectitude and humanity, and a passionate love of liberty. There are mean lawyers as well as noble ones ; but then there are mean geologists, astronomers, poets, and even philosophers, as well as noble ones. Perhaps after all the particular pursuit has very little to do with the character of the man. I should like to know, however, what sort of special study it is which, in my friend's judgment, has the effect of ennobling and elevating the mind, if law has not. Is it botany, theology, pure mathematics, or what is it ? For my own part I incline to think that any of these subjects, if pursued *exclusively*, and with the sense that it contains in itself the sum of all useful knowledge, and therefore pursued *improperly*, would have the effect of narrowing and lowering the mind ; and the same may be admitted of law. I do not suppose that the learned lecturer meant to recommend the study of law in this blind and ignorant way. Each of the subjects I have mentioned would properly enter into a liberal education, and whether we intend to make law our business or not, whether we choose to think it noble and elevating or not, I believe that it also is an essential branch of a liberal education. Burke thought so, and his mind was certainly not cramped, nor his usefulness impaired by his careful study of Blackstone, now looked upon as a somewhat antiquated optimist. The law enters into almost every detail of life, from the highest to the lowest ; it governs almost every action whereby the interests of others may be affected ; it binds the whole social system together ; and on the whole keeps pace with the growing needs of society. I do not see how any one can claim to be educated, looking at the true end and aim of education, who is not familiar at least with the general principles of law, as set forth in text-books and commentaries ; and I con-

fess I am quite unable to understand how any one can assert that in this study there is nothing "intrinsically beneficial," nothing "mentally profitable or morally improving."

My friend, however, though he takes this position, does not attempt to sustain it by argument or example. What he does, as he proceeds, is to point out that there are *some* branches of the law which are defective, and that law, as studied by *some* people, does not seem to improve the mind. There can be no difference of opinion on these points. Neither our Real Property Law nor our Common Law Procedure is perfect, though, by comparison with what they were, they might be considered well nigh perfect. But I must say that it is quite unwarrantable to assail these departments of the law, where there is so much that is admirable, and so much on which no one has been able to suggest improvements, with such sweeping charges as those of my law-condemning friend. Unless some one is ready with something like feasible and better rules to substitute for those in which we see defects, nothing can be gained by indulging in transports of indignation against the whole system, and everything connected with it. It is equally ridiculous to fall foul of the "oligarchy of lawyers" because defects still exist, and to charge them with keeping the law abstruse and irrational for the sake of profit. What does "downright Professor Blackie" know about it? Has he ever tried his hand at improving the law, that it seems to him so simple a matter to substitute a new system, "which he who runs may read," for the long accumulation of centuries? If my friend who protests against "authority" so urgently, is going to rely on authority for his own purposes, he might choose authority which has something more than downright-ness to recommend it. Any one who asserts that the profession generally is opposed to law-reform, if he speaks honestly, speaks ignorantly. With the exception of Bentham and one or two others, all the vast work of law-reform in England in the last century, has been done by practical lawyers; in our own country it has been done entirely by them. Both in England and in Canada the men who are the most respected by their professional brethren are those who take the lead in advancing the reform of the laws in those points where experience shows the need and the *mode* of amendment. Any

one who, like "downright Professor Blackie," accuses lawyers as a body, of a design to impede progress in adapting the law to our constantly changing circumstances, simply echoes the vulgar cry, that there is some mysterious association between the administration of justice and the Prince of Evil, and that a man, no matter how high-minded and enlightened he may previously be, as soon as he enters these unholy ranks, becomes an enemy of his kind, and sets about "strangling" their rights instead of advocating them. And this talk about codifying the law and thereby making it so plain and simple that every yokel may read, and read rightly, is really very idle talk. Does it render laws less liable to the necessity of interpretation, less open to different constructions, less difficult to apply to a particular state of circumstances because they are found in a code instead of in judgments. Have the imperfections of language no place in a code? Are there fewer lawsuits where there is a code? I am not aware that these questions can be answered in the affirmative, but if downright Professor Blackie, or any one of those who accept his authority in these matters, has a plan for making the law so simple that the ingenuous layman may understand it without special training, and may be able to ascertain his rights without reference to the selfish "oligarchy of lawyers," I am sure every one would be glad to hear about it.

I hope my friend does not assume that the few text-books prescribed for students, which are simply intended to afford some guarantee that clients shall not suffer through the ignorance of practitioners, are the only ones of the "regular Canadian course." Our successful lawyers pursue a course which embraces a good deal more than these very necessary primers. As to my friend's opinion of the general effects of a legal education, I suppose, as I have said, that a man may study law in such a way that while his faculties are rendered more acute, they became narrower in range, but in such a case he must blame himself and not the law. But the fact is that lawyers, instead of being the most narrow-minded of men, have, as far as my experience goes, more of general culture than any other class, except perhaps journalists; though for that matter the journalists of London are said to be mostly barristers. It was Dr. Johnson who said that he found lawyers the most entertaining of men; why?

Because there is hardly any subject in which they are as a rule not ready to take a sympathetic interest, and hardly any about which, from the very nature of their reading and practice, they do not know at least a little. Have doctors, clergymen, merchants, bankers minds better stored with ideas, and more open to impressions than lawyers? Can any one seriously contend in the face of the facts, that the man who has specially applied his powers to acquiring legal knowledge, assuming him to have mental capacity, is likely to be "on general questions utterly at sea, capable only of half views, and holding to them with bigoted tenacity?" A whole host of great names, of names great in law, but

great also in statesmanship, philosophy, letters, oratory, philanthropy rise to refute so wild an assertion. And are the laws under which we live so bad that we should condemn lawyers as legislators? The most important part of the statute law will be found to have been placed upon the statute-book by lawyers, both in Canada and the United States. Is this consistent with the assertion that on general questions well-trained lawyers are at sea? Perhaps so, but if it is, why do not the people of these countries commit the initiative in legislation to their philosophers, artists, *littérateurs*, farmers, or merchants, instead of these bigoted, narrow-minded, unprogressive, and designing lawyers.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE Local Legislature of Ontario has been summoned to meet on the 9th of January, and the Dominion Parliament on the 9th of the month following. As yet there has been no foreshadowing of measures to be introduced by either Government, although presumably each of them has already prepared what it deems a list of tempting, if not substantial, viands to be paraded in the *carte* "from the Throne." It is, no doubt, a difficult task to draw up the bill of fare for a Barmecide feast, and it can only be hoped that, in the sequel, our legislators and the country may be as well served as the beggar of Bagdad. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Mowat will persist in consulting his own convenience, rather than that of the public, as to the period of convening the House. This is certainly no party question. The chief organ of his own party, and the leading politicians most strongly attached to it in the counties, have constantly urged an early session; and still, either from reluctance to enter the conflict, or from unreadiness to face the Legislature, he continues the practice of late meetings at the most inconvenient possible period. Not to speak of the awkward division of public attention between Local and Dominion matters of interest, the beginning of January, or the middle of it, is the worst possible time that could be selected. It deranges municipal business, when councils

are in the agony of organization, by presenting to them the double duty of settling their arrangements for the year at home, and looking after their wants at Toronto simultaneously. Surely the Government cannot fail to recognize the plain and obvious result of this procrastination; why is it perversely repeated year after year? There seems no reason why the Ontario House should not meet and despatch all its business before the Christmas Holidays; it would suit the people much better and, at the same time, enable ministers to "eat their meal" without fear, and sleep not "in the affliction of those dreams that shake them nightly," at the near prospect of a session. They are not, as a rule, fat men, yet they love good fare and secure enjoyment of it at a festive season, as well as their fellows; why not so arrange it that the shadows of approaching foes should be impossible or ridiculous at the Christmas board, because all the hurly-burly is over and done, and the battle lost or won?

There is one subject upon which the people of Ontario will no longer be put off with evasive answers or delusive palliatives in the shape of half-and-half legislation. If the Government proposes to deal with tax exemptions, it must do the work thoroughly, or had better refuse to deal with it at all. Any attempt to deceive the people by a pretended

compliance with their clearly expressed wishes, by an Act which "keeps the word of promise to the ear and breaks it to the hope," will most assuredly seal the fate of Ministers when they come to give in their account to the electorate, as they must shortly do. The menace of extrusion from office by defeat at the polls is the only legitimate form of intimidation; and now, when the portentous apparition of a general election gains form and substance as it is approached, a regard for consequences, as well as a gentle warning about them, may not be without effect. It is needless to repeat the overwhelming arguments against the system it is sought to destroy. Exemption from the payment of a fair share towards the expenses of municipal government is merely the relic of a practice which vexed our forefathers and precipitated France into the jaws of revolution. No one has attempted a defence of it, save as classes and castes have always sought to maintain it by appeals to precedent or to sentiment. And now when the attempt is made, not only to perpetuate the existing system, but to extend it beyond the obvious purpose of the law, on false and frivolous pretences, and when rich corporations, religious and secular, defy the assessor by the meanest of subterfuges, the reasons for a clean sweep in these dusty and cobwebbed corners of our governmental system acquire overwhelming force and cogency. It is not enough that clergymen with their thousands a year should plead *in formâ pauperis* for immunity, or that congregations should occupy whole squares, free from taxation, in our crowded centres of population, or that capitalists should receive large dividends, and governments own large estates in realty without paying aught to the municipal treasury,—all that is as unjust and indefensible as any species of inequality and unfairness can be. But when it is positively claimed that all the hangers-on of churches who have the title of "reverend," publishing newspapers or keeping book-shops, shall be allowed to defraud Cæsar of what is Cæsar's, it is surely time that such an obsolete system were at once brought to an end.

In Canada, we boast ourselves to be freer, if not better, than our English sires. We have no State Church, and yet by a process of "levelling up," which would delight Lord Beaconsfield, every church, denomination, and sect is at this moment endowed by the State to

the precise amount of its exemption. What they do in England, is now known from the courteous replies of Sir Stafford Northcote to Mr. Potter's interrogatories. The Income-Tax, which is there an Imperial impost, is levied upon all, save the Queen; and she, with an honourable regard for justice, pays it of her own free will. Churches are exempt from local taxation, but not church property; so also is Government property, but then in that case, as in all other cases where exemptions are made, the amount is paid to the local authorities by the Imperial Parliament. So that in Old England, where there is an Established Church, an ecclesiastical caste, an aristocracy, and an expensive Government, the claims of even-handed justice are more firmly asserted and more equitably adjusted than they are in this free and enlightened Canada of ours. The question is one of those—and they are many—in which parties are not to be trusted; the people must soon have the solution of the problem in their own hands, and they will be themselves to blame, as they will be the sufferers, if they permit this remnant of privilege and immunity to be maintained. It will be for them to decide whether any set of individuals or corporations, either on the plea of sanctity, divine right, prescriptive right, or otherwise, shall continue to shift the burdens they ought in equity and in conscience to bear themselves, upon the shoulders of the community at large. It is impossible yet to determine what attitude the parties, as such, may choose to assume touching this vital question; but it cannot be amiss to urge the people to watch them narrowly. They are not above suspicion in the matter, and it must be remembered that "eternal vigilance" is not only the price, but the safeguard also by which alone equal rights and impartial legislation can be secured and maintained. The entire system of taxation requires thorough revision and reconstruction; for that the electors must look to the wisest and best of their public men; but the exemption question is one they can judge for themselves, since it is one of justice and fair dealing between class and class, man and man, rich and poor—one which every man, not blinded by the film of prejudice or interest is competent to answer at the polls.

So far as the Dominion Parliament is concerned, the outlook is not encouraging. No doubt the old stories of jobbery and corrup-

tion, which proved so effective at the pic-nics, will be revamped and made more presentable, in compliment to the *genius loci*. One party will strive to show that the other has broken every principle it struggled for while on Mr. Speaker's left hand, and it will meet with the retort that the other side never had any principles at all worth speaking about. Charges and counter-charges will be hurled to and fro with that sort of energy we usually associate with Billingsgate or Donnybrook Fair. To prove that its opponents are as black as itself is the highest ambition of the hour,—the *tu quoque* argument its only logic. What better can be anticipated of parties which have run to seed? Nationalists are not the only people who deprecate the prevailing tactics of the parties. In the press or on the platform, whenever men disclose their honest convictions, the fact that we so often strive to urge upon the public mind is candidly admitted and deplored. Certainly, nothing more severe has been said in these pages than the following from the *Journal of Commerce*, in an article written to reprove the MONTHLY for abusing parties:—"To us it seems inevitable that the next Canadian political contest must turn on the fiscal policy to be adopted, and if the consequence should be a disruption of the present political parties, it would probably be a fortunate circumstance, inasmuch as it would tend to eliminate from our politics the violent personal bitterness which has been the most marked feature of the recent political pic-nics." Our contemporary, as might have been expected from so able and thoughtful a journalist, acknowledges the evil and desires its elimination, and yet he seems afraid of the remedy he himself perceives to be the only radical and effective one. The disintegration of parties may possibly occur, and it would "probably" be a good thing, because it might "tend" to accomplish a cure. Why this half-hearted fluttering between an honest hope and a half-disclosed aversion? Simply because the latter lurks deeper and has a firmer hold, not consciously, perhaps, upon the partisan's feelings and prejudices than he is prepared to avow. Why should the *Journal* desire to wait for a reform in political manners until after a general election, conducted under the auspices of these very parties, with their passions more warmly aroused and their better feelings more completely stifled? So far from believing that parties could edify

the public mind or elevate the tone of political morality, by a tardy repentance when in the throes of dissolution, it is our conviction that they would still further defile the atmosphere and sow the seeds of slander and calumny to fructify through the entire life of another Parliament.

Now is the time to arouse the nobler feelings and to goad the dormant conscience. It will be too late after a general election, when the hopes or fears of each party have been realized, and they are at liberty, like Richard, to return to their "holy work again." And why should any one view the prospect of party dissolution with regret, much less with apprehension? The evils wrought by party conflict are written in broad characters on almost every page of this country's history, during the last half century at least. Those alone who have had ampler opportunities of breathing the political atmosphere than we can boast—and this writer in the *Journal* is perhaps of the number—can tell how foul and pestilential it has been. But even outsiders know something of its baneful influences. Its victims lie thick upon the path of progress, and mark it at every step of the way. If a complete narrative could be given of all the wrecked reputations, all the embittered lives, all the sinister results of party passion in blunted moral perceptions, unscrupulous trickery, reckless calumny, and baseless vituperation, we should possess a history, from which Louis XI., Machiavelli, Napoleon, or any other master of craft, duplicity, and falsehood might have profited. The last decade has been redolent of nothing but the miasma referred to. We shall be told that up to the coalition of 1864 there were great principles at stake, and that as men necessarily, and for the most part honestly, differ, parties must exist to bring the matter to an issue. Let us ask if that is the lesson taught by the events of the period from 1854 to 1864? Far otherwise. It was found at last, and candidly enough confessed, that partyism, as a means of settling disputed questions of principle, was a failure; and that the only remedy was a breaking up of parties and the fusion of their best elements.

The solution was Confederation—a scheme which Sir Alex. Galt propounded with singular power and clearness in 1858, without convincing either side. Parties are in fact seldom, if ever, convinced of any principle

now-a-days, unless they fight until they are exhausted, and the combat ends in a deadlock. The period of eighteen months or so, during which the Hon. Geo. Brown was the colleague of Sir Geo. Cartier and Sir John Macdonald, was like a brief millennium—a little heaven below. There were no lambs in those days; but the wolf, the jackal, and the hyena—by which we do not mean the three gentlemen named, except tropically—lay down together, or rather stood up, and ate something better than straw at the government crib. Setting aside the trope, however, what conclusion should be drawn from the eminently wise and patriotic course of the party leaders? Certainly not that we owed Confederation to party; for, if the factions had possessed sufficient vigour, the fight might have been in progress to this day. It is only when politicians come to see that they are fighting windmills that they cease to be quixotic, and become at once sane, good-natured, forgiving *sub modo*, and practical. During that halcyon time, all vexed questions were left open. Legislators could act according to their honest convictions touching Separate Schools, Ecclesiastical Corporations, money grants to sectarian charities, and all the other little questions which had sprung up like thorns and briars, during the strict party *régime*; and this without fearing the lash of the whipper-in, or endangering, not the cause of country, but of the popular fetish—party. That happy state of things, however, was too good, as well as too tame, to endure long. Carnivorous animals do not relish grain or herbage as a general thing, and get rid of it *quam primum*, in favour of something better adapted to their dental and digestive systems. Fierce war broke out once more, and twelve years after the renewed struggle is still in progress. It may be said that Canada has gained Confederation at all events; true, but in spite of parties, not through their instrumentality.

In 1873 again there was a change in the attitude and relative position of parties; but it was merely episodic. By what was a lucky chance for one belligerent, and a fatal disaster to the other, the former succeeded in getting at the latter's flank and rear and displacing him altogether. The "king of the castle" became the "dirty rascal,"—as the boys would say,—and *vice versa*. The exposure of the Pacific Scandal was not only a god-send to the Opposition, but the out-

burst of moral indignation which ensued so far as the electorate gave expression to it, was honest and unfeigned. Whether it was fully justified or not need scarcely be discussed here; at all events, it was another proof that the people may err in their opinions, but in their moral sentiments, never. Now, whether the Government of the day were right or wrong, whether the Opposition were altogether actuated by conscientious rage, or whether there was not a *souffçon* of pretence in it, makes no difference; party zeal, party scheming, party tactics stand alike condemned on any view which can be taken. The cause of offence was a natural result of the demoralized condition into which parties had sunk; there was no principle at stake—and if there had been it would have fallen a sacrifice—so the necessary consequence of a scramble for office appeared in wholesale bribery. After all, the cure was not applied by party effort, but by party disruption. Whether those who deserted Sir John Macdonald did so on strictly moral grounds, in hope of ulterior gain, or from fear of their constituents, is beside the question. They did change their allegiance, and a revolution of a mild type was the consequence; so that, whatever view may be taken of the matter, party must receive all the blame and no credit whatever for its beginning and progress—including the sinister management of the case—and its issue. Now that is all over, the old system is again in working order; the Government is being systematically worried, because it is a Government; and the Opposition, of course, discharges eagerly, and not with too much delicacy or scrupulousness, the normal functions of an Opposition under the party system.

That principles of supreme importance do, when they are to be found, divide men into parties is unquestionable; but they are seldom originated, or looked upon with favour, by those who end in embracing them. Party leaders are seldom leaders of men; "shepherds of the people" they may be in a sense, but they follow the flock merely, instead of guiding and directing it. Partisanship espouses principles, only to retard their adoption and mutilate their fair proportions. Conceding its full value to the give-and-take or compromise principle—and we do not favour root-and-branch reform—it still remains true that principles nearly always suffer under party manipulation. On the other hand, parties

suffer also by the encounter. The Ithuriel touch of a principle, be it as light as the angel's in Milton, not only transforms, but weakens and destroys those who meddle with it, in party array. Great measures in England have always been taken up as a *pis aller* by governments, and party shipwreck has been the issue. The Emancipation Act of 1829 drove the first wedge into the Tory party, and the Free Trade measures of 1846 shivered it to atoms. The first Reform Act was fatal to its Whig authors, and the second to Mr. Disraeli, who framed it to out-bid the Liberals. Mr. Gladstone fairly bristled with "burning questions," and his party were sent into political Coventry for many a year. In like manner, the Republican party in the United States had no sooner achieved the success of the cause it had espoused and brought a desperate internecine conflict to a triumphant issue, than it lost its first estate and sank deep down into the same slough the Democrats had wallowed in before. At this moment President Hayes, who is making an honest effort on behalf of sound principles, finds himself deserted by three-fourths of his party, and substantially dependent, for support in Congress, upon the precarious favour of his opponents. It is not too much to say that the distribution of Government patronage, by and for the party, is the real bone of contention, not the Southern policy or the remonetization of silver. The success or failure of Mr. Hayes clearly depends upon the question, whether country is to triumph over party or party over principle, honesty, and impartial government. As a permanent agent in a well balanced constitutional system partyism has failed there as it has failed here, and was foredoomed to fail. It is not a question of growth, maturity, and decay merely, as partisans would put it; there is nothing in the life of a party resembling ordinary organic life. Principles no doubt promote its formation; but, in the progress of time, either it strangles the principles, or the principles disappear as an original element of its vitality. As a party, in the proper sense of the term, it ceases to be; but during many years the wretched thing may subsist upon departed worth or desert, and linger on with spasmodic strength and spiteful temper, until it is cut down as a cumberer of the ground. If there be any analogy at all between the individual life and a collective career of this kind, it must be sought in

the domain of pathology, not in that of healthful, vigorous, and active existence.

Disregarding the commonplaces with which independents are pelted by partisans, what inference should be drawn from an analysis of the relations between principle and party? Not certainly that organized efforts to secure a desirable end are to be condemned; on the contrary, we believe that they are essentially necessary when such an end is clearly in view. Individualism, like its opposite extreme, multitudinism, is a foe to success in any good work. Man is a gregarious animal, and must associate with his fellows to achieve any purpose; and he should therefore seize, at whatever risk, the advantages flowing from association. Still ought he none the less to acknowledge the fallibility of his instrument, know how to fling it aside when it has served its purpose, and be careful lest, at last, the means become the end. Whenever political parties have fulfilled their mission, they should cease to be, not be perverted from their original purpose into mere agents for disseminating slander, with office for their aim, and vituperation as their method. In Canada, there are two parties so-called, which have a name to live by, though they are dead. The *soi-disant* Reformer denies that his opponent has any title to be called Liberal or Conservative, and asserts that he unites both qualities in his own person. *Per contra*, the "Liberal-Conservative" parades a list of "Reform" principles, and taunts the dominant party with having abandoned them all. There is much to be said on both sides. The names mean nothing, and principles form the appanage of an Opposition; when office is attained they are flung aside with as much ease and as naturally as a snake leaves his slough behind him.

"What are the 'really party questions?'" has been asked repeatedly in these pages; but no answer is forthcoming, for the best of all reasons, that no such questions exist. Neither Reformer nor Conservative has one shred of principle he can distinctively call his own. Both parties have been living for years, each on the sins and shortcomings of the other. No one denies that to the late Government, as well as the present, the country is indebted for many important measures of practical utility—indeed, no Administration could survive its first session

which did not show some zeal in the public interests. Nor will it be asserted by a non-partizan that this zeal has been simulated or that the measures referred to have been "springs to catch woodcocks." On the other hand, valuable as these have been—notably those of Mr. Blake and the Premier—they have been made the most of by the journals on the Government side. Admitting all the positive merits of both parties, and eliminating all the sewage of calumny, it still remains true that, as parties, distinct the one from the other, they have no claim to continued existence. They are banded together, as parties always are at such a juncture, in close phalanx. Dissent from the *dicta* of the leaders or the mass of the party is heresy, and this, be it observed, at a time when there is no justification for crushing individual conviction and enforcing party discipline with a rod of iron. As already stated, this is never done when principles are really at stake; because then the fountains of the great deep are broken up and party lines suffer gradual but sure effacement. In such a state of things as now obtains, parties are so fluid and incohesive that unless the cordon were tightly drawn they would inevitably fall to pieces. The necessary consequence is, that when a principle chances to obtrude itself upon public attention, it does not obtain a fair hearing or an honest and thorough consideration upon its merits.

It has been said that the fiscal question is "a party question," and that upon it the next election will almost certainly turn. Admitting the second assertion, we most emphatically deny the first. That the "ins," but especially the "outs," have endeavoured to use it *ad captandum vulgus* may be at once conceded; yet it would be an easy task to prove that in so far as they have meddled with it, the subject has suffered. Here is a question which, above all others, ought to be decided upon its merits. Is any pretence of independent and intelligent discussion so much as affected? Let us look at the attitude of each party in turn. The leaders on the Government side, who have spoken most pronouncedly on the subject—Messrs. Cartwright and Mills—early committed themselves to doctrinairism, without regard to the circumstances or surroundings of Canada. The books "had said it and it must be so." But there were many able and intelligent Liberals, in and out of Parliament, and many

editors of the same political stripe, who, holding different opinions, did not hesitate to express them. It would be invidious to mention names, but it may fairly be asked, where are they now? Silenced, or forced to recant by the irresistible tyranny of party. How many more Reformers have never dared to whisper their dissent for fear of breaking up the party—a matter to them of infinitely greater concern than any principle—cannot be known until that party is dissolved. All we may certainly affirm is, that if a free expression of opinion were safe, from the party stand-point, the Parliamentary majority would be divided, and the national policy might have fair play. That Ministers and their "organs" are well aware of this division in the camp, suppressed but ready to break out, is evident from the fallacious plea that they are the true Protectionists, because, under diverse circumstances, their predecessors reduced duties to 15 per cent., whilst they have raised them again to 17½ per cent.

Having thus seen how the Reform party has dealt with, or rather endeavoured to stifle this test question, it may be well to review the tactics of its opponents. In the first place, the National policy, as they call it with refreshing coolness, considering the real purpose before them, is somewhat new as a "plank" in the Opposition platform. This would not of itself be an objection, since the subject has only recently acquired prominence, if the party had only possessed it long enough to know what it wanted. To demand that Sir John Macdonald, who now figures as the coryphæus of the principle, should at once lay down the basis of a tariff would be absurd; but the people have a right to some tangible definition of that principle, if only to show that he had thoroughly grasped it himself. As it is, he and his chief spokesmen use the fiscal principle merely as an engine of war. Some of them favour a moderate degree of incidental protection, whilst others are never weary of chanting the praises of the American system. No one gives any solution to the inquiry, within what limits would it be judicious to concede it and where a line must be drawn. There are those who would be content to accept the "modified Free Trade" of Mr. Bright and the new school, of Sir Alexander Galt and Mr. Goldwin Smith; others again would seem, sup-

posing their promises to be construed *au sérieux*, as if nothing would be satisfactory short of giving protection to every one who asks it. Sir John himself has made promises enough to send any statesman into political insolvency when pay-day arrives. The farmer, the ship-builder, the miner, the refiner, together with every other species of manufacture or skilled industry, are all to be protected. The hon. gentleman, in fact, has been so zealous in the cause that his promises must have already depreciated in value by reason of the over-issue. He now stands somewhat in the position of a teacher who should propose to divide his single cake amongst sixteen pupils, and promise at the outset that each should have a quarter of it. If every claimant for protection is to receive it, who is to protect every body else from protection? All this appears to be party strategy, not "the National policy," since a true regard for the interests of the country, as a whole, would not promise what it cannot perform and what it certainly cannot defend. But not only is the Conservative party as a unit unable to state any definite policy, but, like its opponents, it is divided. Conservatism on the sea-board is a very different thing from the same creed at Montreal or Toronto, on this test question. There are Free Traders in the Reform ranks who cloak their convictions, and Conservatives who are not Protectionists in Sir John's acceptance of the word. Party leaders are quite careless about the fact; and why? Because the principle is only a means and not an end, and therefore must be treated, as they now treat the fiscal question, merely as a weapon of attack or defence, not as a matter of supreme importance to be contended about earnestly and for its own sake. In short, there is that apparent want of sincere conviction and that hazy conception of the subject which are the usual concomitants of reckless and unsteady aims. There is no use in being conscientious, precise, or zealous, when you merely want to use a principle, as you would a missile, for a temporary purpose. *Ex fumo dare lucem* is the object of the earnest man, not of the partizan; for the latter, the more of dust, cloud, and darkness there are, the better.

Without anticipating the pleas in extenuation, which anyone may suggest for himself, without prompting, enough surely has been urged to show why the fiscal policy is not "a

party question." Nor is it desirable that it should be, when we reflect upon the danger which threatens any principle when it is made the stalking-horse to party. Either the people must shake adrift the chains of the system, "like Samson his green withes," or they must be content to see the tariff readjusted, not from a patriotic, but from a partizan, point of view. It is, at all events, irrational to commit so vital a subject to the keeping of parties confessedly in the last stage of decay. The precedent of Confederation alone clearly refutes the notion that "the instrumentality of party is required." The true foundation for the honest construction of any measure required by the country, must be laid upon the ruins of partyism, with its shams, its ragged and tattered robes of false pretence, its calumnies, its shifts and delusions. But even were it otherwise, the existing factions are incompetent to discharge a national duty; they stand condemned from their own lips, and Canada's immediate business must be to bury her dead parties out of her sight.

It is the purpose of Nationalists to assert principles, not to set up a rival party. They desire to infuse a patriotic spirit into the people and, by so doing, to aid in the dissolution of political combinations which are hurtful, because they are barren and effete. It is their conviction that so soon as the public mind is thoroughly permeated with national feeling, strictly partizan aims and motives will cease to sway the politics of the Dominion; that the ephemeral objects of existing parties will cease to excite attention and as a necessary consequence, the parties themselves will disappear with the passions and prejudices which have so long extended to them a life at once unnatural and factitious. The sneers which the *Journal of Commerce*, in the true spirit of party, hurls at Nationalism fall short of their purpose. As for "organic changes" we know nothing of them, unless an effort to draw closer the ties binding together the members of the Empire be such a change; in which case our opinions have been frankly avowed, and are not left to be "understood" or suspected. On the other hand, it is quite conceivable that many Nationalists, including, as our contemporary suggests, Sir Alexander Galt, Ald. Stephens, and our Montreal allies, are not prepared to advocate Imperial

Confederation. If so they have a right to their views, as we desire to vindicate a right to ours. Nationalism, as remarked before, is not a party, but a united effort of all who are weary of party cavil and scandal, irrespective of theoretical views upon which they can agree to differ.

It is of the essence of party to fancy that association is impossible without an iron discipline which fetters the thoughts, insults the intelligence, and wounds the conscience of those who unite. So far from that being true of Nationalism, the very reverse is the case. It numbers amongst its ranks men of both parties, as well as men of neither. Within a comparatively short period it has reaped the fruit of its conscientious labours in more directions than one. It has loosened, even though it has not yet riven, the shackles of party by exposing its inherent rottenness. People have become accustomed to view the prospect of party dissolution with equanimity and even with satisfaction. The party press is more independent in its utterances; legislators have ceased to be amenable to the whip and are learning to regard their country as the supreme object of their solicitude—the sole end for which Parliaments enact laws or indeed have any right to exist at all. The *Journal* confesses that “if by Nationalism is meant the promotion of the best interests of Canada, there would not be a dissenting voice against it.” If so, why do strong partisans pursue it with such rancour? Why, moreover, if it is so insignificant as they affect to believe, assail it with such determined malice and misrepresentation? Whoever proposed, for instance, “another party formed from the Nationalists,” or suggested Sir Alexander Galt as the leader of any such party? It was certainly not suggested in these pages. The ex-Finance Minister was spoken of as “especially entitled to gratitude because he represents the true National feeling of Canada.” He commends himself to us and we believe to a very large number of the men of both parties, because he is independent, because he stands aloof from parties, has a manly hatred of shams, and honestly labours for the interests of the country. He is exactly the stuff of which popular, as distinguished from party, leaders are made. Some twenty years ago he introduced the Federation scheme in a luminous speech in this city from the cross-benches; the politicians listened with almost pitying impatience, and

yet his labour was not thrown away. The parties would have none of the scheme—the one was full of “some joint authority” and the other determined to maintain the existing order of things. Yet the leaven worked effectually, and the measure passed after a total disruption of the parties. Such a man needs no “followers” in the party sense; moral force and cogent reasoning are his weapons and they are sure to win the battle in the long run. It is the worst of all party fallacies that principles assert themselves, not by their own force, but according to the number of men who blindly follow a party leader. The entire history of the world, religious, moral, scientific, and political, disproves the notion. Until the axe is laid to the root of the tree, the wedge driven into its heart, no great result can be expected. Principles and their ultimate triumph, in short, are secured by blasting, not by patch-work and cement.

The radical evil of partyism, as it obtains amongst us, is not that its chief advocates are destitute of patriotic feeling or impulse, but that they invariably mistake their fetish for a real deity. They worship something politically sacred in trees, stones, books, and the running brooks, as other heathens do, but in the end, the outward and visible sign of divinity becomes to them a thing of inward and spiritual grace. The country, to drop the metaphor, is honestly and sincerely *facile princeps* at the outset; but as parties deteriorate, the purpose of party disappears, and it becomes, according as it is viewed, the *summum bonum* or *malum* of political action. A political history, on the model of Cicero, would perhaps be more instructive now-a-days than any moral treatise *De Finibus*. The principle of Nationalism may be expounded succinctly in a few words. It opposes itself to party, because party has ceased to be an aid and become a manifest obstruction. With its scandals, its false pretences, and its dissimulations, it is at once an immorality and a foe to political progress. Party is a natural enemy to all classes. Its system of caucuses and conventions—borrowed from neighbours, amongst whom partyism has been almost perfected and popular control over government has almost ceased to be—are all devised with the evident purpose of drilling not only the legislators but their constituents into line, giving none of them the right to think for himself, permitting no trans-

gression of the limits fixed by the wire-pullers, and only surrendering to each man the liberty of silencing, defying, or compromising with conscience, as he may. What that system really means, and the resolute resistance it has always met with from honesty, intelligence, and ability, may be gathered from Burke's Bristol addresses, as well as from the reply of Sir F. Hincks to the *soi-disant* Reform Convention of Oxford. To it we appear to be at present the slaves in Canada; and the yoke must be broken. Nationalism proposes, therefore, an emancipation of the conscience, a security for freedom of will, and ample scope for individual judgment. The system which will do that, by persistent hammering at the public mind, will have done more for the progress of our common country than the partisans, with their glittering generalities, their tricksome shifts, and the ballast of scandals with which they are weighted, all put together. What Canadians want at present is not so much a "platform," much less a parade of good deeds, past or to come, as a bold assault upon the hypocrisies, the shams, the Pharisaic pretences of the parties. They should desire first a demolition of the fortresses which frown upon the political landscape, and then an honest adherence to the interests of country, when the petty shifts and artifices of party strategy shall have been swept out of the way. Nationalism is not a party; but it is the Warwick of parties, the arbiter of their destiny, with no Barnett to mar its success. It is the nucleus of an effort to relieve the country from an incubus, and to strive with and for it, on behalf of good government—government without chicanery, guile, or slander. And inasmuch as it seeks not its own profit, but the country's welfare, we believe that the people are at heart with it, and will be more distinctly and decidedly with it as the years pass by. The factions contend for place and pelf—and they are fit for little else—they are well organised and can promise such rewards as tempt the trading politician; yet, without being a party, without leaders, with only right on their side, Nationalists are prepared to enter the lists, confident that the sound heart of Canada will prove upon their side.

An attempt is made by our Montreal contemporary to magnify such differences of opinion as may exist between members of the Canadian National Society of that city

and the MONTHLY. We have no means of knowing what views Alderman Stephens, Mr. MacMaster, or any of the enlightened and courageous band of Montreal Nationalists may hold upon Imperial Federation; if we had, we should certainly treat those views with sincere respect and consideration. But, as already remarked, Nationalism is not a party: it requires no profession of faith in a set of political dogmas. It only seeks so to mould public opinion as to produce a healthier political air about us. It is an influence and a method, not a creed. It does not deal in "platforms," which any apprentice in political carpentering can make in five minutes, and demolish in an equally brief space of time. The Canadian National Society expressly repudiates any attempt to fetter independent opinion. Taking for its motto, "*Avant tout, soyons Canadiens*," which is merely "Canada First" in French dress—the bogey of our commercial critic—it simply urges union for the promotion of national, as distinguished from party, sectarian, or sectional aims. If its scheme of "objects" fails at all, it is by reason of its liberality and catholic spirit. It is possible that our remarks in a previous issue were open to misconstruction. Certainly no Ontario Nationalist would desire to assume, for a moment, an attitude of *quasi* hostility to the new Society. Its formation was a bold and honest move in the right direction, and it speaks volumes for the intellectual vigour and stout moral fibre of the commercial capital, that, in spite of timid friends and ill-concealed foes, it has already achieved so large a measure of success. In this Province certainly, the effort has been watched with deep solicitude, even by many party-men, because it gives the earnest and promise of energetic reform where it is most wanted, and was—to tell the truth—not over-confidently expected. If the National Society be faithful to its programme, its influence on Quebec public opinion may prove invaluable. We, at any rate, hail the new movement as an omen of success to Nationalism throughout the Dominion, and wish those upon whose energy its vitality depends the amplest success.

There are two points touched upon by the *Journal* to which we are compelled briefly to refer, simply because it is unpleasant to be misrepresented, and intolerable to be misunderstood. Why a remark about the

low pulse of political life in Quebec should have been lugged in without regard to its connection, is not at first sight clear. Evidently, however, it is merely a joint in the pro-party tail. "Political principle," was the remark, "has no existence in Quebec"—the reference being, as our readers know, to the shameless bidding for votes by the Dominion and Local authorities, each for its own candidate. If there was any principle in the contest, it would be well to let us know where and what it was. But no; all the answer was a sneer, which had as much to do with the point under discussion as the treatise on snakes in Iceland. The sentence meant "that the Nationalists alone have any principles." It certainly meant nothing of of the sort; but the real question is, not what it meant, but was it true? The *Journal* also gleaned from these pages "that our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects will not be permitted to join the ranks of the Nationalists." We are accused of "waging war with the hierarchy," and calling the aggressive spirit of sacerdotalism in Quebec by the name of Ultramontaniam, instead of employing, with Mr. Bray, the more opprobrious one of Jesuitry. All this is written for the purpose of driving Liberal Catholics, or Catholic Liberals—which ever is the orthodox phrase just now—out of the National Society. The writer need not put himself to so much trouble. Intelligent Roman Catholics, from M. Laurier down, know a great deal more by knowledge and experience about Ultramontaniam than we or he can tell them. The only object to be served by attacks of this sort upon Nationalism are to call down ecclesiastical thunder upon it—an operation at which parties are peculiarly apt, when clerical interference will make or force votes upon the side they wish. No war is waged upon the hierarchy; it is the hierarchy which, during the last seven years, has made war persistently upon the State, upon the laws, and the rights and liberties of the people. If the *Journal* is prepared to justify the crusade of Mgr. Bourget's "New School;" if it will declare the judgment of the Supreme Court wrong, and defend the whole scheme by which it was hoped to subjugate the State, so be it; but it must speak out boldly, or else confess that it is only coquetting with sacerdotalism in the hope that Quebec may be swept by the Conservative party at the next general election.

Such war as we wage is purely defensive, and involves no assault upon the liberties of Roman Catholics in the slightest degree; there is no *arrière pensée*, no ulterior object in the position taken up in these columns. For the rights of the dominant church in Quebec we shall always contend as warmly as for our own. Polemical theology has no part in the warnings uttered by Sir Alex. Galt, Mr. Goldwin Smith, or Mr. Charles Lindsey. It is not a creed against which they have contended, but a wanton aggression upon the supremacy of the law, freedom of voting, liberty of speech and the press; and against these they and the Courts have uttered a firm, but temperate protest. If, as seems probable, through the intervention of Mgr. Conroy, this indefensible system is brought to an end, no one will rejoice more heartily and sincerely than those who are at once the foes of theological acerbity on the one hand, and sacerdotal pretence on the other. The true friends of "our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects" are not the party manipulators who are ready to wink at priestly assumptions, provided only they may profit by them; but those who, whilst forced to resist encroachment, will be found upon the day of trial disinterested friends of the legitimate liberties of the Church as guaranteed by the law, and the earnest advocates of union for National purposes amongst men of every origin, faith, or political opinion. No intelligent Roman Catholic, whatever his party views, can fail to have gleaned from Canadian history the clear and indisputable fact that partyism has been the flatterer and the betrayer in turn of his and every other creed; and whenever politicians are peculiarly attentive to the Church, he may rely upon it that the cloven foot is not far to seek.

The late date at which we go to press this month enables us to insert a paragraph on the Speech of His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. Many barren and unfruitful utterances have been put into the mouths of Governors; but this is, so far as that worthless sort of literature has lingered in our memory, the most trifling and inane of them all. His Honour was not advised to survey humanity from China to Peru; but the next best thing was reserved for him, a review of men and things from Bobcaygeon to Brantford. Nor is that all, for amongst general matters coming under his purview

are the Rine movement, sewage, charity, the boundary question, the Provincial arbitration, bonuses, immigration, lumber, and so forth. Never was there a Speech from the Throne so full—and so full of nothing. *De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis* would constitute an inadequate summary of a programme which says everything and “anything but to the purpose.” The measures announced, or as the *Globe* delicately observes, “foreshadowed,” are so limp and impalpable that they have no right to a shadow at all. The trump card appears to be a reform in the Civil Service. Those who have been puzzling themselves about the problem of Ministerial doings and intentions will be relieved to learn that they are not going to do anything “violent” even on this subject. Something mild in the matter of educational requirements—the three R’s at least—is to be demanded of political nominees. Supporters of the party must be supported henceforth as heretofore; but the importunity of these hungry claimants upon public patronage is to receive a check, sufficient to give Ministers some relief, without giving the people any relief at all. It will be a curious task to dissect this bantling so soon as it has chipped the shell; meanwhile it must be gratifying for professional politicians to be assured that no root-and-branch reform is contemplated. That, however, they might have conjectured in advance, It is peculiarly agreeable to those who always dread party approaches to a great principle to find that the Government has left the exemption question, not only severely, but contemptuously, alone. The joint-stock companies, landlord and tenant—not to speak of the Civil Service, where “how to do nothing” is the puzzle—have taxed the Ministerial energies to the uttermost. Considering what a plethora of pic-nics overweighted them to boot, it is wonderful how our rulers have managed to survive the vacation. If, as we may now reasonably hope, the question of tax exemptions is to be an open one, the public interests will have a better chance than they could possibly have, were it made the shuttlecock of parties. At least members may act as they think fit, provided they think at all: and vote conscientiously, supposing them to possess a conscience. The people have the matter now in their own hands; neither party obligations nor invincible ignorance, which follows its leaders, can be pleaded in extenuation of a bad vote in so grave a mat-

ter. It is the duty of the municipal committees to be on the alert and mark out for reprobation next autumn at the polls the recreants. Whatever Ministers may think about it, the subject which they are too careless or too timid to touch will make or mar them when the House is dissolved.

In Canada, we have had an ecclesiastical breeze concerning eternal punishment, and whether heresy is propagated zymotically or not, there seems both in England and the United States to be a pestilent time of it. It is not our intention to comment upon Canon Farrar’s lectures in the Abbey, or the frothy utterances of Mr. Beecher and his associates. The former, as a learned man, with a well-balanced mind, only proclaimed what Frederick Denison Maurice suffered for proclaiming a quarter of a century ago. Our present purpose is the humble, and not over-valuable one of expressing surprise—surprise at a singular outcrop of orthodoxy which has recently obtruded itself upon the “religious world” in Toronto and elsewhere. It is stated—and the account is taken from the *Globe*, which is incapable of inventing it—that the Rev. Dr. Monod, the leader of the French Evangelicals, whilst attending the great Presbyterian Council in Edinburgh, remarked: “I come here to Scotland and find you convulsed over the question whether you shall sing hymns or not. In France we are absorbed with the question, whether there is a God or not.” There is a touch of delicate irony in this sentence peculiarly French, although probably nine out of ten who heard of it would consider it a felicitous compliment. Our surprise, which this anecdote comes by chance to illustrate, arises from the obvious indifference of religious men here to the ominous rising of the tide—doubt rippling up over difficulty, and a bold and defiant unbelief surging over all—to find them contending about the sea-weed and the shells, while danger threatens them on every side. There is a world lying in wickedness, though that is nothing new; there is also an aggressive science, positive in its facts, and dogmatical in its theories; and side by side, as its right and left flanks, are a destructive and remorseless criticism here and a gloomy nihilism over yonder. Yet all that our theological guides can find to fight about is the use of instrumental music

in divine worship, and the hymn question referred to by Monod.

It may be necessary to explain to some of our readers that hymns are violently opposed, on the ground that they are not psalms. The latter only are "inspired hymns." And yet the collection of lyrics—for the most part sublime and thrilling—known as the Psalms of David, are not fairly treated even by their self-constituted champions. They are not Christian hymns at all, and with the exception of a number which might be culled out with advantage, completely unfit for the worship, not merely of our time, but for any Christian worship whatever. Take Psalm xc., for instance, as one of the best known, which tradition has attributed to Moses. It is grand and dignified, and might appropriately find a place in the hymnody of the church; yet it is not distinctively Christian, as the general body of lyrics for Christian worship should be: again, that plaintive wail from captivity (cxxxvii) which has so often haunted the fancy of the poet and touched lowlier souls with its tender pathos, is admirable as a poem; but how can it serve a Christian's devotional needs, not to speak of the vindictive inhumanity which breathes through its closing lines? Besides the rolling burst of praises in the classic Old Hundred, there are many others, as almost the entire series from the one hundred and twenty-first to the one hundred and thirty-third, nearly all of them grand or sweet in turn: yet they are not Christian hymns. Take the first eight lines of cxxvii for example and look at the pathos of the rest. Many of the Psalms, including those distinctively comminatory, are not devotional at all, and what shall be said of these stanzas:—

"Moab's my washing-pot; my shoe
I'll over Edom throw;
Over the land of Palestine
I will in triumph go."

And again—

"Sihon, the Am'rites' king;
For his grace lasteth ever:
Og also, who did reign
The land of Bashan over."

But the Scottish version, to which we have exclusively referred, by its rugged literalism, has emasculated Hebrew poetry, as even the attempts at rhyme in the last quotation suffice to show. Never was poesy—so eminently characteristic of a race—treated

as, under the blighting influence of dogmatic views on inspiration, these unique, and on the whole, unapproachable remnants of the yearnings of a struggling and suffering nation have been. There is no record that they were ever used as hymns by the Jewish race. Certainly the "hymn" which that little choir—the Saviour and His humble band—sang before retiring to the Mount, was not one of them. The "Psalms" spoken of in the epistle, with "hymns and spiritual songs," are, as most readers know, not what we were accustomed to call the Psalms of David. The Saviour, as well as His apostles, had other work before them than the Judaizing of the world. Their music must have been rude, and the rhythm of their simple hymn would read strangely to us now. Nowhere is there a hint that any injunction as to the form or matter of sacred song was contemplated. The very name of "Psalms" shows that it was accompanied by an instrument—the cithara, or such rude appliances as were in use. On that branch of the subject, however, there is no room to dilate at present.

There is a clamour about the principles involved in the use of organs and hymns which most of us might respect, if we could only understand it. Unhappily men often talk of principle when they only mean inherited prejudice, and their unreasoning adherence to it would ordinarily pass by the old-fashioned name of ingrained obstinacy. But granted that there is a valid and substantial principle at stake, although without basis or warranty in Scripture, why not follow it to its logical consequences? If it be wrong to sing "uninspired" hymns, it is equally forbidden to make hymns out of Psalms, as is done in all metrical versions. Long, common, short, and all other measures or any form of rhymed verse must go by the board. Moreover, our system of music, which is only about four centuries old, is as uninspired as the words to which our tunes are adapted. The nearest approach to Apostolic music is to be found in Ambrose's adaptations of the Greek scales and Gregory's improvement upon them. Extremes would thus meet; and our sensitive Presbyterian friends would find themselves in company with Archbishop Lynch and the Rev. Mr. Tooth; for, clearly, plain prose, with the Gregorian tones, is much nearer the Scriptural model than metrical psalms and four-part tunes. Surely that

hymnology and that type of music which belong to any age and breathe its keenest and purest spiritual feelings are the best and fittest for the worship of that age. The same instrumentality, inspired and uninspired, which Luther used so potently, and with which the Wesleys and all the long line of kindred souls stirred the masses, is not to be brushed aside by a breeze from the skirts of our modern Pharisee, to whom, like his exemplar of yore, the mint and anise and cummin are at least as important as the weightier matters of the law. There are "trashy" hymns in vogue now-a-days, it is said. True; and there are trashy sermons also, in superabundance; yet we never heard of a homily being foregone, or a gusty pulpit harangue being challenged on that account. If "uninspired" hymns are objectionable, so are prayers, which, as Chesterfield remarked, appear to be sermons preached *at* the people, and sermons themselves, which are as uninspired as the prayers or the hymns. It does seem strange that men who object to the use of a liturgy because it is inelastic and unfitted as a vehicle for the needs of the time, should desire to cramp the feelings and chill the spirituality of the age in that very department of worship where the emotional element demands the amplest freedom. The Rev. Mr. Macdonnell only sought a carefully-selected hymnal containing two hundred lyrics; and shall it be said that in an age when the devotional muse has proved unusually fervent and spiritual, that there could be any difficulty in making such a collection? But our sacred anthology is not so limited. Through all the Christian centuries, from the Ambrosian period, to which we owe the rhythmical prose of the majestic *Te Deum Laudamus*, until now, there seems a rippling current of poetic praise, confession, and aspiration, some of whose eddies remain to the Christian world as an everlasting possession. From so vast a range surely Dr. Robb might find something which, if not inspired in his sense of the word, is full of religious fervour, and might even impart warmth and vitality to the wasting frame of his emaciated orthodoxy.

The efforts being made by well-drilled partyism in the States to vindicate its right to patronage and pelf in the teeth of a reforming President, compare most unfavour-

ably with the *dénouement* of a drama in another Republic, where the nation, determined and patient, has triumphed over its ruler. Perhaps the distinction between struggles for party and struggles for principle were never more clearly put in contrast than they are by looking first at the United States and then at France at the present moment. It was long since asserted, and the elections verified the statement, that the French nation had accepted the Republic *ex animo*, and would adhere to it at all risks and in spite of the machinery of constraint and oppression employed by an usurping oligarchy. But the world was not prepared for the wondrous patience and sorely-tried long suffering of the people. Never since the great cataclysm of 1789, has France had so much cause of complaint, never would insurrection been half so justifiable as since the 16th of May. Yet she has submitted to be gagged, bullied, and trodden under foot, without turning upon the miserable band of conspirators who maltreated her. And now the reward is hers. The Marshal, after intriguing during two entire months, has deliberately chosen, or rather been forced to choose, one of Gambetta's alternatives—"submission." The immediate cause of the Marshal's surrender was the defection of the Orleanist Senators. So soon as he had learned that a second dissolution was out of the question, he yielded to the tide, though not without a struggle. M. Dufaure was taken in at first only to be insulted by the preposterous demand that three portfolios should be at the command of the Marshal. Then M. Bathie made a final attempt on the basis of Dissolution, and the game was up. M. Poyer Quertier performed "a surgical operation on the Marshal's brain and let a ray of good constitutional sense into it;" the result was a *carte blanche* to Dufaure, with whom McMahon knew he could trifle no more. The new Premier is a cold, hard-headed man, singularly indifferent to parties, and has never been popular, because he never coveted or cared for popularity. Of his Cabinet the best known are De Marcère of the Interior, Léon Say, Finance Minister and M. Waddington, a Protestant of English parentage and education, who takes the important portfolio of Foreign affairs. It seemed almost cruel to put so strongly constitutional an Address in the Marshal's mouth, after the course he madly pursued from the 16th of

May till the 14th of December. Still it was necessary, and he submitted not ungracefully to his fate, protesting his attachment to the Republic as warmly as if the preceding seven months were blotted out of memory or had never been. At once, the evil work of DeBroglie and Fourtou was undone. An amnesty covered all political offences; the gag was removed from the press; and the local instruments of despotism were cashiered. Of the entire number of prefects, one was transferred and only four retained, whilst eighty-one new ones were installed under the new *régime*. France has awakened from her nightmare, trade has revived, confidence is restored, and all without the firing of a shot, or the construction of a barricade. Surely the noblest results are to be hoped for in the future, now that the noble nation, which for nearly a century has writhed under the harrow of revolution, has by a calm and resolute appeal to moral force, asserted its claim to peace, order, and free government.

Pius the Ninth still lives, whilst Victor Emmanuel, the "robber of the Church," though thirty years his junior, is no more. *Il Rè galantuomo* appears to have succumbed to a disease not necessarily dangerous, except on an impaired constitution—the legacy of excesses in the past. At any rate, he died at the age of fifty-seven, in the odour of sanctity, although he had been excommunicated times without number. His Holiness "had pardoned him," he says, with a magnanimity of Christian forgiveness which was certainly not affected, and it may be presumed that the prayers for the King's soul which are to ascend from "the prisoner of the Vatican" will avail for the sacrilegious plunderer of the Quirinal. On the 23rd of March, 1849, the ill-advised assault of Charles Albert upon the Austrian power in Italy proved fatal to him. He was on the road to Milan, and encountered Radetzky in overwhelming force at Novara, within his own territories. On the Lombard side of the Ticino lay Magenta, which became famous ten years afterwards, under other circumstances and with different results. Italy's hour had not yet arrived; Charles Albert and Sardinia were worsted at Novara; the King abdicated, and Victor Emmanuel, his son, reigned in his stead. It is not likely that Charles Albert had any higher object in

view than the aggrandizement of the House of Savoy, though he may be credited with all an Italian's hatred of the foreign tyrants. Perhaps neither he nor his successor had any rational theory of an united Italy, and if the dream was realized under the latter, the credit belongs very partially to him. The two heroes of this fruitful era were Cavour, the man of thought, and Garibaldi, the man of action—the one far-seeing, cautious, and plodding, the other, brave, chivalrous, rash, visionary, and impetuous. The events of the period from 1859 to 1870 are too fresh in the memory to need any review; Italy is now a great united nation, and Rome is its capital. That dangers and perplexities beset its path must be admitted. Military ambition, vast expenditures upon public works, and, more than all, a restless substratum of communistic republicanism together cause a heaping up of debt and of trouble. Radicalism has lately been at the helm, and has made fearful havoc by its *dilletante* experiments in every direction; Depretis and Nicotera are unworthy successors of Cavour, Ratazzi, or Ricasoli. King Humbert will probably follow in his father's footsteps, and it may be that with a new Pope and a new King some terms of amity will be arranged by which the Vatican and the Quirinal may live together peacefully in the Eternal City. If so, the intrigues of Ultramontaniam would no longer supplement the conspiracies of secret communistic societies.

The events of the war have passed by so rapidly of late, that he who has mastered authentic details of each in succession, deserves credit for his discriminating industry. Kars, Plevna, Sofia, Nisch, and Antivari have for the present been crowned by the brilliant exploits of Generals Radetzky and Skobelev in the Shipka Pass. Roumelia now lies open to the victorious Muscovite up to the gates of Adrianople. There, immediately below the Balkans, lies the district of the atrocities of May, 1876. Batak and Philippopolis appeal mutely to the conquerors and the world from their peaceful nests in the valley. War has now done, let us hope, all its awful work in that sore-oppressed and outraged region. It now remains to deal with the turbaned culprit who still rules on the Bosphorus. The rumours regarding England's action are not worthy of notice, not merely because they are contradictory,

but because, whether the Premier likes it or not, his Government stands pledged through Lords Derby and Salisbury, Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Cross, to absolute neutrality, so long as English interests are not imperilled. Though, to borrow a phrase from Sir Henry Havelock, who has recently returned from the East, that "theatrically-minded man who is at present in possession of power" should desire to involve England in a dishonourable contest on behalf of wrong, he is too wary to attempt it. His own friends, and the Duke of Westminster is one of the chief of them, the Chambers of Commerce,

the manufacturing districts, the City of London, and the large towns everywhere have given fair warning of the result. The reason for summoning Parliament on the 17th will appear in a few days; meanwhile it is certain that whether a war vote is asked for or not, nothing is contemplated except an assertion of England's dignity and the taking of unobjectionable precautions—certainly nothing so mad as a crusade for the Asiatic ruffians who have desolated the fairest regions of Southern Europe.

January 12th, 1878.

BOOK REVIEWS.

ROME IN CANADA. The Ultramontane struggle for supremacy over the Civil Authority. By Charles Lindsey. Toronto: Lovell Bros., 1877.

It is singular that, notwithstanding all evidence to the contrary, men are to be found—and they are chiefly party politicians—who not only deny that the Roman Catholic hierarchy has made, and is making, serious attacks upon the State and upon the liberties of the people, but attempt to meet fact with ridicule. It is of course a necessity, so far as parties are concerned, that the assumptions of sacerdotalism should be overlooked. In view of a general election, they desire to stand well in the neighbouring Province, and it is because they know that the Church is all-powerful there; because they are perfectly aware of the truth of the statements published by Sir Alexander Galt, and now in a more complete and elaborate form by Mr. Lindsey, that they ignore them to the public, and even impeach their truth. The politicians are not deceived, and although they desire to deceive their Ontario followers, that is no reason why the latter should consent to be deceived. To those who desire to know the truth upon a subject of pressing moment to Quebec in particular, and only in a slightly inferior degree to the entire Dominion, we heartily commend this able and trustworthy volume. If after doing so, they are prepared to acquit the Ultramontanes at the bidding of party leaders, that is their own affair. *Qui vult decipi, decipietur.*

One of the cries raised by those who propound the ostrich policy, of not seeing what is before one's eyes, like most of its kind, endeavours to enlist an amiable feeling in the service of untruth. It is urged that the gentlemen named above are engaged in a crusade against the Roman Catholic religion, and especially against the bishops and priests of Quebec. Certainly no one would *a priori* suspect Sir Alex. Galt or Mr. Lindsey of intolerance or even of taking the slightest interest in polemical theology. They are not in the habit of talking about "the scarlet woman" of Babylon or brawling sectarian nonsense on the 12th of July. Our author might, as Sir Alex. Galt did, in defending his pamphlet, quote the words of Mr. Gladstone on this head: "I desire to eschew not only religious bigotry, but likewise theological controversy. Indeed with theology, except in its civil bearing—with theology as such—I have here nothing to do. But it is the peculiarity of Roman theology, that by thrusting itself into the temporal domain, it naturally, and even necessarily comes to be a frequent theme of political discussion." That is exactly the feeling of those who oppose Vaticanism in Canada; but their reasons for that opposition are ten-fold stronger than Mr. Gladstone's. No one, save a bigot, would think of assailing Ultramontanism as a theoretical system; all the absurdities of the Syllabus in a heap, with Infallibility as its apex, would cause very little uneasiness and escape without animadversion. But in the Province of Quebec, the "New School," as Bishop Bourget terms it, is not a

band of dreamers, but a crusade against the supremacy of the State, upon the independence of the bench, upon liberty of conscience, of speech, and of the press. Our attitude, therefore, is one not of attack, but of defence. It is not we who have waged war on the Church or its ministers; but they who have attempted to subjugate the Civil Power, and, so far as in them lies, have subverted the constitution. Mr. Lindsey remarks that intolerance, when rigidly maintained and carried out, where practicable, into active operation, is pregnant with effects of the most dangerous kind, and strikes at the root of civil liberty.

The second chapter of "Rome in Canada" ought of itself to startle those who feel or affect indifference on the subject. The New School, having, at least for the time, cowed and silenced the Gallicans, is now boldly claiming the right to control the State. Those who are not in the habit of studying the French journals and brochures have no idea of the elaborate machinery of aggression at work in the Province. "The writers," says the author, "upon whom Bishop Bourget showers his applause, form a motley crowd of journalists, pamphleteers, and authors of more pretensions, priests, Jesuits, bishops," &c.; and these men have, during four years, "produced a pyramid of worthless, but not innocuous literature, which probably contains not less than one hundred separate publications." These and the journals which slavishly proclaim the doctrines of the New School are approved by the bishops and pressed upon the faithful from pulpit and altar. The independent press is denounced and starved out of existence, because Catholics dare not buy or even read these papers, when denounced, on pain of eternal damnation. Judges are denounced and threatened, as Judge Mondelet stated he had been; and even Judge Taschereau, of the Supreme Court, stated that he was afraid, as a Catholic judge, to pronounce his judgment after the fulminations heaped upon three Canadian judges already. The Bench has been plainly told that not the law, but the decrees of the Church are to inspire their judgments; and if these conflict? The Bishop of Rimouski, only a year ago, denounced Judge Casault, in unmeasured terms, for his decision in the Bonaventure case. The judgment should have been received with universal reprobation. "It sins by being in unison with several of the propositions condemned in the syllabus; and he informs all concerned that Catholic judges cannot in conscience administer civil laws such as that which controls Parliamentary elections in Quebec; if they find any difficulties about the oath of office they have taken, he is ready with authority to prove that, in such a case, *it does not bind the conscience*;" he then proceeds to bully the Legislature, and demands the repeal of the law or a declaration that it does not

mean what its words clearly express' (pp. 289-90.)

Most people have heard something of clerical interference at elections, and the defence set up for it by political journals in Ontario. The judgment of the Supreme Court in the Charlevoix case has set that question at rest for ever. Judge Taschereau explained the effect of these pulpit and altar methods on the people, and Judge Ritchie, after conceding to the priest every privilege as a citizen, proceeded thus:—"But he has no right in the pulpit or out, by threatening any damage, temporal or spiritual, to restrain the liberty of a voter, so as to compel or frighten him into voting, or abstaining from voting, otherwise than as he fully wills." That has a finer ring in it than the miserable special pleading of partizans in Toronto angling for clerical support in the Province of Quebec. How the system acts, the words of a single witness may serve to show: "I was afraid that if I voted for Tremblay I should be damned." Thus, on the principles of the New School, as sanctioned by the bishop, and practised by the curés, the liberty of the voter, which is one of the sheet-anchors of our representative system, is removed, and a judge, called upon to decide a contested election, has the chance of perjuring himself, under cover of an episcopal dispensation, or of being cast out of the Church.

Bishops and ecclesiastics who oppose the New School are treated no whit better than the judges. The late Archbishop of Quebec, Vicar-General Cazeau, and others in high position who have attempted to stem the torrent of Ultramontanism, were freely denounced by the *claqueurs* of the dominant party as "Gallicans and Liberals." For the time being they have yielded to the storm; but they are not, by any means, put out of the way. It is not true that all Roman Catholics in Quebec, cleric or lay, are Ultramontanians, in the intolerant sense of the word. They do not all believe with the bishops, in their Circular of 1875, that the State is included in the Church. They have not yet been convinced that it is the duty of rulers, at least in free Canada, to enact laws at the dictation of the Church, and that the Legislature ought to be—what the Quebec Legislature is rapidly becoming—a registry office for episcopal decrees. In Ontario, judging from the utterances of Archbishop Lynch, there is still some freedom for our Catholic fellow-subjects; but they must not rely upon these utterances. The long arm of the New School has reached even his Grace of Toronto, and he will repeat his letter of 1876 to Mr. Mackenzie no more. The party press—but this was before the decision of the Supreme Court—made much of this letter, as if Ontario were Quebec. Quebec, at any rate, did its duty. The Rev. Alexis Pelletier, one of the *élite* of the authorized pamphleteers of the New School, was upon his

Grace's track, as these sleuth hounds are, in every corner, on the instant. D. Lynch was trying to persuade Ontario politicians that the Catholic Liberal indicated in the Syllabus was not the French Canadian Liberal of Quebec; he met a rebuff at once from headquarters, and has held his peace on the subject from that day to this. On the other hand the *Courrier du Canada*, by advocating the most outrageous doctrines of the School—intolerance, priestly immunity, the subordination of the State to the Church, and the responsibility of Executive, Legislative, Judiciary to the latter, has been enabled to announce that, "Our Father the Pope has accorded to us in our quality of Catholic journalist, the apostolic benediction for us and our family to the third generation, with permission to read the books in the *Index* without exception" (p. 185). We suppose they can construe gifts of the sort, whence the benediction primarily comes; on earth people would in all probability have no little trouble in deciding how many people will have the right to read Darwin's *Descent of Man* in the year 1978.

A most singular feature in the tactics of the New School would at first sight appear to be the tenacity with which it clings to the dogma, so to call it, of intolerance. The Abbé Paquet, however, and his friends see deeper into the future than most of us. He is instructor of the ingenious youth who receive their training at Laval University. A complete account of his views on liberty of conscience will be found in Mr. Lindsey's startling Chapter X., entitled, "The Apotheosis of Intolerance." Religious toleration is "a gross error, an insult to reason, a blasphemy, and an impiety." "Every where and at all times, the principle of religious or dogmatic intolerance will remain master of the position," because it is truth, and truth is indestructible and eternal—a style of syllogism it may be hoped the *élèves* of Laval are not taught to regard as valid. Then follow the sentences which give a clue to the zeal for intolerance:—"Those who reproach the Church with being intolerant of toleration, reproach her with nothing less than her right of existence." "As the Church cannot renounce her mission without renouncing her existence, she ought always to anathematize this teaching" of toleration (p. 212 *et seq.*) Father Braun, a German Jesuit, the protégé of the Bishop of Montreal, with the express approbation of three other bishops, ventured to say:—"It is customary to regard Protestantism as a religion which has rights. This is an error. Protestantism is not a religion. Protestantism has not a single right. It possesses the force of seduction. It is a rebellion in triumph; it is an error which flatters human nature. Error can have no rights; rebellion can have no rights," &c. (p. 216). Could Philip II. or Alva, his lieutenant, desire more?

Bishop Pinsonneault's denunciation of Liberalism is noteworthy, as it defines the intangible

thing beyond possibility of mistake (pp. 197—9); but M. O'Donnell, in a sermon in presence of a Bishop, gives us some idea of what will become of all the liberties in Quebec if these gentlemen have their way: "Anarchy, intellectual, moral, and religious, seems to you the fitting complement of these diabolical doctrines. Your liberty of the press is the oppression of the mind and the heart, its weapons lies and immorality; liberty of conscience is equal liberty for truth and error; liberty of speech is anarchy, license, the right of rebellion; and your *political liberalism* (mark it well!) is the liberal theory of the relation which Church and State should bear to one another." When we recollect what the Ultramontane theory of that relation is, have we not a right to arouse the people of the Dominion to the breakers ahead?

We have given but a very inadequate review of Mr. Lindsey's book, certainly; yet should we succeed in attracting the attention of our readers to it, this notice will have served its purpose. Want of space has prevented any reference to the valuable historical chapters on Gallicanism and the attitude of the Church on marriage, education, and other matters fully treated. Mr. Lindsey's work is the only complete, comprehensive, and trustworthy treatise on the subject, and should be widely circulated.

META HOLDENIS. By Victor Cherbuliez. Collection of Foreign Authors. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

M. Cherbuliez in this capital little story indulges in a *revanche* on German manners, which very probably goes far to console him for German victories. The sarcasm is as delicate as it is pointed. Benedict Holdenis, the father of the fair Meta, is a corpulent, middle-aged German merchant of Geneva, who cultivates all the virtues both theoretically and practically among his seven children. The hero of the tale, Tony Flamerin, visits him, and the infants are at once trotted out, and placed "like organ-pipes in a row, according to age and size," while their precocious exploits are recounted. At dinner, the house-father displays an admirable appetite, so much so indeed that Tony fears that he would hurt himself, but excess of feeding does not stifle German sentiment, and "what matters it whether one lives in a palace or a hut," cried M. Holdenis, "provided one keeps a window open to a bit of blue sky?" Tony is charmed with this simplicity of living, and with the games and psalm-singing that follow, for is he not perilously in love with Meta and her two dangerously deep turquoise eyes? The family service that ends the evening is well hit off. "He opened an enormous folio Bible, and bending his patriarchal head, began to improvise a homily upon the text, 'These are the two

olive trees and the two candlesticks standing before the God of the earth.' I thought I understood him to mean that the two candlesticks represented Monsieur and Madame Holdenis; the little Holdenises were as yet only bits of candles, but with proper efforts were expected to grow into wax tapers." No wonder that after such an idyllic evening as this, Tony appears to his somewhat fast American friend Harris, who has been waiting for him at the hotel, to be rapidly becoming in his turn German and patriarchal. "Out of what holy water font do you come?" cried he; "you smell of virtue half a mile off." And taking a brush he dusts our hero from head to foot.

Tony is not without a rival. True, he has the pleasure of painting Meta's portrait, but the Baron Gruneck, a withered old bachelor who suffers from a sort of articular rheumatism or from an ill-digested cavalry sabre, which Tony wickedly suggests he may have swallowed when young, dangles round Meta in an insufferable manner. However the fates are propitious. Out on a bench in the garden, the lovers half come to an understanding. Meta tells Tony the names of the stars as, one by one, they come shimmering out in the blue. The nightingale sings, and Meta becomes transcendental, speaks of eternity, of Paradise, "where the soul breathes God with as little effort as the plants breathe the air here below." Tony, the flippant dog, puts his arm round her waist, and is about to give a more mundane definition of *his* Paradise, when they are interrupted and explanations and formal betrothals have to stand over till the morrow. Alas, that fatal morrow! Tony enters the house, steals up to Meta unobserved, and looking over her shoulder sees that the object on which she is gazing with so much ecstasy is a sketch of a wreath of violets, of forget-me-nots, encircling the suggestive words "La Baronne de Gruneck!"

Quietly and unnoticed, Tony steals off. One souvenir he leaves behind, for he writes on the frame of the unfinished portrait the bitterly satirical words, "She worshipped the stars and Baron Gruneck," and then he makes off like a thief. Another souvenir, though, he leaves as well, in the shape of nearly all his fortune, which M. Holdenis had borrowed of him purely for his own good. Coming back to his hotel, mad at Meta's perfidy, his friend Harris greets him with the delightful news that the philanthropic German merchant has failed. Seeing Tony's despair, Harris bursts into a tone of laughter. "What, Tony my son," cried he, "sweet child of Burgundy, has this unctuous sharper found a secret way into your indigent means?" and, rolling himself on the floor, he exclaimed, "Oh, primitive candour, sweet union of souls, I adore you! Oh, patriarchal virtue! are these the tricks you play?"

Tony quits Geneva, plunges into a mud-bath of dissipation to allay the horror he had con-

ceived of virtue, and loses his last penny in the process. His upward career again we will not disclose: it will be enough to hint that he and Meta meet again under very different circumstances, and our interest in the heroine is sustained till the very last, so carefully has M. Cherbuliez refrained from letting us be certain whether we have grasped the true clue to her character or not.

There are some delightfully expressed and incisive passages in this tale. Thus: "It is only the lazy people who complain of weariness that are blameworthy;" or again, "Whatever arithmeticians may say to the contrary, nothings added to nothings grow sometimes into some-things."

The canvass is well filled with other figures, all effective and well drawn, and the events crowd together quite rapidly towards the end of the story. By a true touch of French sentiment, one of the love scenes takes place in "the loveliest of cemeteries," flowery and grassy, with a "large weeping willow casting a soft shadow, in which the sun was making silver lace."

This is probably the most interesting story that has yet appeared in this series, the publishers of which are to be congratulated on the happiness of their selections.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FICTIONS AND ERRORS, IN A BOOK ON "THE ORIGIN OF THE WORLD, ACCORDING TO REVELATION AND SCIENCE," by J. W. Dawson, LL.D., Principal of McGill University, Montreal. Exposed and Condemned on the authority of Divine Revelation. By John G. Marshall, formerly Chief Justice, etc., in the Island of Cape Breton. Halifax, N.S., Printed at the Methodist Book Room, 125 Granville Street. 1877.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. A Novel. By William Black, in conjunction with an American writer. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 1878.

A HANDBOOK OF REFERENCE AND QUOTATION. MOTTOES AND APHORISMS FROM SHAKESPEARE. Arranged alphabetically, with a copious Index of Words and Ideas. Second Edition. London: John Hogg. 1877. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO ENGLISH VERSIFICATION, with a Compendious Dictionary of Rhymes, an Examination of Classical Measures, and Comments upon Burlesque and Comic Verse, *Vers de Société*, and Song-writing. By Tom Hood. A new and enlarged Edition. To which are added Bysshe's "Rules for making English Verse," etc. London: John Hogg. 1877. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN: A Christmas Yarn. By Edward Jenkins, M.P., author of *Ginx's Baby*, etc. Illustrated by Wallis MacKay. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 1878.

to retard and impede a pursuing enemy. The result affords but too fatal a proof of this unjustifiable neglect. The right division had quitted Sandwich, on its retreat, on 26th September, having had ample time for every previous arrangement to facilitate and secure that movement; on the 2nd October following, the enemy pursued by the same route, and on the 4th succeeded in capturing all the stores of the division; and on the following day attacked and defeated it almost without a struggle."*

* Major-General Proctor was tried by Court Martial in December, 1814, on five charges preferred against him for misconduct on this occasion. He was found guilty of part of them, and sentenced to be publicly reprimanded, and to be suspended from rank and pay for six months. It was found "that he did not take the proper measures for conducting the retreat," that he had "in many instances during the retreat, and in the disposition of the force under his command, been erroneous in judgment, and in some, deficient in those energetic and active exertions which the extraordinary difficulties of his situation so particularly required." "But as to any defect or reproach with regard to the personal conduct of Major-General Proctor during the action of the 5th October, the Court most fully acquitted him." His Royal Highness the Prince Regent confirmed the finding of the Court, but animadverted upon it rather severely by the general order issued on the occasion, dated "Horse Guards, 9th September, 1815," for its "mistaken lenity" towards the accused. The following passage occurs in the general order abovementioned. "With respect to the second charge it appeared to His Royal Highness to be a matter of surprise that the Court should find the prisoner guilty of the offence alleged against him, while they at the same time acquit him of all the facts upon which that charge is founded; and yet that in the summing up of their finding upon the whole of the charges, they should ascribe the offences of which the prisoner has been found guilty, to error of judgment, and pass a sentence totally inapplicable to their own finding of guilt, which can alone be ascribed to the Court having been induced by a reference to the general good character and conduct of Major-General Proctor, to forget, through a humane but mistaken lenity, what was due from them to the service."—*History of Lower Canada, by Robert Christie.*

Immediately after the action at Moravian Town, General Harrison retired to Detroit and Sandwich; his retreat being harassed by the Indians. He had intended to proceed against Michilimackinac, but finding the season too far advanced for such an expedition, all his disposable forces were conveyed from the head of Lake Erie to Buffalo, whence they were despatched to Fort Niagara and Fort George, to supply the place of the troops which had been withdrawn to join the expedition for which troops were then being assembled at Sackett's Harbour, by Major-General Wilkinson. October 9th, Major-General Vincent having learned by express from Major-General Proctor of the disastrous result of the action at Moravian Town, decided to raise the investment of Fort George and to fall back upon Burlington Heights, so that he might succour the broken remains of the right division then retreating towards the head of Lake Ontario, and at the same time, by securing so important a position, prevent General Harrison from occupying it, and so place the British force between the two United States armies. In accordance with this decision the main body of the British force, early on the morning of the 9th October, fell back silently, and in good order, with their baggage; leaving their picquets at their posts until the evening, when they were withdrawn, and the enemy became aware of the retreat, which was covered by Colonel Murray with seven companies of the 100th, and the light company of the 8th regiments. Major-General Vincent was pursued by Brigadiers General McClure and Porter, who left Fort George at the head of 1500 men, but so well did Colonel Murray cover the retreat of the main body, that General Vincent was able to collect the remains of General Proctor's force (which to the number of two hundred and

forty six of all ranks had assembled at the *rendezvous*, at Ancaster; on the 17th (October) and take up a position on Burlington Heights, whilst Colonel Murray was finally allowed to establish himself at Stoney Creek, without any attempt on the part of the enemy to dislodge him. The United States Government having relinquished the idea of attacking Kingston, it was arranged between the United States Secretary of War, and General Wilkinson, that the United States force which had been assembled at Sackett's Harbour, should leave Kingston in the rear, and proceed down the St. Lawrence to Montreal, and there co-operate with General Hampton, who was to advance from Lake Champlain in an attack upon that city. General Wilkinson accordingly left Sackett's Harbour on the 21st October, and proceeded to Grenadier Island, near Kingston, which had been selected as the point from which the expedition was to start. On the 3rd November a flotilla of upwards of three hundred boats of various sizes, escorted by United States gunboats, proceeded down the St. Lawrence. On nearing Prescott, General Wilkinson landed his troops on the United States side of the river, and marched them to a bay some two miles below Prescott, so as to avoid the fire of the British batteries at that port. The flotilla ran past Prescott during the night of November 6th, without sustaining much injury from the cannonade opened upon them. So soon as Major-General de Rottenburgh had ascertained that General Wilkinson's force had commenced the descent of the St. Lawrence, he despatched Lieut.-Colonel Morrison of the 89th, with his regiment, together with the 49th under Lieut.-Colonel Plenderleath, and some Voltigeurs and Fencibles, under Lieut.-Colonel Pearson, in all about eight hundred men, to follow the enemy.

This corps of observation was accompanied by the Deputy-Adjutant-General, Lieut.-Colonel Harvey, and proceeded on its way, escorted by a small division of gun-boats, commanded by Captain Mulcaster, R.N. On the 7th November Colonel Macomb landed on the British side of the St. Lawrence with 1200 men. and on the 8th November the enemy were overtaken by Colonel Morrison at Point Iroquois. On the 10th November Lieut.-Colonel Morrison landed at the United States post at Hamilton, where he captured a quantity of provisions and stores, and two pieces of ordnance. On the 11th of November the United States forces, then under command of General Boyd, were so closely pressed by the British, under Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison, that they were compelled to concentrate and offer battle. The United States force consisted of two brigades of infantry and one regiment of cavalry, amounting together to upwards of three thousand men. About two o'clock in the afternoon the enemy moved forward from Chrystler's Point and attacked Colonel Morrison's advance, which gradually retired until it had reached the ground previously selected, an open spot where the right rested on the river, the left on a pine wood. The right was held by the flank companies of the 49th regiment, a detachment of the Glengarry Fencibles, and one gun under Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson, supported by three companies of the 89th regiment under Captain Barnes, with one gun. Further to the rear, and extending to the woods on the left the remainder of the 49th and 89th regiments, with one gun, formed the main body and reserve. The woods on the left were occupied by the Voltigeurs under Major Herriot and the Indians under Lieutenant Anderson. The battle became general by half-past two, when the United

States Commander endeavoured to turn the British left, but was foiled in his attempt by the 89th Regiment. The enemy next tried to force the right, but here he was held in check by the 49th Regiment. "When within half musket shot," writes Lieut.-Colonel Morrison, "the line was formed under a heavy but irregular fire from the enemy, the 49th was directed to charge their guns, posted opposite to ours; but it became necessary when within a short distance of the guns to check this forward movement, in consequence of a charge from the enemy's cavalry on the right, lest these horsemen should wheel about and fall upon the rear; but they were received in so gallant a manner by the companies of the 89th regiment under Captain Barnes, and the well directed fire of the artillery, that they quickly retreated, and by a charge from those companies one gun, a six-pounder field-piece, was gained. The enemy immediately concentrated his force to check our advance, but, such was the steady countenance and well directed fire of the troops and artillery, that about half-past four they gave way at all points from an exceedingly strong position, endeavouring by their light infantry to cover their retreat; who, however, were soon driven away by a judicious movement made by Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson." The British occupied for the night the field of battle. The loss of the United States force in this action amounted to three officers and ninety-nine men killed, and fifteen officers—including Brigadier-General Covington, who died two days after—and two hundred and twenty-one men wounded. The British loss was three officers (Captain Nairne, 49th regiment, and Lieutenants Lorimier and Armstrong of the Canadian Fencibles), and twenty-one men killed, and ten officers and one hundred and thirty-seven wounded, and twelve men

missing. On leaving the field the United States infantry at once re-embarked, whilst the cavalry with the field artillery—five guns—proceeded to Cornwall by land in rear of the division of General Brown, who being some distance in advance was unaware of the action at Chrystler's Farm. General Wilkinson, who was ill and unable to land during the recent action, proceeded down the river and joined General Brown's division, near Cornwall. Here he learned that General Hampton's division was falling back upon Lake Champlain. Under these circumstances General Wilkinson, on the 12th of November, summoned a Council of War, at which it was unanimously resolved, "That the attack on Montreal should be abandoned for the present, and that the army near Cornwall should immediately be crossed to the American shore for taking up winter quarters." The United States forces were accordingly withdrawn from Canada, and on the 13th went into winter quarters at French Mills, on the Salmon river. Early in December, Lieutenant-General Drummond arrived at the head of Lake Ontario, and at once prepared to resume the offensive. On the 10th of December, Brigadier-General McClure, in a most wanton and inhuman manner, burned the Village of Newark (Niagara), thereby exposing upwards of four hundred women and children to the inclemency of a Canadian winter and the imminent risk of starvation. On the 12th of December, the United States forces, under McClure, hastily evacuated Fort George, which was at once occupied by the British, under Colonel Murray. The feeling of exasperation at the barbarous destruction of Newark was so general and so deep that General Drummond decided to retaliate, and preparations were immediately commenced for an assault upon Fort Niagara. On the night of the

18th of December, Colonel Murray, with about five hundred and fifty men of the Royal Artillery, Royal Scots, 41st and 100th Regiments, crossed the river and moved at once upon the fort, and having obtained an entrance through the main gate before the enemy had time to sound an alarm, possession of the works was speedily obtained, the enemy making a feeble resistance, and finally surrendering at discretion. The British loss was one officer (Lieutenant Nolan) and five men killed, and two officers and three men wounded. The United States forces lost two officers and sixty-five men killed, and twelve rank and file wounded, together with about three hundred prisoners. Three thousand stand of arms, a large number of guns (twenty-seven being mounted on the works), and a great quantity of stores, fell into the hands of the British. Major-General Riall had crossed the river immediately after Colonel Murray, taking with him the remainder of the Royal Scots and 41st Regiments; and, on learning that the fort was taken, marched at once upon Lewiston, where the enemy had assembled a force with the object of attacking Queenstown. On the approach of the British force, the United States troops evacuated Lewiston, leaving behind them two guns and a quantity of stores. Lewiston and Manchester were burned, and, with the view of following up these successes, General Drummond advanced to Chippewa, where he established his head-quarters. On the night of the 29th of December Major-General Riall again crossed the river, and landed about two miles below Black Rock, having with him detachments of the 8th, 41st, 89th, and 100th Regiments, and at daybreak on the 29th he advanced upon the town, where the enemy were in force and strongly posted. The United States forces maintained their ground for some

time, but were compelled to give way with a loss of five guns. From Black Rock the enemy was pursued to Buffalo, where an attempt was made to check the advance of the British; but being again compelled to retire, the United States troops finally took to the woods, leaving behind them three guns. The enemy having been thoroughly vanquished, General Riall detached two companies of the 8th Regiment, under Captain Robinson, to destroy three vessels belonging to the Lake Erie squadron, which was effectually accomplished. Buffalo and Black Rock were, with all the stores which could not be carried away, set on fire and entirely consumed.

1814.—January 7th, the Quebec papers contain a notice from the proprietors of the line of mail stages between Quebec and Montreal to the effect that the price of conveyance between those cities would be reduced from £4 tos. currency, to £3 10s. currency. The stages to start from Quebec and Montreal at four o'clock every Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday, and reach Three Rivers the evenings of the same days; to leave Three Rivers at four o'clock the following morning and reach Quebec or Montreal the same evening.

January 22nd.—The House of Assembly, then in session at Quebec, being moved to read the article in the Quebec *Mercury* of the 19th January, under the head of "Letter to a Party Leader," the same was read, when it was resolved, "That the said paper contains a false and scandalous libel upon this House, and a manifest breach of its privileges." And it was ordered "that Thomas Cary, editor of the Quebec *Mercury*, be taken into custody by the Serjeant-at-Arms or his Deputy, and be brought to the bar of this House to-morrow afternoon."

January 23rd.—The House of Assembly was informed "that the Serjeant-at-